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SAR-OBAIR NAM BARD GAELACH:

OR,

THE BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY,

AND

LIVES OF THE HIGHLAND BARDS;

WITH

HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL NOTES,

AND

A COMPREHENSIVE GLOSSARY OF PROVINCIAL WORDS.

A NEW EDITION ENLARGED AND IMPROVED

BY

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE influence of poetry on mankind is confessedly great, particularly in the first stages of society. A people, the nearer they are to a primitive state, are always found the more susceptible of the inspiration of the muses. Unsophisticated manners engender bold and original conceptions, and these produced poetry characterized by natural, imaginary, graphic, and sublime descriptions, and an irresistible power over the passions. It is in this stage, that the song commemorative of prowess and moral worth has the effect of promoting and enlarging the virtues it celebrates.

The Highlanders have been highly distinguished among the Keltic race for a successful culture of the bardic science, and they possess very interesting remains of ancient composition.

Such portions of Gaelic poetry as have been published amply display its excellence: the poems of Ossian alone prove undeniably the poetical character of the people with whom those beautiful productions originated, and by whom they have been preserved, to be of a high order.

The compositions of different bards have been published either in whole or in part; and, although none could ever equal the renowned son of Fingal, many exhibit surprising talent and genius.

In order to meet the wishes of many of the most influential and patriotic noblemen and gentlemen connected with the Highlands, as well as to gratify the desire of the natives in general, the present work—being the “BEAUTIES” selected from the native bards, both ancient and modern, known and unknown to the public at large—is now undertaken.

From what he has already published, the qualifications of the Editor, it is believed are well known to his countrymen. He has had peculiar facilities for the preparation of the present work. Pursuing the subject for many years,—he has traversed the Highlands in all directions, and has been fortunate enough to preserve many fine pieces, which, he has reason to believe, are now wholly lost among the people. Respecting the bards—he is in possession of a large collection of curious and interesting particulars, known to few others.

The work comprises, besides the lives of the poets, and numerous illustrations

and historical notes in the English language, the best pieces of ancient and modern composition, properly classified.

Besides the merit of the poetry, the utility of the work will be otherwise great. It will display the various provincial dialects, and the Glossary will be both interesting and instructive to the philologist and Gaelic Student; while the historian may consult the lives and notes with much advantage, the antiquary and philosopher will find much light thrown upon ancient manners by the whole, especially by the compositions of the CLIAIR-SHEANA-CHAIN, or the *Songsters of the ancient tax*, a class of the *improvisatori* hitherto unnoticed, but who exercised great influence throughout the Highlands.

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SAR-OBAIR NAM BARD GAELACH;

OR

THE BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY, &c.

MIANN A BHAIRD AOSDA.*

O caraibh mi ri taobh nan allt,
A shiubhlas mall le ceumaibh ciuin,
Fo sgail a bharrach leag mo cheann,
'S bi thus' a ghrian ro-chairdeil rium,

Gu socair sin 's an fheur mo thaobh,
Air bruaich nan dithcan 's nan gaath tla,
'Smo chas ga sliobadh 's a' bhraon mhaoth,
'S e lubadh tharais caoin tro'n bhlar.

Biodh sobhrach bhan is aillidh snuadh,
M'an cuairt do'm thulaich is uain' fo'dhrinichd,
'S an neoincan beag 's mo lamh air cluain,
'S an enlabhuidh' aig mo chluais gu h-ur.

*Perhaps it is impossible, at this day, to decide with any certainty to what part of the Highlands the AGED BARD belonged, or at what time he flourished. Mrs. Grant of Laggan, who has given a metrical version of the above poem, says, "It was composed in Skye," though upon what authority she has not said. The poem itself seems to furnish some evidence that at least the scene of it is laid in Lochaber. *Treig** is mentioned as having afforded drink to the hunters. Now Loch Treig is in the braes of Lochaber. We know of no mountain which is now called Ben-ard or Scur-eilt. Perhaps Ben-ard is another name for Ben-nevis. The great waterfall, mentioned near the end of the poem, may have been *Eas-bha*, near Kinlochleven, in Lochaber. The following is almost a literal translation of the above poem:—

THE AGED BARD'S WISH.

O place me near the brooks, which slowly move with gentle steps; under the shades of the shooting branches lay my head, and be thou, O sun, in kindness with me.

At ease lay my side on the grass, upon the bank of flowers and soft zephyrs—my feet bathed in the wandering stream that slowly winds along the plain.

Let the primrose pale, of grateful hue, and the little daisy surround my hillock, greenest when bedewed; my hand gently inclined, and the *calvif* at my ear in its freshness.

Around the lofty brow of my glen let there be bending boughs in full bloom, and the children of the bushes making the aged rock re-echo their songs of love.

*We likewise find Treig spoken of in "*Oran na comhachaig*," where the author of that piece says, "*Olaidh mi a Treig mo theam-shath*."

† An herb called St. John's wort.

Mu'n cuairt do bhruchaibh ard mo ghlinn',
Biodh lubadh gheug a' orra bla;
'S clann bheag nam preas a' tabhairt seinn,
Do chreagaidh aost' le oran graidh

Briseadh tro chreag nan eideann dlu,
Am fuaran ur le torramam trom,
'S freagraidh mac-talla gach ciuil,
Do dh' fhuaim srutha dlu nan tonn.

Freagraidh gach enoc, agus gach sliabh,
Le binn-fhuaim gear nan aighean mear;
'N sin cluinnidh mise mille geum,
A' riuth m'an cuairt domh 'n iar san ear.

Let the new-born gurgling fountain gush from the ivy-covered rock; and let all melodious echo respond to the sound of the stream of ever-successive waves.

Let the voice of every hill and mountain re-echo the sweet sound of the joyous herd; then shall a thousand lowings be heard all around.

Let the frisking of calves be in my view, by the side of a stream, or on the activity of a hill; and let the wanton kid, tired of its gambols, rest with its innocence on my bosom.

Poured on the wing of the gentle breeze, let the pleasant voice of lambs come to my ear; then shall the ewes answer when they hear their young running towards them.

O let me hear the hunter's step, with the sound of his darts and the noise of his dogs upon the wide-extended heath; then youth shall beam on my cheek, when the voice of hunting the deer shall arise.

The marrow of my bones shall awake when I hear the noise of horns of dogs, and of bow-strings; and when the cry is heard, "The stag is fallen," my heels shall leap in joy along the heights of the mountains.

Then methinks I see the hound that attended me early and late, the hills which I was fond of haunting, and the rocks which were wont to re-echo the lofty horn.

I see the cave that often hospitably received our steps from night; cheerfulness awaked at the warmth of her trees; and in the joys of her cups there was much mirth.

Then the smoke of the feast of deer arose; our drink from Treig, and the wave our music; though ghosts should shriek, and mountains roar, reclined in the cave, undisturbed was our rest.

* Allusion is here made to a fire of wood.

M'an cuairt b'iodh lu-chleas nan laogh,
Ri taobh nan sruth, no air a' leirg.
'S am minnean beag do'n chomhrag agith,
'N am achlais a' eadal gu'n cheilg.

B'ruadh air sgeith na h-osaig mhin,
Gladhan maoh nan cro mu'n chluais,
'N sin freagrai lha mheanmh-spreigh,
'Nuair chluinn, an gineil, is iad a ruith a nua.

A ceum an t-sealgair ri mo chluais!
Le sranna gath, a's chon feagh sleibh,
'N sin dearsaidh an oig air mo ghruaidh,
'N uair dh-eireas toirm air sealg an fheidh,

Duigaidh snior am chnaimh, 'nuair chluinn,
Mi tairmrich d'hos a's chon a's shreang.
'Nuair ghluaidh—"Tuit an damh!"
Tha mo bhuian, a' leum gu beo ri ard nam beann.

'N sin chi mi, air leam, an gadhar,
A iannadh mi an-mooh a's mooh;
'S na sleibh bu mhiannach leam 'thaghall.
'S na creagan a' freagairt do'n dos.

I see Ben-ard of beautiful curve, chief of a
thousand hills; the dreams of stags are in his
locks, his head is the bed of clouds.

I see Seur-clit on the brow of the glen, where
the cuckoo first raises her tuneful voice; and the
beautiful green hill of the thousand firs, of herbs,
of roses, and of elks.

Let joyous ducklings swim swiftly on the pool
of tall pines. A strain of green firs is at its head,
bending the red reeds over its banks.

Let the beauteous swan of the snowy bosom
glide on the tops of the waves. When she soars
on high among the clouds she will be unencum-
bered.

She travels oft over the sea to the region of
foaming billows, where a sail shall never be
spread out to a mast, nor an oaken prow divide a
wave.

Be thou by the summits of the mountains, the
mournful tale of thy love in thy mouth, O swan,
who has travelled from the land of waves; and
may I listen to thy music in the heights of
heaven.

Up with thy gentle song; pour out the doleful
tidings of thy sorrow; and let all-melodious echo
take up the strain from thy mouth.

Spread out thy wing over the main. Add to
thy swiftness from the strength of the wind.
Pleasant to my ear are the echoes of thy wound-
ed heart—the song of love.

From what land blows the wind that bears the
voice of thy sorrow from the rock, O youth, who
wentest on thy journey from us, who hast left my
hoary locks forlorn.

Are the tears in thine eyes, O thou virgin most
modest and beauteous, and of the whitest hand.
Joy without end to the smooth cheek that shall
never move from the narrow bed.

Say, since mine eye has failed, O wind, where
grows the reed with its mournful sound? by its
side the little fishes whose wings never felt the
winds' soft breath, maintain their sportive con-
flict.

Raise me with a strong hand, and place my head
under the fresh birch; when the sun is at high
noon let its green shield be above mine eyes.

Then shalt thou come, O gentle dream, who
swiftly walkest among the stars; let my night-
work be in thy music, bringing back the days of
my joy to my recollection.

Chi mi 'n uamh a ghabh gu fial,
'S gu tric ar ceumaibh ro' 'n oidhech;
Dhuigeadh ar sunnd le blathas a crann,
'S an solas chuach a bha mor aoibheas.

Bha ceo air flegbh bharr an fheidh
An deoch a Treig 's an tonn ar ceol,
Ge d' sheinneadh taig 's ge d' ranadh sleibh
Sinnte 's an uaimh bu sheanah ar neoil.

Chi mi Beinn-ard is aillidh fiamh,
Ceann-fadhma air mhile beann,
Bha aisling nan damh na ciabh,
'S i leabaidh nan nial a ceann.

Chi mi Sgorr-eild' air bruaich a ghlinn'
An goir a chuach gu binn an tos.
A's gorm mheall-aill' na mile giubhas
Nan luban, nan earba, 's nan loa.

Biodh tuinn og a snamh le sunnd,
Thar linne 's mine giubhas, gu luath.
Srath ghiubhais uain' aig a ceann,
A' lubadh chaoran dearg air bruaich.

Biodh eal' aluinn an uchd bhain,
A snamh le spreigh air bharr nan tonn,
'Nuair thogas i agnath an aird,
A measg nan nial cha'n fhas i toirm.

See, O my soul, the young virgin under the
shade of the oak, king of the forest! her hand of
snow is among her locks of gold, and her mildly
rolling eye on the youth of her love.

He sings by her side—She is silent. Her heart
panta, and swims in his music; love flies from
eye to eye; deers stop their course on the extend-
ed heath.

Now the sound has ceased; her smooth white
breast heaves to the breast of her love; and her
lips, fresh as the unstained rose, are pressed close
to the lips of her love.

Happinners without end to the lovely pair, who
have awaked in my soul a gleam of that happy
joy that shall not return! Happiness to thy
soul, lovely virgin of the curling locks.

Hast thou forsaken me, O pleasant dream?
Return yet—one little glimpse return: thou wilt
not hear me, alas! I am sad. O beloved moun-
tains, farewell.

Farewell, lovely company of youths! and you,
O beautiful virgin, farewell. I cannot see you.
Yours is the joy of summer: my winter is ever-
lasting.

Place me within hearing of the great water-
fall, with its murmuring sound, descending from
the rock; let a harp and a shell be by my side,
and the shield that defended my forefathers in
battle.

Come with friendship over the sea, O soft blast
that slowly movest; bear my shade on the wind
of thy swiftness, and travel quickly to the Isle
of Heroes.

Where those who went of old are in deep slum-
ber, deaf to the sound of music. Open the hall
where dwell Ossian and Dool. The night shall
come, and the bard shall not be found.

But ah! before it come, a little while ere my
shade retire to the dwelling of bards upon Ard-
ven, from whence there is no return, give me the
harp and my shell for the road, and then, my
beloved harp and shell, farewell.

'S tric i' g' astar thar a chuain,
Gu asraidh fhuar nan ioma' ronn,
Far nach togar breid ri crann,
'S nach sgoilt sron dharrach tonn

Bi thusa ri desan nan tom,
Is cumha' do ghaol ann ad bheul,
Eala' thriall o thir nan tonn,
'S tu seinn dhomh ciuil an aird nan speur.

O! cirich thus' le t-oran cinin,
'S cuir naighneachd bhocht do bhroin an ceill.
'S glacaidh mac-talla gach ciuil,
An guth tursa sin o d' bheul.

Tog do sgiath gu h-ard thar chuain,
Glac do luathas bhe neart na gaoith,
'S eibhinn a am chluais ann fuaim,
O'd chridhe leoint'—an t-oran gaoil.

Co an tir on gluais a' bhaith,
Tha giulan glaoideh do bhroin on chreig?
Oigeir a chaidh uain a thriall,
'S a dh-fhag mo chialh ghlas gu'n taic,

B'eil deoir do ruic: O! thusa ribhinn,
Is mine ma's 's a's gile lamh?
Solais gu'n chrioch do'n ghruidh mhaoith,
A chaoidh nach gluais on leabaidh chaoil.

Innsibh o threig mo shuil, a ghaoth',
C' ait' um beil a chuill a fas,
Le ghaothan broin 's na bric r'a taobh,
Le sgiath gun deo a cumail blair.

Togaibh mi—caraibh le'r laimh threim,
'S cuiribh mo cheann fo bharrach ur,
'N uair dh'eireas a' ghrian gu h-ard,
Biodh a sgiath uain' ceann mo shul.

An sin thig thu O! aisling chiuin,
Tha 'g astar dlu measg reull na h-oidhech',
Biodh gnoimh m' chlihe ann ad cheol;
Toirt aimsir mo mhuir gu'm chuimhn'.

O! m'anam faic an ribhinn og,
Fo sgeith an daraich, righ nam fath,
'S a lamh sheachd' measg a ciabhan oir,
'Sa meall-shuil chiuin ait og a graidh.

E-san a' seinn ri taobh 's i balbh,
Le cridhe leum, 's a snamh' na cheol,
An gaoil bho shuil gu suil a falbh,
Cair stad air foidh nan sleibhtean mor.

Nis threig am fuaim, 's tha cliabh geal min,
Ri uchl' 's ri cridhe gaoil a' fas,
'S a bilibh ur mar res gun smail,
Ma bheul a gaoil gu dlu an sas.

Solas gun chrioch do'n chomunn chaomh,
A dhuais dhomh m' aobhneas ait nach pill,
A's beannachd do t-annas a' ruin,
A nighean chiuin nan cuach-chiabh grunn.

'N do threig thu mi aisling nam buadh?
Pill fathast—acon cheum beag—pill!

Cha chluinn sibh mi Ochoin! 's mi trungh.
A bheannaibh mo ghraidh—slan leibh.

Slan le comunn caomh na h-oige,
A's oigheannan boidheneh, slan leibh,
Cha leir dhomh sibh, dhuibhsa tha samhradh,
Ach dhomsa geamhradh a chaoidh,

O! cuir mo chluas ri fuaim Eas-mor
Le chroinan a' tearnadh on chreig.
Bi'dh cruil agus slige ri'm thaobh,
'S an sgiath a dhian mo shuinsir sa' chath.

Thig le cairdeas thar a chuain,
Osag iahin a ghluais gu mall,
Tog mo cheo air sgiath do luathais,
'S imich grad gu cilean fhlaitheis.

Far'm beil na laoch a dh-fhalbh o shean,
An cadal trom gun dol le ecol,
Fosglaidh-sa thalla Oisein a's Dhaol;
Thig an oidhech 's cha bli'm bard air bhrath.

Ach o m'an tig I seal m'an triall mo cheo,
Gu teach man bard, air ar-bheinn as nach pill,
Fair cruit 's mo shlige dh-uansaidh 'n roid,
An sin; me chruit, 's moshlige ghraidh, slan leibh.

Note.—This is a curious and valuable relic of antiquity. It affords internal evidence that the doctrines of Christianity were either wholly unknown to the poet, or had no place in his creed. The Elysium of bards upon Ardrven, the departure of the poet's shadow to the hall of Ossian and Daol, his last wish of laying by his side a harp, a shell full of liquor, and his ancestors' shield, are incompatible with the Christian doctrine of a future state.

That it is a composition, however, long subsequent to the times of Ossian, is evident from the change which the manners of the Caledonians had in the interim undergone: for in the poems of that bard there is scarcely an allusion to the pastoral state. At any rate, the art of taming and breeding cattle was certainly not practised by the Fingalians. Hunting and war seem to have been their sole occupations. Our aged bard, however, lived in the pastoral state of a city; a state which many poets have made the subject of that species of poetry denominated pastoral.

Our bard exhibits tender senses, and describes happy situations. He paints the beauties of nature with the hand of a master, and expresses the warmth of his feelings in glowing numbers. His style is nervous, his manner chaste. His fancy wears the native garb of purity and simplicity; and true taste will recognize his composition as the genuine offspring of nature—as rural poetry.

The poet has enumerated those rural occupations which afforded him delight in the vigor of life. He has arranged and drawn forth to view rural objects, attended by such circumstances as had made the most pleasurable and lasting impression upon his own mind; and he seems, at the same time, to have been highly sensible of the beauties of nature, and capable of producing those strokes of fancy which evince poetic merit.

This poem shows that men leaving a pastoral life are capable of refined feelings and delicate sentiments, and may be actuated by the best affections of the heart; that long posterior to the days of Ossian, the Christian religion had not perhaps been heard of by the Caledonians; and that they were of opinion that the soul was an airy substance capable of existing in a state of separation from the body, and of enjoying, in the region of the clouds, those agreeable occupations, which had given it pleasure on earth.

A' CHOMHACHAG.*

A Chomhachag bhòchd na Sroine,
A nochd is bronach do feabaidh,
Ma bha thu ann ri linn Donnaghail,
Cha'n ioghnadh ge tròm leat t-aigheadh.

"S co'-noise mise do'n daraig,
Bha na faillean ann sp' choiantich,
'S iomadh linn a chuir mi romham,
'S gur mi comhachag bhòchd na Sroine."

Nise bho na tha thu aosda,
Deun-sa t-fhaosaid ris an t-shagart,
Agus innis dha gun eiradh,
Gach aon seula ga' beil a' id.

"Cha d' rinn mise braid' no breugan,
Cladh na tearmann a bhristeadh
Air m' fhear fein cha d' roinn mi iomluas,
Gur cailleach bhòchd ionraig mise.

Chunnaic mac a Bhrithheimh chalma,
Agus Feargus nòr an gaisgeach,
As Torradan liath na Sroine,
Sin na laoiach bha domhail, taigheil."

Bho na thoigich thu ri seanachas,
A's eigin do leanmhuinn mi's faide,
Gu 'n robh 'n t-uir bha sin air foghnadh,
Ma 'n robh Donnaghail ann san Fhearsaid.

"Chunnaic mi Alasdair Chreagh,
An dain 's allaidh bha 'n Albainn,
'S minig a bha mi ga gisteachd,
'S e aig reiteach nan tom sealga."

Chunnaic mi Aonghas na dheigh,
Cha b' e sin raghainn bu faire,
'S ann 's an Fhearsaid a bha thomaidh,
'S rinn e muilleant air Allt-Lavach."

Bu lionmhor cogadh a's creachadh,
Bha'n an Lochaber 'san uair sin,
C'aito 'm biodh tusa gart-fhalach,
Eoin bhig na mala gnuamaich."

*This poem is attributed to Donald Macdonald, better known by the cognomen of *Domhail mac Fhàilaidh nan Ban*—a celebrated hunter and poet. He was a native of Lochaber, and flourished before the invention of fire arms. According to tradition, he was the most expert archer of his day. At the time in which he lived, wolves were very troublesome, especially in Lochaber, but Donald is said to have killed so many of them, that previous to his death there was only one left alive in Scotland, which was shortly after killed in Strathglass by a woman. He composed these verses when old, and unable to follow the chase; and it is the only one of his compositions which has been handed down to us.

The occasion of the poem was this: He had married a young woman in his old age, who, as might have been expected, proved a very unmeet helpmate. When he and his dog were both worn

"S ann a bha cuid mbor de m' shinnsir,
Eadar an Innse a's an Fhearsaid,
Bha cuid eile dhiu' ma'n Deaghtaigh;
Bhiodh iad ag eighreach 'sa'n fheasgar.

'N uair a chithinnse dol teachad,
Na creachan agus am fuathas,
Bheirinn car beag far an rathaid,
'S bhithinn grathunn sa' Chreig-gbhuanaich."

Creag mo chridhe-s' a Chreag ghuanach,
Chreag an dh-fhuair mi greis de m' arach.
Creag nan aighean 's nan damh siubhlach,
A chreag urail, aighearach, ianach.

Chreag ma'n iathadh an fhaoghait,
Bu mhiann leam a bhi ga taghal,
'N uair tu bhinn guth gallain gaothair,
A' cur graidh gu gabhail chumhainn.

'S binn na h-olaircan ma' bruaichan,
'S binn a cuachan; 's binn a h-eala,
A's binn fà sin an h-ghaighan,
Ni an laoghan meana-bhrac, ballach.

A's binn leam toraman na'n dos,
Ri uilinn nan corra-bheann cas,
'S ar-ellid bhiorach is caol cos,
Ni fois fe dhuilleich ri teas."

Gun de cheil aic' ach an damh,
'S e 's a'uing dh' fèir a's cneamh,
Mathair an laogh mheata-bhric mhìr,
Bear an fhit mhall-rosgaich ghlain."

'S siubhlach a dh'-fhalbhas e raon,
Cadat cha dean e sa'n smuir,
B' fhearr leis na plaid fe' thaath,
Barr an fhraoich bhadaich pìr."

Gur aluinn ageamh an daimh dhuinn,
'Thearnas o shireadh nam beann,
Mao na h-eilde ris an t-shonn,
Nach do chom le spid a cheann."

down with the toils of the chase, and decrepit with age, his "crooked rib" seems to take a pleasure in tormenting them. Fear, rather than respect might possibly protect Donald himself, but she neither feared nor respected the poor dog. On the contrary, she took every opportunity of beating and mistreating him. In fact, "like the goodman's mother," he "was aye in the way." Their ingenious tormentor one day found an old and feeble owl, which she seems to have thought would make a fit companion for the old man and his dog; and accordingly brought it home. The poem is in the form of a dialogue between Donald and the owl. It is very unlikely that he had ever heard of Æsop, yet he contrives to make an owl speak, and that to good purpose. On the whole it is an ingenious performance, and perhaps has no rival of its kind in the language. Allusion is made to his "half marrow," in the 57th stanza.

Eilid bhinneach, mheargant ghallach,
Odhar, cangach, uchd reidh ard,
Daimh togalach, croich-cheannach, sgiamhach,
Cronanach, ceann-riabhach, dearg.

Gur gasd' a ruitheadh tu suas,
Ri leachdunn chruaidh a's i cas,
Moladh gach aon neach an cu,
Ach miolams' 'n trup tha dol as.

Creag mo chride-sa chreag mhor,
'S ionmhuinn an lon tha fo ceann,
'S anns' an lag a th' air a cul,
Na machair a's mur nan gall.

M' annsachd beinn sheasgaich nam fuaran,
An riagach o'n dean an damh rannan,
Chuireadh gadhar is glan nuallan,
Feidh na'n ruaig gu Inbhir-Mheorain.

B' annsa' leam na durdan bodaich,
Os ceann leic ri cararadh sil,
Buirean an daimh 'm bi ghne dhuinnead,
Air leacann beinne 's e ri sin.

'N uair bhuras damh Beinne-bige,
'S a bheucas damh Beinn-na-ortige,
Freagraidh na daimh ud da cheile,
'S thig feidh a' Coirre-na-snaige.

Bha mi o'n rugadh mi riabh,
Ann an caidridh fhiadh a's earb',
Ch'an fhaca mi dath air bian,
Ach buidhe, riabhach, a's dearg.

Cha mhi-fhin a sgaoil an comunn,
A bha eadar mi 'sa Chreag-ghuanach,
Ach an aois ga'r toirt o cheile,
Gur grathunn an fheil' a fhuaras.

'S a creag mo chride-s' a Chreag-ghuanach,
A chreag dhuilleach, bhiolairach, bhraonach,
Na 'n tulach ard, aluinn, fiarach,
Gur cian a ghabh i o'n mhaorach.

Cha mhinig a bha mi 'g eisdeachd,
Re seideadh na muice-mara,
Ach 's tric a' ghuala mi moran,
De chroinanach an daimh allaidh.

Cha do chuir mi duil san iasgach,
Bhi ga iarraidh leis a-mhadhar,
'S mor gu'm b' annsa leam am fiadhach,
'S bhi air falbh nan sliabh as-t-fhaghar.

'E eibhinn an obair an t-shealg,
'S ait a cuairt an aird gu beachd,
Gur binne a h-aighear 's a fonn
Na long a's i-dol fo bheairt.

Fad 'sa bhithinn beo no maireann,
Deo dhe 'n anam an am chorp,
Dh-fhanainn am feohar an fheidh,
Sin an spreidh an robh mo thoirt.

Cait' an cualas eol bu bhinne,
Na mathar-gathair mhoir a' teachd,
Daimh sheaunga na' ruith le gleann,
Miol-choin a dol a'nt a's ast'.

'S truagh an diugh nach beo an fheoghainn,
Gun ann ach an ceo de'n bhuidheann,
Leis 'm bu mhiannach gloir nan gadhar,
Gun mheoghail, gun ol, gun bhruidhinn.

Bratach Alasdair nan Gleann,
A srol fathrumach ri craun,
Suaicheantas shonleir shiol Chuinn,
Nach do chuir suim an clann ghall.

'S ann an Chin-Ghiubhsaich na laidhe,
Tha namhaid na graidhe deirge,
Lamh dheas a mharbhadh a bhradain,
Bu mhathe 'n sabaid na feirge.

Dh-fhag mi san Rupidhe so shios,
Am fear a b' oig dhoms' a bhas,
'S tric a chuir e' thagradh an cruathas,
Ann eluais an daimh-chabraich an eas.

Raonidh Mac-Dhomhnuill ghlas,
Fear a fhuair foghlum gu deas,
Deagh Mhac-Dhomhnuill a chuir chais,
M'm beo neach a chomfraig leis.

Alasdair eridhe nan gleann,
Gun e bli ann mor a' chreach,
'S tric a leag thu air an tom,
Slioghd nan sean leis a chu ghlas.

Alasdair mac Ailein mhoir,
'S tric a mharbh sa' bheinn na feidh,
'S a leanadh fad air an toir,
Mo dhoigh gur Domhnallach treun.

A's Domhnallach thu gun mhearachd,
Gur tu buinne geal na cruaghach,
Gur cairdeach thu do Chlann-Chatain,
S gur h-e dalt thu do'n Chreig-ghuanaich.

Ma dh-fhagadh Domhnall a muigh,
Na aonar a' taigh na' fleagh,
S gearr a bhios guag air bhuil,
Luch' a chruidh bi'dh iad a staigh.

Mi'm shuidh air sith-bhruth nam beann,
A coimhead air ceann Locha-Treig,
Creag ghuanach am biolh an t-shealg,
Grianachd am biodh na feidh.

Chi mi-na Du-lochain bhuan,
Chi mi Chruach, a's Beirne-bhreac,
Chi mi Srath-Oisein nam Fiann,
Chi mi ghrian air Meall-nan-leac.

Chi mi Beinn-Neamhais gu h-ard,
Agus an carn-dearg ri bun,
A's coire beag eile ri taobh,
Chit' as monadh faoin a's muir.

Gur rimheach an coire dearg,
Far 'm bu mhiannach leinn bhi sealg,
Coirre nan tulaichean fraoich,
Innis nan laogh 's nan damh garbh.

Chi mi braidh Bhidean-nan-dos,
'N taobh so bhios do Sgurra-lidh,
Sgurra-choinntich nan damh seang—
Ionmhuinn leam an diugh na chi.

Chi mi Srath farsuinn a chruidh,
Far an lùbhar guth nan sona,
A's Coire creagach a mhair,
A' minig a thug mo lamh toll.

Chi mi Garbh-bheinn nan damh donn,
Agus Slat-bheinn nan tom sith,
Mar sin agus an Leitir dhùbh,
'S an tric a rinn mi fail na' frith.

Soraith gu Beinn-allta bhuam,
O'n 's i fhuair urram nam beann,
Gu slios Loch-Earrachd an fheidh,
Gu'm b'ionmhuinn leam fein bhi ann.

Thoir soraith uam thun an Loch',
Far am faicte 'bhios a's thall,
Gu uisge Leamhna nan laoh,
Muime nan laogh breac 's nam meann.

'S e loch mo chridhse an loch,
An loch, air am biodh an laoh,
Agus iomadh eala bhan,
'S bh'idh iad a snamh air ma seach.

Olaidh mi a'Treig mo theann-shath,
Na dheidh cha bhi mi fo mhulad,
Uisge glan nam fuaran fallan,
O'n seang am fiadh a ni 'n langan.

'S buan an comunn gun bhristeadh,
Bha eadar mise 's an t-uisge;
Sugh nam mor bheann gun mhisge,
'S mise ga ol gun trasgadh.

'S ann a bha 'n communn bristeach,
Eadar mise 's a Chreag-sheilich,
Mise gu brath cha dirich,
Le gu dilian cha teirinn.

On labhair mi umaibh gu leir,
Gabhaidh mi fhein d'bh mo chend,
Dearmad cha dean mi s an am,
Air fiadhach ghleann nam beann beag.

Cead is truaighe ghabhadh riabh,
Do 'n fhiadhaich bu mhor mo thoil,

Cha 'n fhaibh le bogha fo m' sgeith,
'S gu la-bhrath cha leig mi coin.

Tha olaidh mo bhogha 'n am uelidh,
Le agh maol, odhar is ait,
Is e ceanalt 's mise gruamach,
'S ernaigh an diugh nach buan an t-shlat.

Mis' a's tusa ghadhair bhain,
'S tursach air turas do 'n eilean,
Chaill sinn an tathunn a's an dan,
Ge d' bha sinn grathunn ri ceanalt.

Thug a choille dhìot-s' an carb',
'S thug an t-ard dhìom-sa na fcidh,
Cha n eil naire dhuinn a laoiach,
O'n laidh an aois oirnn le cheil'.

'Nuair a bha mi air an da chois,
'S moch a shiubhlain bhios a's thall,
Ach a nis on fhuair mi tri,
Cha ghluais mi ach gu min, mall.

Aois cha n'eil thu dhunn meachair
Ge nach feudar leinn do sheachnadh,
Cromaidh tu n' duine dìreach,
A dh' fhas gu mìleanta gasta.

Giorrachidh tu air a shuaghal,
Agus caochlaidhidh tu ' chasan,
Fagaidh tu cheann gun-deudach,
'S ni thu eudann a chasadh.

A Shinead chas-aodannach, pheallach,
A shream-shuilench, odhar, eitich,
Cia ma 'n leiginn leat a lobhair?
Mo bhogha toirt dhìom air eiginn.

O'n 's mi-fhin a b' fhearr an airidh,
Air mo bhogha ro-math iubhair,
No thusa aois bhothar, sgallach,
Bhios aig an teallach a' shuidhe.

Labhair an aois a rithist;
" 'S mo 's ruighinn tha thu leantainn.
Ris a bhogha sin a ghiulan,
'S gur mor bu chuibhe dhut bata."

Gabh thusa bhuamsa 'm bato,
Aois granda chairtidh na pleide,
Cha leiginn mo bhogha leatsa,
Do mhathas no d' ar, eigin.

" 'S iomadh laoch a b' fhearr no thusa,
Dh-fhag mise gu tuislench an fhan,
'N deis fhaobhachadh as a sheasamh,
Bha riomh na fhleasgach meannach."

MAIRI NIGHEAN ALASDAIR RUaidh.

THE real name of this poetess was Mary M'Leod, though she is more generally known among her countrymen by the above appellation. She was born in Roudal, in Harris, in the year 1569, and was the daughter of Alexander M'Leod, son of *Alasdair Ruadh*, who was a descendant of the chief of that clan.*

It does not appear that Mary had done anything in the poetic way till she was somewhat advanced in life, and employed as nurse in the family of her chief: neither is there any evidence that she could write, or even read. Her first production was a song made to please the children under her charge.

"*An Talla 'm bu ghna le Mac-Leoid*" was composed on the Laird being sick and dying. He playfully asked Mary what kind of a *lament* she would make for him? Flattered by such a question, she replied that it would certainly be a very mournful one. "Come nearer me," said the aged and infirm chief, "and let me hear part of it." Mary, it is said, readily complied, and sung, *ex tempore*, that celebrated poem.

"*Hithill uthill agus ho*" was composed on John, a son of Sir Norman, upon his presenting her with a snuff-mull. She sometime after gave publicity to one of her songs, which so provoked her patron, M'Leod, that he banished her to the Isle of Mull, under the charge of a relative of his own.

It was during her exile there that she composed "*'S mi 'm shuidh' air an Tulaich*," or "*Luinneag Mhic-Leoid*." On this song coming to M'Leod's ears, he sent a boat for her, giving orders to the crew not to take her on board except she should promise to make no more songs on her return to Syke. Mary readily agreed to this condition of release, and returned with the boat to Dunvegan Castle.

Soon after this, a son of the Laird's had been ill, and, on his recovery, Mary composed a song which is rather an extraordinary composition, and which, like its predecessors, drew on her devoted head the displeasure of her chief, who remonstrated with her for again attempting song-making without his permission. Mary's reply was, "It is not a song; it is only a *cronan*,"—that is, a hum, or "croon."

She mentions, in a song which we have heard, but which was never printed, that she had nursed five lairds of the M'Leods, and two of the lairds of Applecross.

* There was another, though inferior poetess, of the family of *Alasdair Ruadh*, who is sometimes confounded with our authoress. Her name was Flora M'Leod. In Gaelic she is called *Fionaghal Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh*. This poetess lived in Troterness, and was a native of Skye. She was married, and some of her descendants are still in that country. All that we have been able to meet with, of Flora's poetry, is a satire on the clan Mac-Martin, and an elegy on M'Leod of Dunvegan. We have the authority of several persons of high respectability, and on whose testimony we can rely, that Mary M'Leod was the veritable authoress of the poems attributed to her in this work.

The song ends with an address to *Tormod nan tri Tormod*.^{*} She died at the advanced age of 105 years, and is buried in Harris. She used to wear a tartan *tonnag*, fastened in front with a large silver brooch. In her old days she generally carried about with her a silver-headed cane, and was much given to gossip, snuff, and whisky.

Mary M'Leod, the inimitable poetess of the Isles, is the most original of all our poets. She borrows nothing. Her thoughts, her verse, her rhymes, are all equally her own. Her language is simple and elegant; her diction easy, natural, and unaffected. Her thoughts flow freely, and unconstrained. There is no straining to produce effect: no search after unintelligible words to conceal the poverty of ideas. Her versification runs like a mountain stream over a smooth bed of polished granite. Her rhymes are often repeated, yet we do not feel them tiresome nor disagreeable. Her poems are mostly composed in praise of the M'Leods; yet they are not the effusions of a mean and mercenary spirit, but the spontaneous and heart-felt tribute of a faithful and devoted dependant. When the pride, or arbitrary dictate of the chief, sent her an exile to the Isle of Mull, her thoughts wandered back to "the lofty shading mountains,"—to "the young and splendid *Sir Tormod*." During her exile she composed one of the finest of her poems: the air is wild and beautiful; and it is no small praise to say that it is worthy of the verses. On her passage from Mull to Skye she composed a song, of which only a fragment can now be procured: we give a few stanzas of it:—

"Thèid mi le'm dheoin do dhùthach Mhic-Leoid,
M' fuit air a mhòr luchdach ahi,
Bu chòir dhomh gunn bl' m' eòlas san tìr
Leodach, mar pìll cruidail mi,
Siubhaladh mi 'n larr, tro dhùlachd nan slàn,
Do'n tur g'am bl' grìall thonn-chèidhain;
On chualas an sgeul buadhach gun bhreug,
Binn acaìn mo chleibh fhuadachadh.

"Chì mi Mac-Leoid 'a prìsail an t-og,
Rimheach gu mòr buadhach,
Bho Ollaghair nan lann chuireadh arolabh ri crann;
'S Leodach an dream uamharra.
Eiridh na fulan ghluaid air na sulinn,
'S feumail ri an cruidail lùd,
'Na furaibh gharg an ann rùsgadh nan arm,
'S clutach an t-ainm fhuaras leibh.

"Sìol Tormoid nan sgiath foirmealach fal,
Dh' eiridh do shluagh luath-luathach;
Deatradh nam pìos, torman nam pìob,
'S dearbh ga'm bu leibh 'n dualchas;
Thainig teachdair do'n tìr ga macanta min,
'S nì leam gach m' chualas leam,
O dhàn-bheagan nan steud 's an fregair luchd-theud,
Bheir greis air gach sgeul buaidh-ghloirach.

"Nuair chuireadh na taobh leingheas air chaol,
Turas ri gnòth ghluaid leibh,
O bharrabh nan crann gu tarrulan nam ball,
Teannachadh teann suas rithe,
Ionairt gu leòir mar ri Mac-Leoid,
Charach to shìol uain-dhàir 'i,
Bho arois an fhìon gu taba nam pìos,
Gu'm beannaich mo lìgh 'n t-uasal ud."

* We knew an old man, called Alexander M'Rae, a tailor in Mellen of Gairloch, whom we have heard sing many of Mary's songs, not one of which has ever been printed. Some of these were excellent, and we had designed to take them down from his recitation, but were prevented by his sudden death, which happened in the year 1833. Among these was a rather extraordinary piece, resembling M'Donald's "*Birlinn*," composed upon occasion of John, son of Sir Norman, taking her out to get a sail in a new boat.

MAIRI NIGHEAN ALASDAIR RUaidh.

FUAIM AN T-SHAIMH.

Ri fuaim an t-shaimh
 'S uaigreach mo ghean,
 Bha mis' uair nach b'e sud m' abhaist.
 Bha mis' uair, &c.

Ach pìob nuallanae' 'thor,
 Bheireadh buaidh a' gach ceol,
 'Nuair ghluais' i le meoir Phadruig.*
 'Nuair ghluais' i, &c.

Gur mairg a bheir geill
 Do'n t-saoghal gu leir,
 'S tric a chaochail e cheum gabhaidh.
 'S tric a chaochail e, &c.

Gur lionmhoire churs
 Na'n dealt air an drìuchd,
 Ann am madainn an tus maighe.
 Ann am madain, &c.

Cha'n fhacas ri m' re,
 Aon duine fo 'n ghrein,
 Nach tug e ghreis fein dha sin.
 Nach tug e, &c.

Beir an t-soghraidh so buam,
 Gu talla nan cuach,
 Far 'm biodh tathaich nan truadh daimhail.
 Far 'm biodh, &c.

'Thun an taighe nach gann,
 Fo 'n leathad ud thall,
 Far beil aighear a's ceann mo mhanrain.
 Far beil aighear, &c.

Sir Tormod mo run,
 Ollaghairach thu,
 Foirmeil o thus t-abhaist.
 Foirmeil o thus, &c.

A thasgaidh, 's a' chiall,
 'S e bu chleachdadh dhat riamh,
 Teach farsuinn 's e fial failteach.
 Teach farsuinn, &c.

Bhiodh tional nan Ciar,
 Re tamul, a's cian,
 Dh-fhios a bhaile 'm biodh triall chairdean.
 Dh-fhios a bhaile, &c.

'Naile chunna' mi uair,
 S glan an lasadh bha d' ghruaidh,
 Fo ghruaigh chleachdaich nan dual ar-
 bhuidh,
 Fo ghruaig, chleachdaich, &c.

* The celebrated PADRUG MOR Mac Cruimein,
 one of the family pipers of Mac-Leod of Dunve-
 gan.

Fear dìreach deas treun,
 Bu ro fhirinneach beus,
 'S e gun mhi-ghean, gun cheum trailleil.
 'S e gun mhi-ghean, &c.

De'n linne a b'fhearr buaidh,
 Tha 's na eriochaibh mu'n cuairt,
 Clann fhirinneach Ruairi lain-mhoir.
 Clann fhirinneach, &c.

Cha'n eil cleachdadh mhic rìgh,
 No gaisge, no gnìomh,
 Nach eil pearsa mo ghaoil lan deth.
 Nach eil pearsa, &c.

Ann an treine, 's an lugh.
 Ann an ceutaidh 's an cliu,
 Ann am feil' 's an gnuis naire.
 Ann am feil, &c.

Ann an gaisge, 's an gnìomh,
 'S ann am pailte neo-chrion,
 Ann am maise, 's am miagh aillteachd.
 Ann am maise, &c.

Ann an cruadal, 's an toil,
 Ann am buaidh thoirt air sgoil,
 Ann an uaisle gun chron caileachd.
 Ann an uaisle, &c.

Tuigs-fhear nan teud,
 Purpas gun sgeil,
 Susbaint gach ceill naduir.
 Susbaint gach, &c.

Gu'm bu chubhaidh dhut sid,
 Mar a thubhairt iad ris,
 Bu tu 'n t-ubhal thar meas aird chraoibh.
 Bu tu 'n t-ubhal, &c.

Leodaich mo run,
 Seorsa fhuair cliu,
 Cha bu thoiseachadh ur dhaibh Sir.
 Cha bu thoiseach, &c.

Bha fios co sibh
 Ann an iomartas rìgh,
 'Nuair bu mhulaidich stri Thearlaich.*
 'Nuair bu, &c.

Slan Ghaeil no Ghaill
 Cha' dh-fhuaras oirbh foill,
 Dh-aon bhuairleadh g'n d'rinn ur namhaid.
 Dh-aon bhuireadh, &c.

Lochluinnich threun
 Toiseach ur sgeil,
 Slìochd solta bho freumh Mhanuis.
 Slìochd solta, &c.

* King Charles II.

Thug Dia dhut mar ghibht,
Bhi gu morghalach glic,
Chriosd deonaich' dha d'shliochd bhi
udlunhor.

Chriosd deonaich', &c.

Fhuair thu fortan o Dhia,
Bean bu shocraiche ciall,
'S i gu foisteineach fial narach.
'S i gu foisteineach, &c.

Am beil cannach a's cliu,
'S i gun mhillendh na cuis,
'S i gu h-iriosal cinin cairdeil.
'S i gu h-iriosal, &c.

I gun dolaidh fo 'n ghrein,
Gu toileachadh treud,
'S a h-olachd, a reir ban-righ
'S a h-olachd, &c.

'S tric a riarach thu cuilm,
Gun fhiabhras gun tuilg,
Nighean Oighre Dhun-Tuilm, slan dut.
Nighean Oighre, &c.

ORAN

DO DH' IAIN MAC SHIR TORMOD MHIC-LEOID.*

LUINNEAG.

*Il-ithill nthill agus o,
Il-ithill o h-oireannan
Il-ithill nthill agus o,
Il-ithill o-h-o h-oireannan
Il-ithill nthill agus o
Il-ithill o h-orriannan
Faillill o h-ullill o,
Il-o ri ghealladh h-i-il-an.*

Ge do theid mi do m' leabaidh
Cha'n e cadal is miannach leam,
Aig ro mheud na tuile,
'S mo mhuilean gun iarann air,
Tha mholtair ri paidheadh,
Mur cailltear am bliadhna mi,
'S gur feumail domb faighinn,
Ge do ghabhainn an iasad i.
Il-ithill, &c.

Tha mo chion air a chlachair,
Rinn m'aigne-sa riarachadh,
Fear mor, a bheoil mheachair,
Ge tosdach, gur briathrach thu,
Gu'm faighinn air m' fhacal
Na caisteil ged iarrainn iad;
Cheart aindeoin mo stata,
Gun charaich sud slachan orm.
Il-ithill, &c.

Ged a thuit mi riut clachair,
Air m'fhacal cha b'fhior dhomh e,
Gur rioghail do shloinneadh
'S gur soilleir ri iarraidh e,
Fior Leodach ur, gasda,
Foinnidh beachdail, glic fialaidh thu,
De shliochd nam fear flathail,
Bu mhath an ceann chliaranach.
Il-ithill, &c.

Ach a mbie ud Shir Tormod,
Gu'n soirbhich gach bliadhna dhut,
Chuir buaidh air do shliochd-sa,
Agus piseach air t-iarmadan;
'S do'n chuid eile chloinn t-athar,
Anns gach rathad a thriallas iad,
Gu'n robh toradh mo dhurachd
Dol nan run mar bu mhiannach leam.
Il-ithill, &c.

'Nuair a theid thu do'n fhireach,
'S ro mhath chinneas an fhiadhach leat,
Le d' lothain chon gheusda
Ann ad dheigh 'nuair thrialladh tu,
Sin, a's cuilbhear caol, cinnteach,
Cruaidh, dircach, gun fhiaradh ann;
Bu tu sealgair na h-eilid,
A choilich, 's na liath-chirec.
Il-ithill, &c.

Tha mo chion air an Ruairidh,
Gur luaineach mu d' sgeula mi,
Fior bhoinne geal suair' thu,
Am beil uaisle na peacalge,
Air an d'fhas an eul dualach,
'S e na chuachagan teud-bhuidhe,
Sin a's urla glan, suairce,
Cha bu tuairisgeul breugach e.
Il-ithill, &c.

Slan iomradh dhut Iain,
Gu mu rathail a dh' eircas dut,
'S tu mac an deugh athar,
Bha gu mathasach meaghrachail,
Bha gu furbhailteach, daonnachdach,
Faoilteachail deirceachail,
Sar cheannard air *trup* thu,
Na'n cuirte leat feum orra.
Il-ithill, &c.

Gur aluinn am marcach
Air each an glaic diollaid thu,
'S tu cumail do phears'
Ann an cleachdadh, mar dh' iarrainn dut,
Thigeadh sud ann ad laimh-sa
Lann spainteach, ghorm, dhias-fhada,
A's paidhir mhath *phiosal*
Air crios nam ball sniomhanach.
Il-ithill, &c.

* For the air, see the Rev. Patrick Macdonald's
Collection of Highland Airs, pages 28-103.

AN TALLA 'M BU GHNA LE
MAC-LEOID.

Rìgh! gur muladach 'tha mi,
'S mi gun mhìre gun mhanran,
Anns an talla 'm bu gna le Mac-Leoid.
Rìgh! gur, &c.

Taigh mor macnasach, meaghrach,
Nam macaibh 's nam maighdean,
Far m' bu tartarach gleadhraich nan corn.
Taigh mor, &c.

Tha do thalla mor priseil,
Gun fhasgadh gun dian air,
Far am fheadh mi 'm fion bhi 'ga ol.
Tha do thalla, &c.

Och mo dhiobhail mar thachair,
Thainig dil' air an aitreabh,
'S ann a's cianail lean tachairt na coir.
Och mo dhiobhail, &c.

Chi mi 'n chliar a's na daimhich,
A'treigsinn na fardaich,
On nach eisd thu ri fàilte luchd-ceoil,
Chi mi 'n chliar, &c.

Shir Tormad nam bratach,
Fear do dhealbha-sa bu tearc e,
Gun sgeim a chuir asad no bosd.
Shir Tormad, &c.

Fhuair thu teist, a's deag urram,
Ann am freasdal gach duine,
Air dheiseachd 's air uirighioll beoil.
Fhuair thu teist, &c.

Leat bu mhiannach coin lugh-mhor,
Dol a shiubhal nan stuc-bheann,
'S an gunna nach diultadh re h-ord.
Leat bu mhiannach, &c.

'S i do lamh nach robh tuisleach,
Dol a chaitheadh a chuspair,
Led' bhogha cruaidh, ruiteach, deagh-neoil.
'S i do lamh nach, &c.

Glac-throm air do shiasaid,
An deigh a snaitheadh gun fhiaradh,
'S barr dosrach de sgiathan an coin.
Glac-throm, &c.

Bhiodh ceir ris na crannaibh,
Bu neo-eisleanach tarraunn,
'Nuir a leumadh an t-saighhead o d' mheoir.
Bhiodh ceir ris, &c.

'Nuair a leigte bho d' laimh i,
Cha bhiodh oirleach gun bhathadh,
Eadar corran a gainc 's an smeoirn.
'Nuair a leigte, &c.

'Nam dhut tighinn gu d' bhaile,
'S tu bu tighearnail gabhail,
Nuair shuidheadh gach caraid mu d' bhord.
'Nam dhut tighinn, &c.

Bha thu measail aig uaislean,
'S cha robh beagan mar chruathas ort,
Sud an cleachdadh a fhuair thu t-ais oig.
Bha thu measail, &c.

Gu 'm biodh farum air thailcasg,
Agus fuaim air a chlarsaich,
Mar a bhuineadh do shar mhae Mhic-Leoid.
Gu 'm biodh farum, &c.

Gur h-e b' eachdraidh 'na dheigh sin,
Greis air uirgeul na Feinne,
'S air euidheachda cheir-ghil nan croc.
Gur h-e b' eachdraidh, &c.

CUMHA DO MHIAC-LEOID.

Gur e naidheachd so fhuair mi,
A dh-fhuadach mo chiall uam,
Mar nach bithewll i agam,
'S nach fhaca mi riamh i;
Gur e Abhall an lis so,
Tha mise ga iargann;
E gun abuchadh meas air,
Ach air briseadh fo chlad bharr.

Gur e sgeula na creiche,
Tha mi nise ga eiseachd,
Gach aon chneadh mar thig oirn',
Dol an tricend, san deinead,
Na chunnaic, 's na chualas,
'S na fhuaradh o'n cheud la,
Creach nid an t-seobhaic,
Air a sgatha ri aon uair.

Ach a Chlann an fhir allail,
Bu neo mhalartaich' beusan,
Ann an Lunnainn, 's an Paris,
Thug sibh barr air na ceudan,
Chaidh n-ur eliu tharais
Thar talamh na h-Eiphit,
Cheann uidhe luchd calaidh,
'S a leannan na feileachd.

Ach a fhriambaich nan curaidh,
'S a chuilin nan leoghan,
A's ogha an da sheannar,
Bu chaitheamhaich' loistean;
C'ait' an robh e ri fhaotuinn
Air an taobhs' an Roinn-Eorpa,
Cha b' fhuarras ri fhaighinn
Ann gach rathad, bu doigh dhuibh.

Ach a Ruairidh mhe Iain,
'S goirt lean fhaighinn an sgeul-s' ort,
'S e mo chreach-sa mac t-athar,
Bhi na laidhe gun eiridh,

Agus Tormod a mhac-sa,
A thasgaidh mo cheille!
Gur e nobhar mo gheairn,
Gu'n chailleadh le choil' iad.

Nach mor an sgeul sgrìobhaidh,
S nach longhnadh leibh fein e,
Duilleach na craoibhe,
Nach do sgoileadh am meanglan,
Aa robh eile, agus onair.
Agus moladh air deagh-bheairt,
Gu daonachdach, carthannach,
Beannachdach, ceutagh.

Ge goirt leam an naidheachd,
Tha mi faighinn air Ruairidh,
Gun do chorp a bhi 'san Duthaich,
Anns an tuama bu dual dut;
Sgeul eile nach fusaadh,
Tha mi claidinn san uair so,
Ged nach toir mi dha croideas,
Gur beag orm ri luaidh e.

Gur ro bheag a shaoil mi,
Ri mo shaoghal gu'n eis linn,
Gun cluinneamaid Leodaich,
Bhi ga'm fogradh o'n oighreachd,
'S a'n coraichean glana,
'S a'm fearann gun deigh air
'S ar ranntanan farsuinn,
Na'n rach-te 'n an feum sud.

Gu'n eireadh na t-nobhar
Clann-Raonuill, 's Clann-Domhnuill,
Agus taigh Mhic 'Illeain,
Bha daingheann 'n-ur seorsa,
Agus fir Ghlinne-Garaidh,
Nall tharais a Cnoideart,
Mar sud, a's Clann Chama-Shroin,
O champ Inbhir-Lochaidh.

'S beag an t-ionghnadh Clann-Choinnich,
Dheanadh eiridh ri d' ghuailean,
'S gu'n robh thu na'm fineachd,
Air t-fhilleadh tri uairean,
'S e mo chreach gu'n do Chinneadh
Bhi ma chruinneachadh t-uaghach,
No glaoch do mhna muinntir,
'S nach cluinntear, 's an uairs' i.

Tha mo cheist air an oighre,
Th'a stoidhle 's na h-Earadh,
Ged nach deach' thu san tuam' ud,
Far bo dual dut o t' sheanair.
Gur iomadh fuil uaibhreach,
A dh-fhuairich ad bhallaibh,
De shloinneadh nan righrean,
Leis na chiossaicheadh Manainn.

'S e mo ghaols' an sliochd foirmeil,
Bh'air sliochd Ollaghair, a's Ochraidh,
O bhaile na Boirbhe,
'S ann a stoidhleadh thu'n toiseach;
Gur ioma fuil mhorga,

Bha reota sa chorp ud,
De shliochd armunn Chinntire,
Iarl' Il', agus Rois thu.

Mhic Iain Stiubhairt* na h-Apunn,
Ged a's gasd' an duin' og thu,
Ged tha Stiubhartach beachdall,
Iad tapaidd 'n am foirneart,
Na ghabhsa meannadh, no aiteas,
A's an staid ud, nach coir dhut,
Cha toir thu i dhaindeoin,
'S cha'n fhaigh thu le deoin i.

C'uim' an tigeadh fear coigreach
A thagradh ur'n Oighreachd;
Ged nach oil e ro dhearbhta,
Gur searbh e ri eiseachd,
Ged tha sinn' air ar creachadh
Mu chloinn mhac an fhir fheilidh,
Sliochd Ruairidh mhoir allail,
'S gur airidh iad fein oir.

* Stewart of Appin was married to a daughter of Mac-Leod of Dunvegan, which made the Mac-Leods afraid that he should claim a right to the estate, on account of Mac-Leod having left no male heir.

MARBH-RANN

DO DH-FHEAR NA CONRAICH.

Tha mise air leaghadh le bron,
O'n la dh-eug thu 's nach beo,
Mu m' fhiuran faighidneach, coir,
Uasal, aighearach, og,
'S uaisle shuidhe mu bhoird,
Mo chreach t-fhaiginn gu'n treoir eiridh.

'S tu'n laoch gun laigse, gun leon,
Macan min-geal gun sgleo,
B' fhearail, finealt an t-og,
De shliochd nam fear mor,
D'a bu dual a bhi coir,
'S gu'm b'fhiu faiteal do bheoil eiseachd

S' tu chlann na h-ireinn a b'fhearr,
Glan an riamh as an d'fhas,
Cairdeas righ as gach ball,
Bha sud sgrìobht' leat am bairn,
Fo laimh duine gun mheang,
Ach thu lion-te de dh-ardan euchdach.

A ruairidh aigeantaich aird,
O Chomraich ghreadhnaich an aidh,
Mhic an fhir bu mhor gair,
Nan lann guineach, cruaidh, garg,
Ort cha d'fhuaradh riamh cearb,
Iar-ogha Uilleam nan long breid-gheal.

Fhuair mi m' ailleagan ur,
'S e gun smal air gun smur,
Bu bhreac min dearg do ghnuis,

Bu ghorm laoghach do shuil,
Bu ghlan sliasaid, a's glun,
Bu deas, daighlean, a lub ghleust thu.

A lub abhoil nam buadh,
'S maig a tharladh ort uair,
Mu ghlaic Fhionnlaidh so shuas,
Air each crodhanta luath,
Namhaid romhad na ruaig,
Air dhaibh buille cha b'uair eis e.

Ach fhir a's curranta lamh,
Thug gach duine gu cradh,
'S truagh nach d'fhuirich thu slan,
Ri uair cumaig no blair,
A thoirt eis dheth do namh,
Bu leat urram an la cheudaich.

Bu tu'n sgoileir gun diobradh,
Meoir a's grinne ni sgrìobhadh,
Uasal faighidneach, cinnteach,
Bu leat lagh an taigh sgrìobhaidh,
'S tu nach muchadh an fhirinn,
Sgeul mo chreiche! so shil do chreuchdan.

Stad air m'aighear an de
Dh'fhalbh mo mharcanta fein,
Chuir mi'n ciste nan teud,
D'huilt an gobha dhomh gleus,
Dhuilt sud mi 's gach leighe
'S chaidh m'onair, 's mo rìgh dh'eug thu.

Thuit a chraobh thun a bhlair,
Rois an graine gu lar,
Lot thu 'n cinneadh a's chradh,
Air an robh thu mar bharr,
Ga'n dìonadh gach la,
'S mo chreach! bhuinig am bas treun ort.

'N am suidhe na d' shecmar,
Chaidh do bhuidhean an ordugh,
Cha b'ann mu aighear do phosaidh,
Le nighean Iarla Chlann-Domhnuill,
As do dheigh mar bu choir dh'i,
'S ann chaidh do thasgaidh san t-srol ghle-
gheal.

Ach gur mis' tha bochd truagh,
Fiamh a ghul air mo ghruidh,
'S goirt an gradan a fhuair,
Mareach deas nan each luath,
Sar Cheannard air sluagh,
Mo chreach, t-fhagail ri uair m'fheime.

Ach fhuair mi m'ailleagan og,
Mar nach b'abhaist gun cheol,
Saoir ri caradh do bhord,
Mnai ri spionadh an fheoir,
Fir gun tailig, gun cheol,
Gur bochd fulang mo sgeoil eisdeachd.

'Nuair a thionail an sluagh,
'S ann bha'n tioma-sgaradh cruaidh,
Mur ghair sheillean am bruaich,

An deigh na meala thoirt uath,
'S ann bha'n t-eireadh bochd truagh,
'S lad ma cheannas an t-sluaigh threubhaich.

MARBIHRANN DO DH' IAIN GARBH

MAC'ILLECHALUM RARSADH.*

Mo bheud, 's mo chraibh,
Mar dh'eirich dha
'S 'hear ghleusda, ghraidh,
Bha treun san spairn,
'S nach faicear gu brath thu' n Rarsa.

Bu tu 'm fear curanta, mor,
Bu mhath cumadh, a's treoir,
O t' uilean gu d' dhorn,
O d' mhullach gu d' bhroig,
Mhic Muire mo leon,
Thu bhi 'n innis nan ron,
'S nach saighear thu.

'S math lubadh tu pic
O chul thaobh do chinn,
'Nam rusgadh a ghill,
Le ionnsaidh nach pill,
'S air mo laimh gu'm bu cinnteach saighead
uat.

Bu tu sealgair a gheoidh,
Lamh gun dearnad, gun leon,
Air 'm bu shuarach an t-or
Thoir a bhuanachd a cheoil,
'S gu'n d'fhuair thu na's leoir,
'S na chaitheadh tu.

Bu tu sealgair an fheidh,
Leis an deargta na bein;
Bhiodh coin earbsach air cill
Aig an Albanach threun;
C'ait' am faca mi fein
Aon duine fo 'n ghrein,
A d'èanadh riut euchd fiathasach.

Spealp nach dibreadh,
An cath, nan stri thu,
Casán dìreach, fad' finealt,
Mo chreach dhiobhail
Chaidh thu dhith oirn, le neart sine,
Lamh nach dibreadh caitheadh orr'.

'S e dh-fhag silteach mo shuil,
Faicinn t' fhearsainn gun surd,
'S do bhaile gun smuid
Fo charraig nan sugh,
Dheagh mhic Chalam nan tur a Rarsa.

Och! m' fheadail bhuam,
Gun sgeul sa' chuan,
Bu ghle mhath sruadh,

* This celebrated hero was drowned while on a voyage between Stornoway and Rarsa.

Ri grein, 's ri fàineid,
'S e chlaoidh do shluagh,
Nach d'fhead thu 'n uair a ghabhail orr'.

Mo bhead, 's mo bhron,
Mar dh' eirich dhò
Muir beuach, mor,
Ag leum na d' b'òrd,
Thu fein, 's do shcoid
'Nuair reub 'ur seoil,
Nach d'fhead sibh treoir
A chaitheadh orr.

'S e an sgeul' cràiteach
Do'n mhnaoi a d'fhag thu,
'S do t-aon bhrathair,
A shuidh na t'aithe,
Diluain Caisge,
Chaidh tonn b'ait ort.
Craobh a b' aird' do 'n abhal thu.

CHUMHA MHC-LEOID.

Cha surd eadail,
An runs air m'aigheadh,
Mo shuil frasaich,
Gun surd macnais,
'S a' ehuirt a chleachd mi:—
Sgeul ur ait ri eiseachd.

'S trom an eudthrom so dhruidh,
Dh-fhag mo chusleir gun lugh,
'S tric snigh' mo shuil:
A tuiteam gu dlu;
Chall mi iuchair mo chuilt:
Ann a cuideachd luchd-ciùil,
Cha teid mi.

Mo neart 's mo threoir,
Fo thasgaidh bhòrd,
Sar mhae 'Ic-Leoid,
Nan bratach sroil,
Bu phailt' ma'n or,
Bu bhinn-caismeachd sgeoil;
Aig luchd-astair
A's ceoil na h-Eireann.

Co neach ga'n col,
Fear t-fhasain beo,
Am blas luchd beoil,
'S am maise neoil,
An gaisge glois,
An ceart san coir;
Gun aiceas na sgleo feile.

Dh-fhalbh mo solas,
Marbh mo Leodach,
Calama, ero tha,
Meannamach ro-ghlio,
Dhearbh mo sgeoil-sa,
Seannachas colais;
Gun chearb foghlaim,
Dealbhuach ro-ghlan t-càgaig.

An treas la de'n Mhairt,
Dh' fhalbh m'aighear gu brath,
B' ead a'ighaill mo chraidh,
Bhi 'g amharas do bhais,
A ghnuis fhàisteach ailt;
A dheag m'bie rathail,
An armuinn euchaich.

Mao Ruairidh reachd-mhoir,
Uaibhreic, bhenehdail,
Bu bhuidh leatsa,
Dualaas faras na,
Snuadh-ghlaine pearsa;
Crundail 's smachd gun cucoir.

'Uaill a's aiteis,
'S an bhuat gu fàighte,
Ri uair ceartaia,
Fuasgladh faeil;
Gun ghruam gu lasan;
Gu suaire, snaipte, reusant.

Fo bhuird na ciste,
Chaidh grunn a ghliocas,
Fear fughant, misal,
Cuilmeach, gileil,
An robh cliu gun bhriseadh;
Chaidh uir fo lie air m' eudail.

Gnuis na glainne,
Chuireadh suand air fearaibh,
Air each cruideach ceann-ard,
'S lann ur than ort,
Am beart dhlù dhàighinn:
Air cull nan clann-fhalt teud-bhuidh.

'S iomadh fear aineoil,
Is aoidh 's luchd eallaidh,
Bheir turnais tamul,
Air cruin a mhalairt,
Air iuil 's air ainne,
Bu chluith gun aithreis bhreug e.

B tu 'n sith-thamh charid,
Ri' am tigh'n gu bail,
Ol dìon aig fearabh,
Gun stri gun charraid,
'S bu mhiam leat mar ruit,
Luchd inns' air annas sgeula.

Bu tric aoidh chairdean,
Gu d' dhun adhmhor,
Suilbhear, fàitreach,
Cuilm-mhor statoil,
Gun bhuirb gun ardan:
Gun diultadh air mal dheireach.

Thu shliochd Ollaghair
Bha mor morma,
Nan seol corra-bheann,
'S nan eorn gorm-ghlas,
Nan ceol orghan
'S nan seod bu bhorb ri eiginn.

Bha leath do shloinnibh,
Ri siol Cholla,
Nan cise tramadh,
'S nam pios soilleir,
Bho choig-samh Coinneach,
Bu lion-mòr do luingeas breid-ghal.

'S iomadh gair dalta,
'S mnaid bhas-bhuailt,
Ri la tagaidh,
Cha 'n fhath aiteis,
Do 'd chaidinn t-fhaicinn
Fo eular gla'se,
Mu thruaidh! chreach an t-eug sinn.

Inghinn Sheumais nan crun,
Bean cheilidh ghlan ur,
Thug i ceud ghradh ga run,
Bu mhor a' h-aoibhar ri suand,
Nuair a shealladh i'n ghnais a ceile.

Si fhras nach ciuin,
A thainig as ur,
A shrac air siul,
Sa bhris ar stiur,
'S ar eint mhaith tuil,
S ar taice eoil;
'S air eaidridh ciuil,
Bhiodh againn 'na d' thur eibhinn.

'S mor an iunndrain tha bhuailn,
Air a dunadh 's an uigh,
Air cuinneadh 's ar buaidh!
Air curam 's ar 'n uail;
'S ar sugradh gun ghruaim
'S fal air eaidridh
Na fhuair mi fein deth.

LUINNEAG MHIC-LEOID.

'S mi 'm shuidh' air an talaich',
Fo mhulad 's fo ime-cheist;
'S mi coimhead air lle,
'S ann de'm ionghnadh sin am so.
Bha mi uair nach do shaoil mi,
Gus n do chaochail air m' aimsir;
Gu'n tiginn an taobh so,
A dh' amharc Iuraidh a's Sgarbaidh.

*I h-urabh o, i h-oirtunn o,
I h-urabh o, i h-oirtunn o,
I h-urabh o, h-ojaidh ho-ro,
H-i-ri-ri rithibh h-o-i ag o.*

Gun tiginn an taobh so,
A dh' amharc Iuraidh, a's Sgarbaidh:
Beir mo shoraidh do'n duthaich,
Tha fo dhubhar nan garbh-bheann.
Gu Sir Tormod ur, allail,
Fhuair ceannas air armait;
'S gun eint' ann 's gach fearann,
Gum b' airidh fear t-ainm air.
I h-urabh o, &c.

Gun eint' ann 's gach fearann,
Gum b' airidh fear t-ainm air;
Fear do cheille, 's do ghloenis,
Do mhiseich, 's do mheannmann.
Do chruaidh, 's do ghaige,
Do dhreach, 's do dheallbha;
Agus t-olachd as t-uaisle,
Cha bu shuarach ri leannmhunn.
I h-urabh o, &c.

Agus t-olachd, as t-uaisle,
Cha bu shuarach ri leannmhunn;
Dh-fhuil dhreach righ Iachluinn;
B' e sid toisich do sheannachais.
Tha do chaidens so-larraidh,
Ris gach farla tha 'n Albuinn;
'S ri uaislean na h-Eireann,
Cha broug, ach sgeul dearbht' e.
I h-urabh o, &c.

'S ri uaislean na h-Eireann,
Cha bhroug ach sgeul dearbht' e;
A mhic an fhir eilidh,
Bha gu fughantach ainmeil.
Thug barrachd an ghlois,
Air gach Ridir bha 'n Albuinn;
Ann an cogadh 's an eò-chaint,
'S ann an dioladh an airgeid.
I h-urabh o, &c.

Ann an cogadh 's an eò-chaint,
'S ann an dioladh an airgeid;
'S beag an t-ionghnadh do mhac-na,
Bhith gu beachdail mor, meanmnoch.
Bhith gu fughant', fial, farsuinn,
O'n a ghlachd sibh mar shealbh e;
Clann Ruairidh nam bratach,
'S e mo chreach-sa na dh-fhalbh dhia'.
I h-urabh o, &c.

Clann Ruairidh nam bratach,
'S e mo chreach-sa na dh-fhalbh dhia';
Ach an non fhear a dh fhuirich,
Nir chluinnean sgeul marbh ort.
Ach eudail do dh-fhearnaibh;
Ge do ghabh mi bh'uat tearbadh;
Fhir a chuirp 's glan cumadh,
Gun uireasaidh dealbha.
I h-urabh o, &c.

Fhir a chuirp 's glan cumadh,
Gun uireasaidh dealbha;
Cridhe farsuinn, fial, fearail;
'S math thig geal agus dearg ort.
Suil ghorm 's glan sealladh,
Mar dhearnaig na talmhuinn;
Lamh ri gruidh ruiteach,
Mar mhucraig na fèra-dhris.
I h-urabh o, &c.

Lamh ri gruidh ruiteach,
Mar mhucraig na fèra-dhris,
Fo thaght na gruaige,
Cul dualach, nan eamh-lub.
Gheibhte sid ann a t-fhardaich,

An earadh air calachuinn;
Miosair a's adharo,
Agus raogha gach armachd;
I h-urabh o, &c.

Miosair a's adharo,
Agus raogha gach armachd;
Agus lannainnean tana,
O'n ceannaibh gu'm barra-dheis.
Gheibhte sid air gach slios dhiu,
Isneach a's cairbinn;
Agus iubhair chruaidh, fhallain,
Le'n tafaidin cainbe.
I h-urabh o, &c.

Agus iubhair chruaidh, fhallain,
Le'n tafaidin cainbe,
A's cuilbheirean caola,
Air an daoird gu'n ceannaicht' iad.
Glaon nan ceann liobhte,
Air chuir sios ann am balgalbh;
O iteach an fhir-eoin,
'S o shioda na Gaille-bheinn'.
I h-urabh o, &c.

O iteach an fhir-eoin,
'S o shioda na Gaille-bheinn';
Tha mo chion air a churaidh,
Mac Mhuire chuir seallbh air.
'S e bu mhiannach le m' leanabh,
Bhi'm beannaibh nan sealg;
Gabhail aighear na fridhe,
'S a dreachd nan garbh-ghlac.
I h-urabh o, &c.

Ghabhail aighear na frithe
'S a dreachd nan garbh-ghlac;
A leigeil na'n cuilein,
'S a furan na'n seanna-chon.
'S e bu deireadh do'n fhran ud,
Fuil thoirt air chailgaibh,
O luchd nan ceir geala;
S nam falluinnean dearga.
I h-urabh o, &c.

O luchd nan ceir geala,
'S nam falluinnean dearga,
Le d' chomhlain dhaoi' uaisle,
Rachadh cruaidh air an armaibh.
Luchd aithneachadh latha,
'S a chaitheamh na fairge,
'S a b'urainn ga seoladh,
Gu seol-ait' an tarruinnte' i.
I h-urabh o, &c.

AN CRONAN.

An naigheachd so'n de
Aighearach i,
Moladh do'n leigh,
Thug mailleart d'am oheil
Nis teannaichd mi fein ri cronan,
Nis teannaichd, &c.

Beannachd do'n bheul,
Dh-aithris an sgeul
Cha ghearrain mi fein
Na chaillendh 's na dh-eug
'S mo leanabh na dheidh comh-shlan
'S mo leanabh, &c.

Nam biodh agamsa fion
Gum b'ait leam a dhiol,
Air slainnt do thighinn,
Gud chairdean 's gud thir,
Mhic armuinn mo ghaol,
Be m' ardan 's mo phris,
Alach mo righ thogbhaill
Alach mo righ, &c.

'S fath mire dhuinn fein,
'S do'n chinneadh gu leir,
Do philleadh on eug,
'S milis an sgeul,
'S binne ro gleus orgain,
'S binne ro gleus, &c.

'S e m' aiteas gu dearbh,
Gu'n glacair grad shealbh,
An caisteal nan arm
Leis a mhacan da'n ainm Tormod,
Leis a mhacan, &c.

Tha mo dhuilt' ann an Dia,
Guir muirneach do thriall,
Gu Dun ud nan cliar,
Far bu duthchas do'm thriath,
Bhiodh gu fuighantach fiail foirmeil,
Bhiodh gu fuigheantach fiail, &c.

Gu Dun turaideach ard,
Be sud innis nam bard,
'S nam filidh ri dan,
Far bu mhinig an tamh,
Cha b'ionad gu'n bhlas daibh sud,
Cha b'ionad gu'n bhlathas, &c.

Gu aros nach orion
Am bidh garaich nam piob
'S nan clarsach a ris
Le dearsadh nam pios
A' cuir saradh am fion
'S ga leigeadh an gniomh or-cheard,
'S ga leigeadh an gnoomh, &c.

Buaghach am mac,
Uasal an t-slat,
Dha'n dual a bhi ceart,
Cruadalach pailt,
Duais-mhor am beachd
Ruineach an neart Leodach
Ruineach an neart, &c.

Fiuran a ohluain,
Duisg san deagh uair,
'S du dhut dol suas,
'N eliu 's ann am buaidh,
'S duthas do'm luaidh,

Bhidh gu fughantach suaire ceol-bhinn,
Bhidh gu fughantach suaire, &c.

Fasan bu dual,
Fantalach buan,
Soorach ri tuath,
Cosgail ri cusairt,
Cosunta cruaidh,
A'm brosnachadh sluaidh,
A mosgladh an uair foirneart.
A mosgladh an uair, &c.

Leansa 's na treig,
Cleachdadh a's beus,
T-aiteam gu leir,
Macanta seimh,
Pailt ri luchd theud,
Gaisgeil am feum,
Neart-mhor an deigh toireachd.
Neart-mhor an deigh, &c.

Siechd Ollaghair nan lann,
Thogadh sroiltean ri crann,
'Nuair a thoisich iad ann,
Cha bu lionsgaradh gann,
Fir a b' fhirinneach bann,
Priseil an dream,
Rioghail gun chall corach.
Rioghail gun chall, &c.

Tog colg ort a ghaol,
Bi ro-chalma 's gu'm faod,
Gur dearbhta dhut laoiach,
Dheth na chinneadh nach faoin,
Thig ort as gach taobh gad chonadh,
Thig ort as gach taobh, &c.

Uasal an treud,
Deas, cruadalach, treun,
Tha'n dual'chas dhut fein,
Theid ma a' ghuailibh ri t-fheum,
De shliochd Ruairi mhoir fheil,
Cuir sa suas a Mhic Dhe an t-og Rìgh,
Cuir sa suas a, &c.

Tha na Gaeil gu leir,
Cho cairdeach dhut fein,
'S gur feard thu gu t-fheum,
Sir Domhnall a Sleibht,
Ceannard nan ceud,
Ceannsgalach treun ro ghlic,
Ceannsgalach treun, &c.

'S math mo bhairil 's mo bheachd,
Air na fiurain as leat,
Gu curantach ceart,
'S ann de bharrachd do neart,

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Mac-'Io-Ailein 's a mhac
Thig le farum am feachd,
Gud charaid a chasg t-fhoirneart.
Gud charaid a chasg t-fhoirneart, &c.

A Gleann Garadh a nuas,
Thig am barantas sluaidh,
Nach mealladh ort uair,
Cha bu churantas fuar
Na fir sin bho chluain Chnoideirt.
Na fir sin bho chluain, &c.

'S leat Mac-Shimidh on Aird,
'S M'c Choinnich Chinntail,
Theid 'nad t-iomairt gun dail,
Le h-ìomadaidh graidh,
Cha b'ionghantach dhaibh,
'S gur lionmhor do phairt dhaibh sin.
'S gur lionmhor do phairt, &c.

'S goirt an naigheachd 's gur cruaidh,
Mac 'Illean bhi bhuainn,
Gun a thaigheadas suas.
Bha do cheanghal ris buan,
T-ursainn-chatha ri uair deuchainn.
T-ursainn-chatha ri uair, &c.

B'iomadh gasan gun chealg,
Bu ceas faicinn fo arm,
Bheireadh ceartachadh garbh,
Is iad a chlaistinn ort fearg,
Eadar Bracadal thall as Brolas.
Eadar Bracadal, &c.

Tha mi 'g cean mo chall,
Iad a thachairt gun cheann,
Fo chasan nan Gall,
Gun do phearsa bhi ann,
Mo chruaidh-chas nach gann,
Thu bhi anns an Fhraing air fogradh.
Thu bhi, &c.

A Chrosd cinnich thu fein,
An spiunnadh 's an ceill,
Gu cinneadhail treun,
'N ionad na dh' eug,
A Mhic an fhir nach d' fhuair beum,
'Sa ghineadh o'n chre ro-ghlan.
'S ghineadh o'n chre, &c.

A Rìgh nan gras,
Bidh fein mar gheard,
Air feum mo ghraicidh,
Dean oighne slan
Do'n Teaghlaich aigh,
Da'n robh caoimhnas air bharr solais.
Da'n robh caoimhnas air bharr, &c.

IAIN LOM;

OR

JOHN MACDONALD, THE LOCHABER POET.

THIS celebrated individual, a poet of great merit, as well as a famous politician, was commonly called *Iain Lom*, literally, *bare John*; but so named from his acuteness, and severity on some occasions.* He was sometimes called *Iain Mann-tach*, from an impediment in his speech. He was of the Keppoch family; lived in the reigns of Charles I. and II., and died at a very advanced age about the year 1710.

We know little of the early education of the Lochaber bard. Of him it might be said, "*poeta nascitur non fit*;" but from his descent from the great family, *Clann-Raonail na Ceapach*, a sept of the M'Donalds, he must have seen and known more of the men and manners of those times than ordinary. His powers and talents soon rendered him a distinguished person in his native country; and subsequent events made him of importance, not only there, but likewise in the kingdom.

The first occurrence that made him known beyond the limits of Lochaber, was the active part he took in punishing the murderers of the heir of Keppoch: the massacre was perpetrated by the cousins of the young man, about the year 1688. The poet had the penetration to have foreseen what had really happened, and had done all he could to prevent it. He perceived that the minds of the people were alienated from the lawful heir in his absence: he and his brother being sent abroad to receive their education during their minority, and their affairs being intrusted to their cousins, who made the best use they could of the opportunity in establishing themselves by the power and authority thus acquired in the land. Although he could not have prevented the fatal deed, he was not a silent witness. He stood single handed in defence of the right. As he failed in his attempt to awaken the people to a sense of their duty, he addressed himself to the most potent neighbour and chieftain Glengarry, who declined interfering with the affairs of a celebrated branch of the great *Clann-Dughaill*; and there was no other that could have aided him with any prospect of success. Thus situated, our poet, firm in his resolution, and bold in the midst of danger, was determined to have the murderers punished. In his ire at the reception he met from Glengarry, he invoked his muse, and began to praise Sir Alexander M'Donald.

Nothing can give us a better idea of the power of the Highland clans, and of the state of the nation at this period, than this event, which happened in a family, and among a people, by no means inconsiderable. M'Donald of Keppoch could bring out, on emergency, three hundred fighting men of his own people; as brave and as faithful as ever a chieftain called out or led to battle, that would have shed the last

* Some say he was called *Iain Lom* because he was bare in the face, and never had any beard.

drop of their blood in his cause, and yet he had not an inch of land to bestow upon them. The M'Donald of Keppoch always appeared at the head of his own men, although only a branch of the great clan. He might have got rights, as he had just claims to land for signal services; but "would he care for titles given on sheep skin?"* he claimed his rights and titles by the edge of the sword!"

The kingdom of Scotland, as well as other nations, often suffered from the calamities that have been consequent on minorities. The affairs of Keppoch must have been in the most disordered state, when a people, warlike and independent in spirit, were trusted to the care, and left under the control of relations—selfish, and, as they proved, unworthy of their trust. The innocent, unsuspecting young men were sacrificed to the ambitious usurpation of base and cruel relatives. Our poet alone proved faithful; and, after doing what he could, it was not safe for him to rest there. The cause he espoused was honourable; and he was never wanting in zeal. Confiding in the justice of his cause, and his own powers of persuasion, (and no man better knew how to touch the spring that vibrated through the feelings of a high-spirited and disinterested chieftain,) he succeeded. Being favourably received by Sir Alexander M'Donald, he concerted measures for punishing the murderers, which met his lordship's approval, and indicated the judgment and sagacity of the faithful clansman.

A person was sent to North Uist with a message to Archibald M'Donald (*An Ciaran Mabach*.) a poet as well as a soldier, commissioning him to take a company of chosen men to the mainland, where he would meet with the Lochaber bard, who would guide and instruct him in his future proceedings.

The usurpers were seized and beheaded. They met with the punishment they so richly deserved; but the vengeance was taken in the most cruel manner; and the exultation and feelings of the man who acted so boldly, and stood so firmly in the defence of the right, have been too ostentatiously indulged, in verses from which humanity recoils. How different from his melting strains, so full of sympathy and compassion for the innocent young men whose death he avenged!

The atrocious deed has been palpably commemorated, in a manner repugnant to humanity, by "*Tobar nan Ceann*."

Sometime thereafter the poet and Glengarry were reconciled. The chief well knew the influence of the "man of song" in the country, and had more policy than to despise one so skilled in the politics of the times—who made himself of more than ordinary consequence by the favour shown him by Sir Alexander M'Donald. No one of his rank could command greater deference. There might have been found votaries of the muses that poured out sweeter strains, but he was second to none in energy and pathos, in adapting his art to the object in view, and in producing the desired effect. He was born for the very age in which he lived. To the side he espoused he faithfully stood, and exerted all the energies of his mighty mind in behalf of the cause which he adopted. We shall not say that he was always in the right: in the one already related, he undoubtedly was; in a subsequent and

* Alluding to vellum.

greater cause he made one of a party. A poet is often led away by feeling, by passion and prejudice, when not left to cool reflection, or to the exercise of a better judgment. But *Iain Lom* entered on his enterprise with heart and zeal. A wider scene of action opened to his view. Usurpation, family feuds, and intestine troubles, gave way to civil war; and the vigilant seer became an active agent in the wars of Montrose.

One trait in the character of our poet, though not common, yet is not singular, and may be worthy of a remark or two. He was no soldier, and yet would set every tittle by the ears. Men of influence in the country, as well as chieftains at a distance, knew this, and dreaded him. An instance will put this in clear light. In the active scenes of those intestine troubles, a great politician and a famous bard was a person not to be neglected. He became an useful agent to his friends, and he received a yearly pension from Charles II. as his bard.

The Lochaber poet was the means of bringing the armies of Montrose and the Argyleshire men together, at Inverlochay, where the bloody battle that ensued proved so fatal to so many brave men, the heads of families of the Campbell clan.

It will be unnecessary to follow here a history so well known. The Argyleshire men, on learning the intentions of their enemies to make a second descent on their country, marched north in order to divert their course, and save Argyleshire from another devastation. John M'Donald's eyes were open to all that was passing. He hastened to the army of Montrose with the intelligence that the Campbells were in Lochaber. Mr. Alexander M'Donald, (better known by his patronimic, *Alasdair Mac Cholla*,) who commanded the Irish auxiliaries, took John as guide, and went in search of the Campbells. He, after search was made, and finding no trace of them, began to suspect the informer of some sinister motive; and declared, "if he deceived him, he would hang him on the first tree he met." "Unless," answered the poet, who was well informed of the fact, "you shall find the Campbells all here, for certainly they are in the country, before this time to-morrow, you may do so." The enemy at length appeared, and they prepared to give them battle. "Make ready, John," says the commander to the poet, "you shall march along with me to the fight." The poet, as has been asserted of the greatest of orators, was a coward; yet he too well knew his man to have altogether declined the honour he offered him; for Mr. Alexander was not the man to be refused. The other was at his wits end. A thought arose quicker than speech; and it was fortunate for him. "If I go along with thee to-day," said the bard, "and fall in battle, who will sing thy praises to-morrow? Go thou, Alasdair, and exert thyself as usual, and I shall sing thy feats, and celebrate thy prowess in martial strains." "Thou art in the right, John," replied the other; and left him in a safe place to witness the engagement.

From the castle of Inverlochay, the poet had a full view of the battle, of which he gives a graphic description. The poem is entitled *The Battle of Inverlochay*. The natives repeat these heroic verses, as most familiar and recent ones. So true, natural, and home-brought is the picture, that all that had happened, seem to be passing before their eyes. The spirit of poetry, the language, and boldness of expression, have seldom been equalled, perhaps never surpassed; yet, at this distance of time, these martial strains are rehearsed with different and opposite feelings.

The changes which afterwards took place produced no change in the politics of our bard. He entered into all the turmoils of the times with his whole heart, and with a boldness which no danger could daunt, nor power swerve from what he considered his duty. He became a violent opposer of the union, and employed his muse against William and Mary. It mattered little to him of what rank or station his opponents were if they incurred his resentment. He treated his enemies with the same freedom and boldness whether on the throne, at the head of an army, or in the midst of a clan on whose fidelity the chief might always depend. But his friends who were of the party which he espoused were spared, while he made the nicest distinction between the shades and traits of character. How ingeniously he revenged himself on Glengarry in the praises bestowed on Sir Alexander M'Donald! Yet, would he suffer a hair of the head of any of his clan to be touched? No, truly.

But how severe was he against a neighbouring clan that was always in opposition to his own. The Campbells he always lashed with the sharpest stripes of satire. The marquess of Argyle, who, on the score of heroism might have shaken hands with himself, felt the influence of the satire and ridicule of the popular bard and politician so much, that he offered a considerable reward for his head. The conduct of M'Donald on this occasion, indicates well the manner in which the character of a bard was respected and held sacred.

The poet repaired to Inverary, went to the castle, and delivered himself to the marquess, demanding his reward. We have already given an instance of his cowardly spirit. No one would accuse him of rashness; for he proved his prudence, caution, and foresight, from the long experience and trials he had in troublesome times. It was, therefore, on the safety granted to the office of bardship that he depended. Nor did he trust too much. He was perfectly safe in the midst of his enemies; even in the very castle of their chief who offered a reward for his head. The marquess received him courteously, and brought him through the castle; and on entering a room hung round with the heads of black cocks, his Grace asked John: —“*Am fac thu riamh Iain, an uiread sin de choilich dhubha an aon aite?*” —“*Chunnaic,*” *ars Iain.* “*O'aite?*” —“*An Inbher-Lochaidh.*” —“*A! Iain, Iain, cha sguir thu gu brach de chagnadh nan caimbeulach?*” —“*'Se 's duilich leam,*” *ars Iain,* “*nach urradh mi ga slugadh.*” *i. e.* “Have you ever seen, John, so many black cocks together?” “Yes,” replied the undaunted bard. “Where?” demanded his Grace. “At Inverlochay,” returned the poet, alluding to the slaughter of the Campbells on that memorable day. “Ah! John,” added his Grace, “will you never cease gnawing the Campbells?” “I am sorry,” says the other, “that I could not swallow them.”

He was buried in Dun-aingal in the braes of Lochaber; and his grave was till of late pointed out to the curious by the natives. Another bard, Alexander M'Donald of Glencoe, composed an elegy to him when standing on his grave, beginning thus:—

“*Na shineadh an so fo na pluic,
Tha gaol an 'eoghainn's fuath an tuire, &c.*”

Iain Lom composed as many poems as would form a considerable volume, the best of which are given in this work.

IAIN LOM.

MORT NA CEAPACH.

'S teara an diugh mo chuis ghaire,
Tigh'n na raidean so 'niar;
'G amharc fonn Inbher-laice,
'N deigh a strachdadh le siol;
Tha Cheapach na fasach,
Gun aon aird oirre 's flach;
'S leir ri fhaicinn a bhraithrean,
Gur trom a bhàre oirnn an t-sion.

'S ann oirne thainig an diombuain.
'Sa 'n iomaghuin gheur;
Mur tha claidheamh ar finne,
Cho minig n' ar deigh;
Paca Thurcach gun sireadh,
Bhi a pinnadh ar cleibh;
Bhi n' ar breacain g' ar filleadh,
Measg ar cinne mor fein.

'S gearr o chomhairl' na h-aoine,
Dh' fhaig a chaidh sinn f' 'prochd;
O am na feill-Micheil,
Ge b'e nith rinn mo lot;
Dh' fhaig sud n' ar miol-mhuir sinn
'S na' r fuigheall spuir air gach port;
'Nuair theid gach cinneadh ri cheile,
Bidh sinne sgaoilte mu 'n chnoc.

'S ann di-sathuirne gearr uainn,
Bhuail an t-earrhall orm spot;
'S mi caoidh nan corp geala,
Bha call na fala fo 'n brot;
Bha mo lamhansa croabhach,
'N deigh bhi taosgadh 'ur lot;
Se bhi ga 'r cuir ann an ciste,
Turn as miste mi nochd.

B' iad mo ghraidh na cuirp churaidh,
Anns 'm bu dlu chur na'n sgian;
'S iad na 'n sineadh air urlar,
'N seomar ur ga 'n cur sìos;
Fo chasan shìol Dughaill
Luchd a spuilleadh na 'n cliabh;
Dh' fhaig alach am biodag
Mur sgaille ruidil 'ur bian.

C' aite 'n robh e fo 'n adhar,
A sheall n'ur bhathais gu geur,
Nach tugadh dhuibh athadh,
A luchd 'ur labhairt 's 'ur bheus;
Mach o chlainn bhrathair n-athar,
Chaidh 'm bairn an aibhistair threan;
Ach mu rinn iad bhuir lotsa.
'S trom a rosad dhaibh fein.

Tha sibh 'n cadal thaigh duinte,
Gun smuid deth gun cheo;
Far 'n d' fhuair sibh 'n garbh dhusgadh,
Thaobh 'ur chuil a's 'ur beoil;
Ach na 'm faigheadh sibh uine
O luchd ur mhi-rùin bhi beo;
Cha bu bhaile gun surd e,
Biodh air' air muirn 's air luchd-ceoil.

A leithid de mhort cha robh 'n Albuinn,
Ged bu bhorb iad na 'm beus;
'S bochd an sgeul eadar bhraithrean,
E dhòl an lathair mhie Dhe;
Mur am bat air an linne,
Ge b'e shireadh na deigh;
Cha tain' a leithid do mhillleadh,
Air ceann-cinnidh 'n ghrein.

Tha mulad air m' inntinn
Bhi 'g innseadh bhuir beus
'S ann a ghabh iad am fath oirbh
'N uair chaidh 'ur fagail leibh fein
'Sa chuir sibh cungaidd 'ur casaibh,
Ann an Aros na 'n tath;
'S 'ur buachailleann beud-chruibh,
Ann an garadh nam peur.

'S ann an sin a bha 'n cinneadh,
Bh' air am milleadh o 'n ceill;
Chaidh a ghlaicadh droch spioraid,
Ann an ionad flamh Dhe;
Sin am fath mu 'n robh sginean,
Cho minig 'n 'ur deigh;
'S a 'neach nach do bhuailleadh,
Bhi ga bhuain anns a bhreig.

Acha Mhoir-fhear Chlann-Domhnuill
'S fad do chomhnuidh measg Ghall,
Dh' fhaig thu sinne n'ur breislich,
Nach do fhreasdail thu 'n t-am;
Nach do gleidh thu na h-itean,
Chaidh gun fhios dut air chall;
Tha sinn corrach as t-aogais,
Mur cholainn sgaoilte gun cheann.

Gur h-iom' oganach sgaiteach,
Lub bhachlach, sgiath chrom;
Eadar drochaid Allt Eire,
'S Rugha Shleibhte nan tonn;
A dheanadh leat eiridh
Mu 'm biodh do chreuchdan lan tholl;
'S a rachadh bras ann a t-cirig.
Dheagh Shìr Sheumais nan long.

Chuir Dia oirnn craobh shio-chaint,
Bha da 'r dìonadh gu leoir;

Da 'm bu choir dhuinn bhi strìochdadh,
Fhad 'sa 'n cian bhìodhmaid beo;
Mas sinn fhein a chuir dith oirr',
B' ole an dioladh sin oirnn;
Tuitidh tuagh as na flaitheas,
Leis an sgathar na meoir.

'N glan fhiuran so bh' againn,
'N taobh so fhlaithes Mhic Dhe;
Thainig sgiursadh a bhais air,
Chaill sinn thoirt le sràchd geur;
'N t-aon fhiuran a b' aillidh,
Bh' ann 's phairce 'n robh speis;
Mur gu 'm buaineadh sibh fìlean,
Leis an fhaladair geur.

Tha lionn-dubh air mo bhualadh,
'N taobh tuathal mo chleibh;
'S mu mhaireas e buan ann,
B' fhearr leam uam e mur cheud:
Gar an teid mi g'a innseadh,
Tha mi cinnteach a' m' sgeul;
Luchd dheanadh na sìthne,
Bhi feadh na tire gun deigh.

A BHEAN LEASAICH.

AN STOP DHUINN.*

A bhean leasaich an stop dhuinn,
'S lion an cupa le solas,
Mas a brannad no beoir i, tha mi toileach a
h-ol

'N deochs' air Captain Chlann-Domhnuill,
'S air Sir Alasdair og thig on chaoil.

'M fear nach duirig a h-ol
Gun tuit 'n t-shuil air a bhord as,
Tha mo dhurachd do'n oigear,
Crann curaidh Chlann-Domhnuill,
Rìgh nan dul bhi gad chonadh fhir chaoimh.

Greas mu 'n cuairt feagh 'n taigh i,
Chum gun gluaisinn le aighear,
Le sliochd uàibhreach an athar,
A choisin buaigh leis a chlàidheimh,
Fior ga ruagadh 's ga 'n caitheamh gu daor.

Sliochd a ghabhail nan steud thu,
Dh' fhas gu flathasach feile,
Do shiochd gasda Chuinn cheutaich,
'S a bha taghaich an Eirinn,,
Ged a fhuair an claidhe 's an teugoirbhsgrìob.

Bhiodh an t-iubhar ga lubadh,
Aig do fhleasgaichean ura,

* This song was composed on account of the laird of Glengarry refusing his aid in apprehending the Keppoch murderers; and in order to provoke the chief, the poet began by singing the praises of Sir Alexander McDonald of Slate, and Sir James his son.

Dol a shìubhal nan stuc-bheann,
Ann 's an uighe gun churam,
Leis a bhuidheann ro 'n ruigete na gill.

'S tha mo dhùil ann 's an Trianaid,
Ged thainig laigsinn air t-fhion fhuil,
Slat den chuillean bha ciatach,
Dh' fhas gu furach flalaidh
Sheasadh duineil air bial-thaobh an rìgh.

'S an am dhut gluasad o' t-aitreamh,
Le d' cheol cluais' agus cnismeachd,
C thir-uasal nan glas-charn,
Ga'n robh cruadal 's gaisge,
Gam bu shuaineas barr gaganach fraoich.

'Nuair a thairte fo luchd i,
Bhi taruinn suas air a cupaill,
Bord a fuairidh 's ruidh chuipe air,
Snaim air fuathail a fliuch bhuird,
'Sruth mu guailibh 's i suchta le gaoith.

'S nuair a chairte fo seol i,
Le crainn ghasda 's le corcaich,
Ag iomart chleasan 's ga seoladh,
Aig a comhlan bu bhoiche,
Seal m'an tog' oirre ro-sheol o thir.

Gu Dun-Tuilm nam fear fallain,
Far an greadhnach luchd ealaidh,
Gabhail fàilte le caithream,
As na clarsaichean glana,
Do m'naoi oig nan teud banala binn,

Sliochd nan cuiridhean talmhaidh,
Leis an do chuireadh cath garabhach.
Fhuair mi urrad gar seannachas,
Gun robh an turas ud ainneil,
Gun ro taigh 's leath Alba fo'r cis.

'S ioma neach a fhuair coir uaibh,
Ann sann am ud le'r goraich,
Ban diu Rothaich 's Rosaich,
Mac-Choinnich 's Diuc Gordon,
Mac-'Illeain o Dreolain 's Mac-Aoidh.

Be do shuaicheantas taitneach,
Long, 's leoghan, 's bradan,
Air chuan liobhara an aigell,
A chraobh fhigeis gun ghaiseadh,
A chuireadh fion di le pailteas,
Lamh dhearg ro na ghaisgeach nan tim.

Nuair bu sgith ae luchd theud e,
Gheibhte Bioball ga leughadh,
Le fìor chreideamh a's ceille,
Mar a dh' orduich mac Dhe dhuibh,
S gheibhte teagasg na Cleir' uaibh le sìth.

Mhic Shir Seumas nam bratach,
O bhun Sleib'hte nam bradan,
A ghlaic an fheile 's a mhaise,

O cheann ceile do leapa,
Cum do reite air a casan,
Bi gu reusanta, macanta, min.

Silochd na milidh 's nam fearabh,
Na srol 's nam pios 's nan cup geala,
Thogadh sìoda ri crannaibh,
Nuair bu rioghal an tarraunn,
Bhiodh pìob rimheach nam meallan da seinn.

Gum bu slàn 's gum a h-iomlan,
Gach nì tha mi g-iomradh,
Do theaghlach rìgh Fionghall,
Oighre dlìgheach Dhun-Tuilm thu
Olar deoch air do chuilin gun bhi sgi.

ORAN DO SHIOL DUGHAILL.*

'S trom 's gur eisleach m' aigne,
'N diugh gur feudar dhomh aideach',
O 'n a dh' eigh iad rium cabar 's mi corr.
'S trom 's gur, &c.

Mi ga m' fhogradh a Clachaig,
'S mi gun mhanus guu aitreabh,
'S nach b-e 'mal a ta fairtleachadh orm.
Mi ga m', &c.

Mi ga m' fhogradh a m' dhutaich,
'S m' fhearann post' aig siol Dughail,
'S iad am barail gu 'n uraich iad coir.
Mi ga m', &c.

Mi ga m' fhogradh gun aobhar,
'S nach mi shalaich mi shaobhaidh,
Mur mhada-galla 'sa chaonnag m'a shroin.
Mi ga m', &c.

Mo nì a's m' earnais feadh monaidh,
'S mi mar ghearr eadar chonabh,
Gun chead tearnadh measg loinidh no feoir.
Mo nì a's, &c.

O nach d' fhas mi 'm fhear morta,
Gu bhi sathadh mo chuiree,
Mur bha na cairdean curta 's taigh mhor.
O Nach d' fhas, &c.

Fuil a taosgadh o lotan,
Dh-fhaoite thogall le copan,
Ruith na caochan ma bholtaibh am brog.
Fuil a taosgadh, &c.

A Ruadh ropach nam maodal,
Ged a ropadh tu caolain,
Cha n' e do chogadh a shaol mi theachd orm.
A rugh ropach, &c.

* After the murder of Keppoch, the Poet was persecuted by the murderer; this song was composed on that occasion.

Cleas na binne nach maireann,
Bha 'n sgìre Cille-ma-cheallaig,*
'Nuair a dhìt iad an gearran 'sa mhod.
Cleas a bhinne, &c.

Lagh cho chearr 'sa bha 'm Breatunn,
Rinn am mearlach a sheasamh,
Bhi ga thearbadh o leadairt nan cord.
Lagh cho, &c.

Cleas dan mnaoi a chruiteir,
Mun ghnìomh narach rinn musag,
Thug i lamhair a phluiccadh le dorn.
Cleas dana, &c.

A bhean choite gun obadh,
Bu choir a dochair a thogail,
Thilg a chlach anns an tobar 's i beo.
A bhean choite, &c.

'Nuair bha a bheisd air a buaireadh
Na cionnta fein's i lan uabhair,
Theid an eucoir an uachdar car seoil.
'Nuair bha, &c.

Faodar cadal gu seisdeil,
Aig fadal Shìr Sheumais,
Leig an ladarnas deistneach ud leo.
Faodar, &c.

Ach na 'm faicinn do loingear,
'S mi nach bristeadh a choinneamh,
Na 'm biodh coiseachd air chomas domh beo.
Ach na 'm, &c.

Mìre shrutha r'a darach,
Ga cuir an uigheam gu h-aithghearr,
Crainne ghiubhais fo sparaibh a seoil.
Mìre shrutha, &c.

'Nuair a lagadh a ghaoth oirnn,
Bhiodh seol air pasgadh a h-adaich,
'S buidheann ghasda mo ghaoil ri cuir bhod.
'Nuair a lagadh, &c.

Raimh mu 'n dunadh na basaibh,
'S iad a lubadh air bhacaibh,
Sud a chursachd o 'n atadh na leis.
Raimh, &c.

* Women were the judges in this case, and a thief who was brought before them for stealing a horse, was allowed to escape while the horse was condemned to be hanged. The occasion was this:—Some time before the present action was raised, the same culprit had stolen the same horse and was prosecuted; but had the good fortune to get off in consequence of its being his first offence. It seems, however, the horse had found the thief so much the better master that he soon after "stole himself" away and returned, for which, poor fellow he had to suffer the above reward. This story is often referred to among the Highlanders when law and justice are evidently different things, they say—"Cha tugadh an Cille-ma-cheallaig breath bu chlaicne."

Buird ur air a totalbh,
'S i na deann thun na cloiche,
Muir dhu-ghorm a' agolltadh m'a bord.
Buird ur air, &c.

AN CIARAN MABACH.

Ged' tha mi m' eun fograidh san tir-sa,
Air m'ruagadh as na crìochan,
Gloir do Dhin 's do dh' Iarla Shi-phort,*
Cha bhi sinn tuille fo 'r binne.

O ro ro seinn, co nam b'aill leibh?
O ro ro seinn, co nam b'aill leibh?
Call abhar-inn o, calman-codhail:
Trom orach as o, co nam b'aill leibh?

Sir Seumas nan tur 's nam baldeal,
Gheibh luchd muirne cuirm a' t-aitreabh,
Ge do rinn thu 'n dual cadail,
'S eibhinn leam do dhusgadh madainn'.
O ro ro sin, &c.

Slan fo d' thriall, a Chiarain mhàbach.
Shiubhladh sliabh gun bhàdh, gun chadal;
Fraoch fo d' shin' gun bhoed, gun bhagrach;
Chuir thu ceo fo 'n roiseal bhradach.
O ro ro sin, &c.

Rinn thu m'och-eiridh Di-domhnaich,
Cha b' ann gu 'n aitreabh a chomhdaich,
Thoir a mach nan cas-cheann doite,
Chur sradaig fo bhràlaich na feola.
O ro ro sin, &c.

* "After the murder of the children of Kerpoch Iain Munnach, the poet, had to flee for his life to Rosshire, where he got a place from Seaforth in Glensheal, where he and his family might reside till such time as the murderers could be apprehended, as Seaforth, at the poet's request, had petitioned government for carrying that point into effect. This happened in the time of Sir James M'Donald, sixteenth baron of Slate, anno 1663.

"The government finding it impracticable to bring those robbers to justice in a legal way, sent a most ample commission of fire and sword (as it was then called) to Sir James M'Donald, signed by the Duke of Hamilton, marquis of Montrose, earl of Eglinton, and other six of the Privy Council, with orders and full powers to pursue, apprehend, and bring in, dead or alive, all those lawless robbers, and their abettors.

"This, in a very short time, he effectually performed: some of them he put to death, and actually dispersed the rest to the satisfaction of the whole court, which contributed greatly to the civility of those parts.

"Immediately thereafter, by order of the ministry, he got a letter of thanks from the earl of Rothes, then Lord High Treasurer and Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland, full of acknowledgments for the singular service he had done the country, and assuring him that it should not pass unrewarded, with many other clauses much to Sir James' honour.

"This letter is dated the 15th day of December, 1665, and signed Rothes. Sir James died anno 1678."—*Extracted from an unpublished Historical MS. of the M'Donalds.*

Mhoire 's baidheach mis' a Dhin ort,
Cuid de 'n athcheuing' bha mi 'g iarraidh,
'N grad spadadh le glas lannsaibh liatha,
Tarruinn ghad air fad am fìeal.
O ro ro sin, &c.

Di-cladainn a chaidh thu t-uidheam,
Le d' bhrataich aird 's do ghillean dubha,
Sgrìob Ghilleaspuig Ruaidh t. Uithist,
Bhuail e meall 'an ceann na h-uighe.
O ro ro sin, &c.

Cha d'iarr thu bata no long dharaich,
Ri am geamhraidh 'n tus na gaillinn,
Triubhas teann feadh bheann a's bhealach,
Coiseachd bhonn ge trom do mhealag.
O ro ro sin, &c.

Ach na'n cuireadh tu gach cuis gu aite,
Mu 'n sgaoil thu t-itean air saile,
'Nuair dh-eithich thu Inbher-laire,
B' fheird do mheas e measg nan Gael.
O ro ro sin, &c.

'S ann leam nach bu chrui' an ghaoidh ud,
Bh-aig mnaibh galach nam falt sgaoilteach,
Bhi 'gan tarruinn mar bheul-snaoisein,
Sealg nam boc mu dhos na maolseach.
O ro ro sin, &c.

'S mairg a rinn fhoghlum san droch-bheirt,
'N deigh am plaosgadh fhuair bhur ploineadh,
Claigneann 'g am faoisgneadh a copar,
Mar chinn laigh 'an deigh am plotadh.
O ro ro sin, &c.

ORAN AIR CRUNADH.

HIGH TEAREACH II.

Mi 'n so air m' uilinn,
An ard ghleann munaidh,
'S mor fath mo shulas ri gaire.
Mi 'n so air, &c.

'S ge fad am thosd mi,
Ma 's e 's ole leibh,
Thig an sop a m' bhraghad.
'S ge fad, &c.

O 'n bha sheanns' orinn a chluinntinn,
Ged bu teann a bha chuing oirnn;
Gu 'n do thiondai' a chuibhle mar b'aill leinn.
O 'n bha, &c.

An ceum so air choisachd,
Le m' bhata 's le m' phoca,
'Sa 'n lamh ga stopadh gu sar-mhath.
An ceum, &c.

Gur h-ole an nith dhuinn,
Bhi stad am prìosan,
'N am theachd an rìgh g'a aite.
Gur h-ole, &c.

Thug Dia dhuinn furtachd,
As na cliabhan druidte,
'Nuair dh' iarr sinn luchair a gharaidh.
Thug Dia dhuinn, &c.

'Sa Thearlaich oig Stiubhairt,
Ma chaidhe an crun ort,
Dia na fhear stiuridh air t-fhardaich,
'Sa Thearlaich, &c.

Ma chaidh thu 'sa chathair,
Gun aon bhuille claidheimh,
'N ainm an athar 's an ard Rìgh.
Ma chaidh, &c.

'S thu thigh'n dhachaigh gu d' riogachd
Mur a b' oil le d' luchd mi-ruin
'N coinneamh ri mìle ciad failte.
'S thu thigh'n, &c.

'S ioma *Subseig* mhor mhisgeach,
'S measa run d'ut na mise,
Tha cuir staigh am *petisean* an drasda,
'S ioma, &c.

Luchd nan torra-chaisteal liatha,
Air an stormadh le iarunn,
B' ole na lorgairean riamh ann do gheard iad.
Luchd na 'n, &c.

Cha b' fhas' an dusgadh a cadai,
Na madadh-ruadh chuir a bractaich,
'Nuair a fhuaradh thu lag, ach bhi t-aicheadh.
Cha b' fhas, &c.

Na mearlaich uile chaidh dh' aon-taobh,
Ghearr muineal Mhoir-fhear Hunndaidh,
'S math choisinn le bunndaisd am paigheadh.
Na mearlaich, &c.

Leam is eibhin a mur thachair,
Mur dh' eirich do 'n bhraich ud,
Bha gach ceann d' i na bachlagan bana.
Leam is, &c.

Cha robh uidhir na cairtean,
Nach robh tionndaidh mi-cheart orr',
Bha mo shuilean ga m faicinn an trath ud.
Cha robh, &c.

'S ole an leasan diciadain,
Mur a furtaich thu Dhia air,
A ta feitheamh an Iarla neo bhaidheil.
'S ole an leasan, &c.

'N am rusgadh a cholair,
Theid an ceann deth o choluinn,
Gloir agus moladh do 'n ard-Rìgh.
'N am, &c.

Le mairgheinn sgorr-shuilleach smachdail,
Dh' fhagas giallan gun mheartuinn,
Dhuineas fairas a Mharcais mhi-chairdeil.
Le mairgheann, &c.

'S ged 's e thus cha 'n e dheireadh,
Do luchd dhusgadh an teine,
'S mar mo run do 'n chuid eile da chairdean.
'S ged 's e, &c.

Mur bha *Lusifer* tamull,
'N deigh air thus bhi na Aingeal,
Chaidh sgursa' le an-ìochd a Pharais.*
Mur bha, &c.

Bidh tu nis ann ad dheomhain,
Dol timchill an domhain,
Bhrìgh coltais toirt comh-fhillteachd dhasan.
Bidh tu nis, &c.

'S mor a b' fhearr dhut na moran,
No na chruinnich thu stòras,
Bhi tional an oiraich gu d' gharadh.
'S mor a b' fhearr, &c.

Na thu fhein 's do gheard misgeach,
Bhi 'n ait as nach tig sibh,
Mur sgaile phictuir 'sa 'n sgathan,
Na thu fhein, &c.

Na farabhalaich bhreaca,
Bha tarraunn usainn ar cuid beartais,
Chuir an rìgh mach a *Whitehall* dhuinn.
Na farabhalaich, &c.

LATHA INBHER-LOCHAIDH.†

LUINNEAG.

*H-i rim h-o-ro, h-o-ro leatha,
H-i rim h-o-ro, h-o-ro leatha,
H-i rim h-o-ro, h-o-ro leatha,
Chaidh an latha le Clann-Domhnuill.*

An cuala' sibhse 'n tionndadh duineil,
Thug an camp bha 'n Cille-Chuimein;
'S fad chaidh ainm air an iomairt,
Thug iad as an naimhdean iom uin.
H-i rim, &c.

Dh'irich mi moch madainn dhomhnaich,
Gu barr caisteil Inbher-Lochaidh,
Chunna' mi 'n t-arm a dol an ordugh,
'S bha buaidh an là le Clann Domhnuill.
H-i rim, &c.

* This poet was of the Roman catholic persuasion. It is said that he could not read himself; but that he was acquainted with the whole of the historical parts of Scripture, his poems are a clear demonstration.

† This battle was fought between the M'Donalds and the Campbells, on Sunday, February 2, 1645.

Dìreadh a mach glun Chuil-eachaidh,
Dh' aithnich mi oirbh surd 'ur tapaiddh;
Ged bha mo dhuthaich na lasair,
'S eirig air a chus mar thachair.
H-i rim, &c.

Ged bhiodh Iarlachd a bhraghaidh,
An seachd bliadhna so mar tha e,
Gun chur, gun chliathadh, no gun aiteach,
'S math an riadh bho 'm beil sinn paigte.
H-i rim, &c.

Air do laimhse Thighearna Lathair,
Ge mor do bhosd as do chlaideamh;
'S ioma oghaich chinne t-athar,
Tha 'n Inbher-Lochaidh na laidhe.
H-i rim, &c.

'S ioma fearr goirseld agus pillein,
Cho math 'sa bha riamh dheth d' chinneadh,
Nach d' fhoad a bhotann thoirt tioram,
Ach faoghlum snamh air Bun-Neimheis.*
H-i rim, &c.

Sgeul a b' aite 'nuair a thigeadh,
Air Caim-beulaich nam beul sligheach,
H-uile dream dhiu mur a thigeadh,
Le bualadh lann an ceann ga 'm bristeadh.
H-i rim, &c.

'N latha sin shaoil leo dhol leotha,
'S ann bha laoiach ga 'n ruith air reothadh,
'S ioma slaodanach mor odhar,
Bha na shineadh air ach'-an-tothair.
H-i rim, &c.

Ge be dhìreadh Tom-na-h-aire,
Bu lionor spog ur ann air dhroch shailleadh,
Neul marbh air an suil gun anam,
'N deigh an sgiursadh le lannan.
H-i rim, &c.

Thug sibh toiteal teith ma Lochaidh,
Bhi ga 'm bualadh ma na sronan,
Bu lion'or claidheamh clais-ghorm comhnard
Bha bualadh an lamhan Clann-Domhnuill.
H-i rim, &c.

Sin 'nuair chruinnich mor dhragh na
fhalachd,
'N am rusgadh na 'n greidlein tana,
Bha iongnan nan Duimhneach ri talamh,

* When the Campbells were routed, they endeavoured to cross the river at the above-mentioned ford. To their astonishment, however, the task proved more irksome than they had anticipated; for, some of them losing their footing, their bonnets were carried down by the current. This event delighted and amused the poet; and, in order to make it at the same time ludicrous in itself, and gallant to the poor Campbells, he began to address them as follows:—"A Dhuimhneach a Dhuimhneach, ha, cuimhnichibh 'ur boineidean."

An deigh an luithean a ghearradh.
H-i rim, &c.

'S lionmhor corp nochte gun aodach,
Tha na 'n sineadh air chnocain fhraoiche,
O 'n bhlar an greiste na saoidhean,
Gu ceann Leitir blar a Chaorainn.
H-i rim, &c.

Dh' innsinn sgeul eile le firinn,
Cho math 'sa ni cleireach a sgriobhadh;
Chaidh na laoiach ud ga 'n diehail
'S chuir iad maoin air luchd an mi-ruin.
H-i rim, &c.

Iain Mhuideartaich nan seol soilleir,
Sheoladh an cuan ri la doilleir,
Ort cha d' fhuaradh briste coinnidh,
'S alt' leam Barra-breac fo d' chomas.
H-i rim, &c.

Cha b' e sud an stiubhal cearbach,
A thug Alasdair do dh' Albainn,
Creachadh, losgadh, agus marbhadh;
'S leagadh leis coileach Strath-bhalgaidh.
H-i rim, &c.

An t-eun dona chaill a cheutaidh,
Ad Sasunn, an Albainn, 's 'n Eirinn,
Is it e a curr na sgeithe,
Cha miste leam ged a gheill e.
H-i rim, &c.

Alasdair nan a geur lann sgaitenach,
Gheall thu 'n de a bhi cuir as daibh,
Chuir thu 'n reitrea seach an caisteal,
Seoladh gle mhath air an leantuinn.
H-i rim, &c.

Alasdair nan geur lann guineach.
Na 'm biodh agad armuinn Mhuile;
Thug thu air na dh' fhalbh dhiu fuireach,
'S reitrea air prabar an duileisg.
H-i rim, &c.

Alasdair Mhic Cholla ghasda,
Lamh dheas a sgoltadh nan caisteal;
Chuir thu 'n ruaig air Ghallaibh glasa,
'S ma dh-ol iad cal gun chuir thu asd' e.
H-i rim, &c.

'M b' aithne dhuibhse 'n Goirtean-odhar,
'S math a bha e air a thochar,
Cha 'n inneir chaorach, no ghobhar;
Ach fuil Dhuimhneach an deigh reothadh.
H-i rim, &c.

Bhur sgrios mu 's truagh leam 'ur caradh,
'G eisdeachd an-shocair 'ur paistean
Caoidh a phannail bh' ann 's 'n arach
Donnalaich bhan Earraghael.
H-i rim, &c.

LATHA THOM-A-PHUBAILL.*

LUINNÉAG.

*Ho-ro 's fada, 's gur fada,
'S eian fada gu leoir,
O 'n a chaidh thu air thuras,
Do bhaile Lunnainn nan cleoc;
Na 'n cluinneadh tu fathunn,
Le rabhadh an eoin;
'S gu 'n taoghladh tu 'n rathad,
'S mi nach gabhadh dheth bron!*

Ain leith-taobh Beinne-buidhe,
Sheas a bhuidheann nach gann;
Luchd dhearcadh an iubhair,
'Sa chur siubhal fo chrann;
'S diombach mise d' ur saothair,
'Nuair a dh' aom sibh a nall,
Nach deach a steach air Gleann-Aora,
Ghearradh braoisg nam beul cam.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

A Mhoir-fhear Chlann-Domhnuill,
Chum thu chodhail gu duineil;
'Nuair a shaoil an t-iarl Aorach,
Do chuir gun aobhar a Muile;
Bha thu roimhe 'n Durt-eideann,
'S dh' fhagh thu leigheart mu choinne,
'S gun aon eislein a' t-aigne,
Dh' eisd thu chasaid an Lunnainn.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

Ach a Mhoir-fhear Chlann-Domhnuill,
'S fad do chomhnuidh measg Ghall;
A laoch aigeantaich phriseil,
Oig rimheich an aigh;
Tha maise an fhiona,
Ad ghruaidh direadh an aird;
'S tha thu shloehd nan tri Cholla,
Ga 'm biodh loingear air sail.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

'S truagh nach robh iad na ciadan,
Do luchd sgaith agus lann;
Do na h-oganaich threubhach,
Nach euradh adbhans;
Cha bhi 'mid ag eigheach,
Co da 'n eireadh an call;
'S ann aig geat Inbher-Aora,
Ghabh mo laoch-sa gu camp.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

'M brudar chunnaic mi 'm chadal,
B' fhearr gu 'm faicinn e 'm dhuig;
'S mi nach fuireadh ni b' fhaide,
Ann am plaide air m' uigh,
Sealladh 'n sin do d' ghnais aobhach,
'Nuair a phlaosgadh mo shuil,
B' ionann eiridh do m' aigne,
'S leum a bhradain am burn.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

*This battle was fought between the Campbells
of Argyle and the men of Athol.

Gur mise bha 'tursach,
'N am dhomh dusgadh o m' bhrudar;
Bhi faicinn do chursaibh
Dol a null air Druim-uachdair;
Bhi gad chuir 'sa 'n tolla-dhubh,
'S gun mo dhull thu thig'n uaithe;
Laidh smal air mo shugradh,
Gus an duisgear an uaigh dhomh.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

Tha pruipe air do chul-thaobh,
'S math a b' fhiu dhut am faighneachd;
Eoin Abrach o'n Ghiubhsaich,
Cha toir cubair a ghreim deth;
'S Gilleasbuig a Bhraighe,
Gu latha bhrath nach bi 'm foill dut;
Mac Iain 'sa chinneadh,
Gu 'n imicheadh an oidhch leat.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

'S ioma marcaiche statail,
Gar an air' mi ach cuid diu;
Eadar genta bhraigh Acuinne,
Gu stios Blair nam fear luidneach;
Mur ghabh sud a's brigh Ard-dhail,
Agus braighe Bochuidir;
Ghabhadh leigeadh gu statail,
'N eirig la Tom-a-phubail.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

'S ioma oganach guineach,
Laidir, duilich, do-aithneach;
Eadar braigh' uisge Thurraid,
'S caol Mhuile nan canach;
Ghearradh beum le 'n arm guineach,
Ga 'n iomain do 'n fheamainn;
Ann an eirig nam muineal,
Chaidh a chur sa 'n Aird-reanaich.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

'S fad o'n chuala' mi seanchas,
'S mi 'm sheana-ghiullan gorach;
Mu 'n do chuir mi crios-feilidh,
Os ceann leine no cota;
Bhi ga innse gu soilleir,
Anns' gach coinnidh a's codhail,
Gu 'm bu chairdeach an sloinneadh,
Siol Mhoire 's Clann-Domhnuill.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

A Righ! nach robh iad an geambairn,
Lan teampuill do shluagh;
Do luchd nam beul cama,
'S cha b' ainid sud uainn;
'S ioma claidheamh geur guineach,
Laidir fulangach chaidh;
Th' aig mo chinneadh ga 'm feitheamh,
'S aig Clann-'Illeain nam buadh.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

'S b' fhearr gu 'n tigeadh iad fhathasd,
Clann-'Illeain nan tuagh;
'S cha bhiodh sgian ann am fraighe,
No claidheamh an truaill;

Bheirte mach na h-airm chatha,
'S cha bhiodh an latha sin buan;
'S ged ba ghuineach na Duimhnich,
'S iad stol Chuinn a bha cruaidh.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

Tha mo run air na gillean,
Leis an cinneadh an t-sealg;
Dh-eireadh fearg orra 's frioghan,
Dhol an iomairt nan arm,
Dhol a null thar an linne,
Le gillean na Cairge;
'S ioma marbh bhiodh 'i shireadh,
Air am pilladh do Chearara.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

LATHA AIRDE-REANAICH.

SLAN gun dith dhut a Mharcuis,
Dirrach, maiseach, gun chromadh;
Da shuil ghorm fo d' chaol mhala,
Nach d' fhas gu balachail, bronnach;
Cheart cho chinnteach 'sa 'm bas,
Ged tha thu 'n draod as an t-sealladh;
Gu 'm beil mulad fo d' chom ort,
Mu bhas Ghoud Iarla Moire.*

'S ceart 's cho cheart mar mo dhùrachd,
Le beachd mo shul gur mi chunnaic;
Cha robh againn do sgathan,
Ach gressad tra do 'n taigh grunnach;
"Aisling caillich mar a durachd,"
Gach mìo-run bha do 'n duin ud;
Ged bu ladurna 'n cul-chainnt,
Stad a chuis air an iomall.

Cha b e aingeachd na tuatha,
Gluais am marcus le dhaoine;
Ach togail a bhrataich,
'G iarraidh smachd air luchd aobhair;
Fhuair thu luchair na corach,
Gu t-ordugh le d' dhaoine;
Agus fosgladh gach caisteil,
Fad slait Inbher-Aora.

Gheill Dun-staf-innis grad dut,
Innis fharsuinn nam faochag;
Ged bu daingheann a chlach i,
Fhuair thu steach air bheag saothreach;
Cha robh cuilbheir caol glaise,
No gunna praise gan sgoileadh;
Eadar Innis-Chonnain nan canach,
Gu ruig bail' Inbher-Aora.

'S ard *Lieutenant* o 'n rìgh thu,
Thug thu sgrìob do dh' Earr'ghael,
Bu leat Tairheart 's Cinn-tìre,
'S gach aon nith bh'anns an ait ud;
Agus Ile bheag riabhach,
Mu 'n iath a mhuir shaille;

* See the sixth stanza of the foregoing Song.

'S goirt a chnead a ta' m chlinnib-sa,
Fhad 's bha 'n t-iasad gun phlaigheadh.

Thighearn oig Ghlinne-garaidh,
Na bi falach do ruin oiran;
Oighre 'n duin' thu tha maireann,
Tha thu 'd charaid dhuinn dubailt;
Cha bheo e 's cha mhairean,
Na ni ar sgaradh o d' chul-thaobh,
A luchd nan ceanna-bhearta' crabhaidh,
Thionndaidh falachd a chruin ruibu.

'S e do charaid mor dealaidh,
Mac 'Ie-Ailein a Muideadh,
Sliochd an Alasdair Gharaidh,
Luchd tharruinn nam furan;
Cha do chuir cainb shalach;
Na tafaid ealamh ri d' chul-chrann;
Bheireadh beum air a h-athlorg,
Fhad sa mhaireadh a fudhaidh.

Na 'm biodh Tighearn na Learguinn,
Ann an Albainn 's e mar-riut;
Agus Tighearn an Tairbeirt,
'S iad mach tairgeadh do mhealladh;
Luchd na 'm peighinnean talmhaidh,
'S tu dh fhaodadh earbs' asd gu daigheann;
Cha 'n eil iad beo do shliochd Cholla,
Na ni 'n comunn ud aithris.

Gur a h-ioma fear goirseid,
Gunna stoilte, 's lann du-ghorm;
Le 'n gunnaichean caolo,
'S na daormuinn ga 'n giulan;
Mac-Laomuinn 's Mac-Lachuinn,
'S Mac-an-Ab o Ghleann-Dochart,
Mac-Neachduinn, 's Mac-Dhughail,
'S Mac-Iain-Stiubhairt o 'n Apuinn.

Cha 'n longnadh thusa bhi fiabhach,
'N taobh shios do Bhun-atha;
Ged theid Duimhnich gu 'n dicheall,
'S gu dideann a chlaideimh;
'S leat na thubhairt mi chianamh,
Ceart cho dìreach ri saighead;
'S leat Mac-Ionmhuinn an t-Stratha
Agus da Mhac-'Illeain.

'S fearr leam fhaicinn na chluinntinn,
Gu 'n do stad a chaimh air am muineal;
Nis o 'n thionndaidh a chuibhle,
'S fad bhios Duimhnich gun urram;
Ged a Shacil le Mac-Cailein,
E bhi na bharraich air Muile;
B' fhearr dha chumail na bh'aige,
Na bhi 'g agradh air tuille.

Na 'm biodh fear a bheoil mhoir ann,
O nach doirteadh gloir bhreamais!
Naile chailleadh sibh geoigh ris,
Nach b' fhiach an rostadh ri teallaich;
Fhuair sibh sgapadh nan caorach,
Na 'm biodh a dhaoine air an talamh;
'S ged a ghlac sibh le foill e,
B' e fhein an saighdear bu ghlaire.

Gur mairg a dh' earbadh a cairdeas,
Neach a dh-èhas dheth an t-sloinneadh,
Na 'm biodh cuimhn' air an lath' ud,
Fhuair iad t-athair fo 'n comas;
Chuir iad smuid ri tur-arda,
Chaisteil Bhlaire gu gle shoilleir;
'S beag bha dhochas an la sin,
Gu 'm biodh iad paighte na 'n comainn.

'S mor tha cadar dha latha,
Ged bha e grathunn gun tighinn;
Chaidh thu 'n cuirt na bu leatha,
'N deigh t-athar a mhilleadh;
Gun aon bhuille claidheamh,
Gun sathadh biodaig no sgine;
Mur gu 'm bathadh tu coinnlean,
Chaill e 'n oig'eachd 'sa 'n cinneach.

'S beag a b' fhiach do Mhac Mhoirich,
Dhol n' ur coinneamh ach ainneamh;
Na ghabhail mar chompach,
Ach fear da 'n geallt' bhi na charaid;
'N deigh a Chomasdair Stiubhairt,
Thain' sibh 'n tus air le h-an-ìochd,
Thugadh an ceann deth gun sgrubadh,
Ann an tìr *Lady Murray*.

Buail an teud sin gu seàlbhach,
'S na dean searbh i gun bhinneas;
'S na toir t-aghaidh neo-chearbhadh,
Do 'n fhear nach earb thu do shinnein;
Ma chuir an rìgh an t-slat sgiursaidh,
'N glaic do dhuirn gun a sireadh;
Uair mu seach air an fhurnais,
Mur-bhuill' uird air an innein.

Gloir do 'n Rìgh th' air a chathair,
'S mairg a ghabhadh mun chluinneadh;
No ghuidheadh na bhreig e;
Gach nì dh-eirich sa chunnaic;
Mu 's ann le droch-bheart Iudais,
Dh-fhuaigh thu chud air an Lunnainn;
Chaill thu 'n luireach 's na breidean,
'S gach aon eideadh bha umad.

'N cuala' sibhse 'sa 'n duthaich,
'N ranntar-buth bh' aig na luchan;
'S iad a trusadh ri cheile,
Na 'n droch reiseimeid churta;
'Nuair bha eagal a chait orr';
Chaidh droch sgapadh an cuid diu;
'Sa bheisd mhor 'sa 'n robh phlaigh dhiu,
Sgrìoe gun agh oirr' mar fhurtachd.

Sin 'nuair labhair Dubh-na-h-amrai,
A bheisd ghrann'd 'sa chrain mhullaich;
Cha robh an sabhal nan ath dhiu,
Beisd le 'n al nach do chruinnich,
Nuair bha 'm mod ga 'r cruaidh sharach'
'S na cuid a fagadh ma 'r muineil;
'S ann an sud a bha 'n gatur,
Co a charadh iad umaibh.

B' ionann sin sa 'm bun rutha,
Cha 'n eil iad buidheach da' r 'n an-ìochd
Mar chlach an ionad an uibhe,
Na 'm biodh luitheachd na 'n teangaidh;
B' ionann sin 's do shliochd Dhiarmaid,
Bhi ga 'r biadhadh an an-ìochd;
Math an agaidh an uile,
Chuir mi luchd-sa 'n Aird-reannaich.

'Nuair bha 'n ad oirbh n-uiridh,
Bha sibh urranta modhar;
Am blaidhna chaill sibh an currachd,
'S eigin fuireach gle shamhach;
Chaill an t-Iarl air 'ur turas,
Mheud 'sa bhuinig e mhal oirbh;
Gar am b' fhiach leis an duin' ud,
Bhi ri cruinneachadh cnamhaig.

B' ole a b' fhiach do dhiuc-Atholl,
Dholl an coinne riut *Eardsaidh*,
'N deigh latha Roinn-Liothunn;
Thug sibh ioc-shlaint mar earlais,
Mheall sibh null thar an abhuirn,
Marcus Atholl 'sa bhrathair;
Chuir sibh 'n laimh an toll-dubh iad,
'S loisg sibh duthaich iarl Earlaidh.*

Tha thu 'd mharcus am bliadhna,
'S ad shar iarl air Tulaich-bheardainn;
'S ged a dheanadh iad diuc dhiot,
'S ro mhath b' fhiu thu an t-aite;
Tha do thìotal cho lionor,
Chumail dìon air do chean dean;
Geard an rìgh fo d' sàidh orduidh,
'S tha thu d' mhoir-fhear Baile-mhanaidh.

ORAN AIR RÌGH UILLEAM

AGUS BAN-RÌGH MAIRI.

LUNNEAG.

*Hi-rinn h-a rinn, ho ro h-o bha hq,
Hi-rinn h-a rinn, ho ro h-o bha ho,
Biodh gach duine agaibh bronach,
Air son foirneart mo rìgh.*

'N duth chuala' mi naidheachd,
Air alt nach b'aimhealach leinn,
'N'an cumadh e chasan—
'S gu boidh an t-ath-sgeul cho binn—
Rìgh Seumas le farum,
Cur a dharaich na still;
O'n 's leat uachdar na mara,
Gluais a's taruinn gu tìr.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Mhic Mhuire na h-oighe,
Coinhead foirneart mo rìgh;
Co b'urrainn da'r smaladh—
Ach do lamhans' bhi leinn:

* A title formerly in Strathmore, now extinct.

Faic a nis prionns Orans',
Cur na coir os a cinn;
Ach as do chobhair, a Shlan-ear,
Thig furtachd a's slaint air gach tinn.
Hi-rinn, &c.

A Rìgh chumbachdaich, fheartaich,
Ga 'm beil beachd air gach nì,
Cum air aghaidh an ceartas—
An lagh seachranach pill:
Faic luchd nam breid daite,
Bhi gun dealt ann ri'n linn;
'S ma tha 'n eucoir nan aigneadh,
Beum do shlat os an cinn.
Hi-rinn, &c.

'N uair a thainig thu Shasunn,
'S tu rinn aiseag a bhreamais;
Sheilbh choir thoirt air eiginn,
O athair coile thug bean dut.
Cha bi reult nan duilean,
Bha deanadh iuil dut 'san ain-eol;
Mar bha roimh na trì rìghrean,
'N uair bha 'osa na leanabh.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Thug thu 'm follais an t-Slan-ear,
Sgeula grain no luchd teagasig;
'S gur mor am fa maire,
'S an coig aintean a bhriseadh.
A nighean fhein, 's mac a pheathar,
'N aghaidh labhairt an Sgrìobtuir,
Mar bhreun ghearran 'sa chathair,
'S nach b'fhear-taighe da 'n sliochd e.
Hi-rinn, &c.

'S fìor mhallachte 'n lanan,
Chum an Spain anns an roinn ud;
Seilbh choir thoirt a dh-aindeoin,
Le mutha 'nalairt an t-slaighteir:
Ged' a stadadh an claidheamh,
Gun bhuille chaith' ach na rinn e,
Bi' dh gach fuil 'g eigheach am flaitheas,
A d' dheigh a latha 's a dh' oidhche.
Hi-rinn, &c.

'S maing a chreideadh droch naidheachd,
Thig tro amhaich a namhaid,
Chuireadh fudar na ghreadan,
An grund' na h-englaise gnathaicht;
'S lìonair lunn tha na teine,
'S a ghrund 'n do spealadh an grain-shop
Ach, chì sinn fhathasd sud dìolte,
Mas' a fìor a ta 'n fhaistinn.
Hi-rinn, &c.

'N uair chaidh Whitehall losgadh,
Bu mhall do chois eachd gun bhrogan;
'S mi nach rachadh le pairtì,
Air mhìre, bhathadh, na toite.
Mas' a daoine rinn suas e,
B'fhaoin an cruadal, 's an seoltachd;

Cha 'n eil mi gearan—mo thruaighe!
Ach a lughad 's a fhuair dhiu an rostadh.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Cha tig ach rucas a's cealgan,
O chruitean ceagach an rabuill;
Cuiribh an t-aibhisdear saoil ris—
Biodh Dia a' daoine ga nìcheadh.
Cleas end bean a chruiteir,
Fhuair a cursadh 'n sgath garaidh;
Thog iad aisan mar uirsgeul,
Gu 'n do mhurt e dhearb-bhrathair.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Gu 'm bu ghrannda na sgeoil sin,
Thog na deomhain ga dhìbeirt!
'S nach b' urr' iad ga dhearbhadh,
Ach mar bhuille scarbh da 'n luchd mi-ruin;
Gu 'n cuirte isean a chlamhain,
An nead clannach an fhìreoin;
Mac muice a bhalaich,
Shalcha fala nan rìghrean.
Hi-rinn, &c.

'S maing rìgh a rinn cleamhnas,
Ri Duitseach shantach gun trocair;
Cha b'e 'n onair bu ghnas da,
Ged' 's tu brathair-mathair an rogair.
Ged' a thug thu dha Mairi
Air laimh, chum a posaidh,
Ghabh e t-oighreachd a t-an-toil
Thar do cheann, a's thu d' bheo-shlaint.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Bha mac aig rìgh Daibhidh,
'S bu deas aill air ceann sluaigh e,
Chaidh e 'n aghaidh an athar,
'S am fear nach cair da bhuaireadh;
'N uair a sgaoileadh am Ìar sin,
Thug Dia paigheadh na ghròis da;
'S o'n bu droch chuine cloinn e,
Chroch a choill air a ghruaig e.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Ach buaidh an droch sgeoil sin,
Do phrionns Orains gun diadhachd,
Ged' a rachadh do bhatnag,
Cha b' ionann bas dut 'sa dh' iarralnn;
Ach mo suilean bhi t-fhaicinn,
Edar eachabh ga d' stialladh;
Dol a d' smaladh 's an adhar,
Mar luaithe dhaigte ga crathradh.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Sgrios gun iarmad, gun duilleach,
Cha 'n iarruinn tuille am dhan duibh;
Gun sliochd a dh-iathach mu t' uilinn,
Do ghniomh broinne droch Mhairi;
Ged' a ghlacadh na theum e,
'S farsuinn beul a mhic-lamhaich;
A shean staoile bhi 'n cunnart,
Aig na rinn thu thrusadh a craineig.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Ach seun gun tuisleadh air Mairi,
 'S olc an lan tha na togsaid;
 'N ar fhaicear laogh caraid,
 Nuas gu lar as a poca.
 Cha bhi 'n sean fhacail claoite,
 Air neo 's claon theid a thogail;
 Tha 'n da shant 's an droch mhnaoi ud,
 'S annsadh * * * le no boban.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Ach na 'n tigeadh an righ sin,
 'S a mhac dileas air aidmheil,
 Ged' a theireadh prionns Orains,
 Nach h-i choir a bhi againn,
 Cha bu mho'orra Uilleam,
 Air sraid Lunnainn an Sasunn,
 'N ceann fhuadach deth mhuineal,
 Na cluais cuilein an radain.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Prionns Orains a mhi-rath,
 Mas' toil le Rìgh thoirt gu creideamh,
 'S coir an duilleag so thiondadh,
 Air a bhan-rìgh nach creid e.
 Ma shmoil am bith-shanntach sanntach
 Na mhac-samhla ga ghoid sud;
 Na a ruitheachd le lannan,
 Air nighean *Seanalair Huitsein*.
Hi-rinn, &c.

B'fhearr gu 'm buaileadh e'n *staidse*,
 'Tus a *bhaidse* bu choir dha,
 N'am bu tuiteam 'sa phlaigh dhuinn,
 Mar fhuair rìgh Pharo, 's a sheorsa;
 Mar bha chomhairle bhreige,
 Chuir rìgh Seumas air fogradh;
 Aithris cleas nan droch rìghrean,
 Leis 'n do dhiteadh *Rìgh-boem*.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Sgeul buan e do'n mhearcaid.
 'S nach tog a mac a cuid oighreachd;
 'S ion dith curam a ghabhail,
 Mu'n duinear cathair na soills' orr;
 Thoil i mallachd a h-athar,
 O'n ghabh an t-aibhisteir greim dh'i;
 'S olc an dachas a lean rith,
 Chuinnt a seanair na throiteir.
Hi-rinn, &c.

'S math an toiseach ar seannsa,
 Marinn am Frangach a thapadh—
 Ma ghlacadh leis *Monsai*,
 Cha sgeul tum-sgeul ach ceartas,
 Bu mhath gu'm biodh an *adbhansa*,
 Air a tiondadh gu Sasunn;
 Na gu faicte an cunntar,
 Cho ghrad ri tìonda nan cairtean.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Ach ma stad air an diuc sin,
 'S nach e a run tigh'n ni's fhaide;

* Rehoboam, poetically.

Leig e cadal do'n chirein—
 Stad a sgrìob mar a chleachd e;
 Ma leig gach saighdear a ghleus deth:
 'N uair tha leigheart mu'n chaisteal,
 B'fhearr gu'm faicinn an coileach,
 No, gu'n gaireadh a chaismeachd.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Mu tha e'n dan dhut teachd dhachaigh,
 S' nar dhut t-fhaicinn gun speurad;
 Ged' a fhuair thu pàirt leonaidh,
 Ri am fograidh rìgh Sheumais;
 Ma tha thu cruaidh air an raipèir,
 Seall air slachdan a ghleusaidh,
 Leis an do spionadh mo sgròban,
 Ma's fìor *Tomas an Reumair*.
Hi-rinn, &c.

AN IORRAM DHARAICH.

DO BHATA SIR SEUMAIS MHIC-DOMHNIULL.

Moch, 's mi 'g eirigh sa mhadainn,
 'S trom euslainteach m'aigne,
 'S nach eighear mi'n caidreamh nam braith
 rean,
 'S nach eighear mi'n, &c.

Leam is aith-ghearr a cheilidh,
 Rinneas mar ris an t-Seumas,
 Ris na dhealaich mi'n de moch la Caisge.
 Ris na dhealaich mi'n de, &c.

Dia na stiur air an darach,
 A dh' fhalbh air tus an t-sinil mhara,
 Seal mu'n tug e cheud bhoinne de thrag-
 hadh.
 Seal mu'n tug e cheud bhoinne, &c.

Ge b'e am cur a choire e,
 'S mi nach pilleadh o stoc uat,
 'S ann a shuidhinn an toiseach do bhata.
 'S ann a shuidhinn an toiseach, &c.

'Nuair bhiodh cach cur ri gnìomhadh,
 Bhiodh mo chuid-sa dheth dìomhain,
 G' ol nag ucagan fion' air a faradh.
 G' ol na gucagan fion, &c.

Cha bu mharcach eich leumnaich,
 A bhuin'geadh geall reis ort,
 'Nuair a thogadh tu breid osceann saile.
 'Nuair a thogadh tu breid, &c.

'Nuair a thogadh tu tonnag,
 Air chuan meanmach nan dronnag,
 'S ioma gleann ris an cromadh i h-earrach.
 'S ioma gleann ris an cromadh, &c.

'Nuair a shuidheadh fear stiur oir',
 'N am bhi fagail na duthcha, [earrinn.
 Bu mhear riuth a chuain du-ghlais fo h-
 Bu mhear riuth a chuain, &c.

Cha b' iad na Luch-armainn mbeanbha,
Bhiodh m'a cupuill ag eileadh,
'Nuair a dh'eireadh mor shoirbheas le bair-
linn.

'Nuair a dh'eireadh, &c.

Ach na fuirbinnich threubhach,
'S deis a dh'iomradh, 's a dh'eigheadh,
Bheireadh tulg an tas cle air ramh braghad.
Beireadh tulg an tas cle, &c.

'Nuair a d'fhalaichte na buird d'i,
'S nach faighte lan siuil d'i,
Bhiodh luchd taghaich sior lubadh nar alach.
Bhiodh luchd taghaich, &c.

'S iad gu'n eagal gun easlain,
Ach ag freagradh dh'a cheile,
'Nuair thigeadh muir beucach 's gach aird
orr'.

'Nuair thigeadh muir beucach, &c.

Dol tiomchioll Rugha na Caillich,
Bu ro mhath siubhal a daraich,
Gearradh shrutha gu cairidh Chaoil-Atuin.
Gearradh shrutha gu cairidh, &c.

Dol gu uidhe chuain fhiadhaich,
Mar bu chubhaidh leinn iarraidh,
Gu Uist bheag riabhach nan cragh-gheadh.
Gu Uist bheag riabhach, &c.

'Cha bu bhruchag air meirg' i,
Fhuair a treachladh le h-eirbheirt,
'Nuair a thigeadh mor shoirbheas le gabhadh.
'Nuair a thigeadh mor shoirbheas, &c.

Ach an Dubh-Chnoideartach, riabhach,
Luchd-mhor, ard-ghuailleach dhionach,
Gur lionmhor lann iarunn m'a h-earraich.
Gur lionmhor lann iarunn, &c.

'Cha bu chrann-lach air muir i,
Stiubhal ghleann gun bhi euidh,
'S buill chainbe ri fulagan arda.
Buill chainbea ri, &c.

Bha Domhnall an Duin innt,
Do mhac oighre 's mor curam,
'S e do stoile fhuair cliu measg nan Gael.
'S e do stoile fhuair cliu, &c.

Do mhac Uisteach gle-mhor,
Dh'am bu chubhaidh bhi'n Sleibhte,
O'n Rugha d'an eighthe Dun-sgathaich.
O'n Rugha d'an eighthe, &c.

Og misneachail treun thu,
'S blath na bric ort san eudainn)
Mur mist' thu ro mbeud 's a do nair innt.
Mur mist' thu ro mbeud, &c.

Gur mor mo chion fein ort,
Ged nach cuir mi an ceill e,
Mhic an fhir leis an eireadh na Braigheich.
Mhic an fhir leis an eireadh, &c.

Ceist nam ban' o Loch-Treig thu,
'S o Shrath Oisein nan reidhlean,
Gheibhte broic, agus feidh air a h-aruinn.
Gheibhte broic, agus feidh, &c.

Dh'eireadh buidhear o Ruaidh leat,
Lubadh iubhar mu'n guaillean,
Thig o Bhurghaichean fuar Charn-na-Lairge.
Thig o Bhurghaichean fuar, &c.

Dream eile dhe d' chinneadh,
Clann Iain o'n Einnean,
'S iad a rachadh san iomairt neo-sgathach.
'S iad a rachadh san iomairt, &c.

'S iomadh oganach treubhach,
'S glac-crom air en' sgeith air
Thig a steach leat o sgeith meall-na-Lairge.
Thig a steach leat, &c.

'S a fhreagradh do t-eigheadh,
Gun eagal, gun easlain,
'Nuair chluinneadh iad fein do chrois-tara.*
'Nuair a chluinneadh iad fein, &c.

MARBHRANN

DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC-DHONUILL.

Gur fad tha mi 'm thamh,
Thuit mo chridhe gu lar,
Righ! 's deacair dhomh tamh 's mi beo.
Gur fad tha, &c.

'Se do thuras do 'n Dun,
Dh-fhag snith' air mo shuil,
'Sa bhi faicinn do thur gun cheo.
'Se do, &c.

Tha do bhaile gun speis,
Gun eich ga 'm modhadh le sreoin,
Dh-fhalbh gach fasan le Seumas og.
Tha do bhaile, &c.

'Nuair a rachadh tu stri,
Ann an armailte an righ,
Bhiodh do dhiollaid air uil-each gorm.
'Nuair a racha', &c.

* "Crois-tara," or "crom-tara," was a piece of wood, half burnt and dipped in blood, sent by a special messenger as a signal of distress or alarm. The person to whom it was sent, immediately despatched another person with it to some one else; and thus was intelligence passed from one to another over immense distances in an incredibly short time. One of the latest instances of its being used, was in 1745, by Lord Breadalbine, when it went round Loch Tay, the distance of thirty-two miles, in three hours. The above method was used only in the day-time; for in the night, recourse was had to the "Sgorr-theine," a large fire kindled on an eminence. See Ossian's "Carrig-thura." The last-mentioned signal is spoken of by Jeremias to denote distress, chap. vi. 1.

'Nuair a rachadh tu mach,
B' ard a chluinnto do smachd,
Bhiodh Iain Muideartach leat 's Mac-Leoid.
Nuair a, &c.

'S leat Mac Pharlain na 'n eliar,
Bh-aig fir t-ait-sa riamh,
Mac-an Aba le chiad na dho.
Fear chann, &c.

Clann Iain a nuas,
'S fir a bhraighe so shuas,
'S Mac Ghriogair o Ruadh-shruth chno.
Chlann Iain, &c.

Clann Cham-Shroin a nall,
O b' caighe nan gleann,
Chuireadh iubhar le srann am feoll.
Clann, &c.

'S leat Mac-Dhomhnuill a ris.
Na 'm bratach 's na 'm piob,
Crunair gasda na 'n righ bhrat sroil.
'S leat, &c.

Gu 'm faiceadh mo Dhia,
Do mhac air an t-sliabh,
Ann an duthaich nan clair 's mi beo.
Gu 'm faiceadh, &c.

Thig a Atholl a nios,
Comhlan ghasda gun sgios,
Ceannard rompa 's e finealt og.
Thig a Atholl, &c.

Coinnlean geala de 'n cheir,
'S iad an lasadh gu geur,
Urlar farsuinn mu 'n eighite 'n t-ol.
Coinnlean, &c.

Bhiodh do ghilleann mu seach,
A lionadh dibhe b' fhearr blas,
Fion Spainnteach dearg ac agus beoir.
Bhiodh do, &c.

Uisge-beatha na 'm pios,
Rachadh 'n tairgead ga dhiol,
Gheibhte 'n gloin e mar ghriog an oir.
Uisge-beatha, &c.

'S ann na shineadh 'sa 'n allt,
Tha deagh cheann-taighe an aigh,
Ged a thuit e le dearmad leo.
'S ann na, &c.

Buidheann eile mo ghaoil,
Ga 'm bu shuaitheantas fraoch,
Och mo chreach! nach d'fhaod iad bhi beo.
Buidheann, &c.

Buidheann eile mo ruin,
Air nach oualas mi-chliu,
Thig le Alasdair sunndach og.
Buidheann, &c.

Bhiodh mnathan og an fhuit reidh,
Gabhail dhan dhaibh le 'm beul,
Ann ad thalla gu 'n eise ceol.
Bhiodh, &c.

Fhir a dh' fhuilig am bas,
'S a dhoirt t-fhuil air ar sgath,
Na leig mulad gu brath na 'r coir.
Fhir a, &c.

Nis on sgithich mo cheann,
Sior thuireadh do rannt,
Bi'dh mi sgur anns an am is coir.
Nis o 'n sgithich, &c.

MARBHRANN.

DO DH' ALASDAIR DUBH GHILINNE-GARAIDH

Mi 'g eiri dh 'sa mhadainn,
Gur beag m' aiteas ri sugradh,
O 'n dh' fhalbh uachdran fearail,
Ghilinne-Garaidh air ghiulan;
'S ann am flaitheas na failte,
Tha ceannard aillidh na duthcha;
Sar choirnileir foinnidh,
Nach robh foleil do 'n chrun thu.

LUINNEAG.

*Ho-ro 's fada 's gur fada,
'S cian fada mo bhron,
O 'n latha charadh gu h-ìosal,
Do phearsa phriseil fo 'n fhod,
Tha mo chrid-sa ciuirte,
Cha dean mi sugradh ri m' bheo,
O 'n dh-fhalbh ceannard na 'n uaislean,
Oighre dualchas an t-Sroim.*

'S maig a tharladh roi' d' dhaoine,
'Nuair thogte fraoch ri do bhrataich;
Dh' eireadh stuadh an clair t-aodainn,
Le neart feirg agus gaigidh;
Sud am phearsa neo-sgathach,
'N t-suil bu bhla'che gun ghaiseadh;
Gu 'm biodh macim air do naimhdean,
Ri linn dut spainnteach a ghlacadh.
Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Fhuair thu 'n cliu sin o thoiseach,
'S cha b' oic e ri innseadh;
Craobh chosgairt sa bhlair thu,
Nach gabhadh sgath roimh luchd phicean;
No roi' shaighdeirean dearga,
Ged a b' armailtean righ iad;
Le 'n ceannardan fuilteach,
'S le 'n gunnaichean cinnteach.
Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Gur farsuinn do ranntaibh,
Ri sheanachas 's ri shloinneadh;
Gur tu oighre 'n Iarl Ilich.
Nach tug eis le gnìomh foleil;

Marcaich ard na 'n each cruitheach,
Nan srian ur 's na 'n lann soilleir,
Lamh threin ann an cruadal,
Ceannard slunigh a triot teine.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Fhuair thu onair fir Alba,
Bha meas 's ainm air fear t-fhasain;
Ann an gliocas 'sa geire,
An cliu, an ceunaidh 'sa gaisge;
Thug Dia gibhteann le buaidh dhut,
Cridhe fuasgailteach farsuinn;
Fhir bu chiùine na mhaighdeann,
'S bu ghairge na 'n lasair.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

'S goirt an t-eachall a thachair,
O 'n chaidh an iomairt so tuathal;
O latha blair Sliabh-an-t-Siorram,
Chaill ar ciùneach an uaislean;
Thionndaidh chuibhl' air Clann-Domhnuill,
'N treasa conspunn bhi bhuatha;
Ceann a's colar Chlann-Raghuill,
'N fhuil ard 's i gun truailleadh.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Nis o 'n dh-fhalbh an triuir bhraithrean;
Chleachd mar abhaist bhi suairee;
Laoich o Gharaidh nam bradan,
Caipiteine' smachdail a chruadaid;
Dh-fhalbh Sir Domhnuill a Sleibhte;
Ru mhor reusan a's cruadal;
Cha tig gu brath air Clann-Domhnuill,
Triuir chonnsppunn cho cruaidh riu.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Chriosda dh-fhuilig am bas duinn,
O 'n 's tu ar patron urnaigh;
Cum an t-aog o dha bhrathair,
Fhad 'sa b' uill leinn le durachd;
Dheanadh treis do 'n alach,
So dh-fhag e gun suilean;
Sliochd an t-seobhaig 'sa 'n armuinn,
Nach tugadh each an sgiath chuil deth.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

'Nuair threig each an cuid fearainn,
'S nach d-fhan iad 'sa 'n rioghachd;
'Sheas thusa gu fearail,
'S cha b' ann le sguinnel a shin thu;
Chuir thu fuaradh na froise,
Seach ar dorsaibh g' 'ar dìonadh;
Gu 'n robh t-fhaigsein cho laidir,
Ri leoghan ann ard do 'n fhuil Rioghail.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Cha robh Iarl ann an Albuinn,
Gheibheadh earbha na run riut;
Gu 'm biodh toiseach gach naidheachd,
Gu lag han a chuirteir;
Seobhag firinneach suairee,
Choisinn cruadal gach cuise;
Ceannard mhaithcan a's uaislean,
Aig an t-sluagh 's iad ga ghiulan.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Sgeula b' ait' leam ri ineach,
Sa bhi g' a 'eirsinn le 'r suilean;
Do mhac oighr' ann a t-fhearann,
Mur bu mbath le luchd durachd;
'... aon neach leis am b' oil e,
Lusidhe ghlas le neart fudair;
'froimh' 'n cridh' air a fiaradh,
Chor 's nach iarradh iad tionndadh.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

CUMHA MHONTROISE

Mi gabhail Srath Dhrum-uachdair,
'S beag m'aighear anna an uair so,
Tha'n lath' air dol gu gruamachd,
'S cha'n e tha buain mo sprochd.

Ge duilich leam, 's ge diobhail,
M'fhear ciunnidh math bhi dhith orm,
Cha'n usa leam an sgrìobh',
Thaining air an rioghachd bhoichd.

Tha Alba dol fo chios-chain
Aig Farbhalaich gun fhirinn,
Bhar a chalpa dhirich
'S e cuid de m'dhiobhail ghoirt.

Tha Sasunnaich 'g ar foireigneadh,
'G ar creach', 'g ar mort', 's 'g ar marbhadh
Gu 'n ghabh ar n-Athair fearg rinn,
Gur dearmad dhuinn, 's gur bochd.

Mar a bha cloinn Israel
Fo bhruid aig rìgh na h-Eiphit,
Tha sinn air a chor cheudna,
Cha'n eigh iad rinn ach "sìuo."

Ar rìgh an deis a chrunadh,
Mu'n gann a leum e ur-fhas,
Na thaisteach bochd, ruisgte,
Gun gheard, gun chuir, gun choisd'.

'G a fharr-fhuadachd as aite,
Gun duine leis deth chairdean,
Mar luing air uachdar saile,
Gun stiuir, gun ramh, gun phort.

Cha teid mi do Dhun-eideann,
O dhotrteadh fuil a Ghreumaich,
An leoghan fearail, treubhaich,
'G a cheusadh air a chroich.

B'e sud am fìor dhuin nasal,
Nach robh de'n linne shuaraich,
Bu ro mhath ruidhe gruadhach,
'N am tarruinn suas gu trod.

Deud chailo, bu ro mhath dluthadh,
Fudh mhala chaoil gun mhugaich,
Ge tric do dhail gam' dhusgadh,
Cha ruig mi chach e nochd.

Mhic Neill,* a Asainn chiannail,
Na'n glaois ann am lionn thu,
Bhiodh m'fhacal air do bhinn,
'S cha diobrainn thu o'n chroich.

Nan tachrainn a's tu fein,
Ann am boglachan Beinn-Eite
Bhiodh uisge dubh na feithe,
Dol troimh cheile a's ploc.

Thu fein as t-athair ceile
Fear taighe sin na Leime,
Ge' chrochte sibh le cheile
Cha b'eirig air mo lochd.

Craobh ruisgt' de'n Abhall bhreugach,
Gun mheas, gun chliu, gun cheutaidh,
Bha riamh ri murt a cheile,
'N ar fuigheall bheum, as choru.

Marbh-phasg ort a dhi-mheis,
Nach olc a reic thu'm firean,
Air son na mine Litich
A's da trian d'i goirt.†

CUMHA

DO SHIR DOMHNUL SHLEIBHTE.

'S CIAN 's gur fada mi 'm thamh,
'S trom leam 'm aigne fo phramh,
'S nach cadal dhomh seamh 's tim eiridh.
'S cian 's gur fada, &c.

Laidh an aois orm gach uair,
Dreach an aoig air mo ghruaidh,
Is rinn e eudail bhoichd thruadh da fein diom.
Laidh an aois, &c.

* Captain Andrew Munro sent instructions to Neil Macleod, the laird of Assynt, his brother-in-law, to apprehend every stranger that might enter his bounds, in the hope of catching Montrose, for whose apprehension a splendid reward was offered. In consequence of those instructions, Macleod sent out various parties in quest of Montrose, but they could not fall in with him. "At last the laird of Assynt being abroad in arms with some of his tenants in search of him, lighted on him in a place where he had continued three or four days without meat or drink, and only one man in his company. Assynt had formerly been one of Montrose's own followers, who immediately knowing him, and believing to find friendship at his hands, willingly discovered himself; but Assynt not daring to conceal him, and being greedy of the reward which was promised to the person who should apprehend him by the council of the estates, immediately seized and disarmed him."* Montrose offered Macleod a large sum of money for his liberty, which he refused to grant. Macleod kept Montrose and his companion prisoners in the castle of Aird-bhreach, his principal residence, for a few days. He was from thence removed to Skibo castle, where he was kept two nights, thereafter to the castle of Braan, and thence again to Edinburgh.

† Damaged meal bought in Leith, was given to Macleod of Assynt for betraying the duke of Montrose.

* Bishop Wishart.

Tha liunn-dubh orm gach la,
'S e ga m' theugmhail a ghna,
Air mo chuise cha ra-sgeul breig e.
Tha liunn-dubh orm, &c.

Tha gach urra dol dhìom,
Bho faighinn furan le miadh,
Cuig urrad sa b' fhiach mi dh-eirig.
Tha gach urra dol, &c.

Chaill mi armainn mo stuic,
Mo sgiath laidair 's mo phruip,
Iad ri aiteach an t-sluic a's fear orr'.
Chaill mi armainn mo stuic,

Fath mo mhìre 's mo cholg,
Thaobh gach iomairt so dh'fhalbh,
Luathais air 'n imeachd air lorg a cheile.
Fath mo mhìre, &c.

Mhuch mo mheoghail 's mo mheas,
Na daoil bhi cladhach bhuir fios,
Chaidh mo raoghainn fo lic de leugaibh.
Mhuch mo mheoghail, &c.

Bhuail an t-earrach orm spot,
'S trom a dh-fhairich mi lot,
Chuir e lughad mo thoirt 's beag 'm fheum air.
Bhuail an t-earrach, &c.

Bas Shir Domhnuill bho 'n Chaol,
Chuir mo chomhnaidh fa-sgaol,
Dh'fhag mi 'm aonar sa 'n aois ga 'm leireadh.
Bas Shir Domhnuill, &c.

'S ann ruit a labhrainn mo mhiann,
Gu dana ladurna, dian,
Ge do bhithinn da thrian sa 'n eascoir.
Sann ruit a labhrainn, &c.

Tha iomad smuainic bochd truadh,
Teachd air 'm aire 's gach uair.
Bho 'n la chaochail air snuadh fir t-eugais
Tha iomadh smuainte, &c.

Leoghann fireachail aigh
Miuinte, spioradail, ard,
Umhail, iriosal, fearragha, treubhach.
Leoghann fìorachail, &c.

Leig nan arm a's nan each,
Reumail, aireil, gun aire,
Gheug thu 'n Armadail ghlas nan deideag.
Leig nan arm is nan each, &c.

Bha do chinneadh fo phramh,
Do thuath 's do phaighearan mail,
Uaislean t-fhearainn 's gach lan-fhear-fcuaisig.
Bha do chinneadh, &c.

Bha mhnai bheul-dearg a bhruit.
Ri call an ceille sa'm fuillt,
Cach ag eideadh do chuirp air deile.
Bha mhnai bheul-dhearg, &c.

Moch sa' mhadainn dir-daoin,
Thog iad tasgaidh mo ghaoil,
Deis a phasgadh gu caol 's na leintean.
Moch sa' mhadainn, &c.

An eiste ghiubhais nam bord,
'N truaill chumhainn na's leoir,
'N deis a dhusgadh bho 'n t-sroil air speicean.
'N eiste ghiubhais nam, &c.

Gu euglais Shleibhte nan stuadh,
Chosg thu fein ri cuir suas,
Ge d' nach d'fhuirich thu buan ri sgleutadh.
Gu euglais Shleibhte, &c.

Dh-fhalbh na spalpain a null,
Bha fial farsuinn na'n grunn,
Cha b'iad na fachaich gun rum gun leud iad.
Dh-fhalbh na spalpain, &c.

Domhnall gorm bu glan gnais,
Fear bu mhin bha de 'n triuir,
Cha bu chorr-cheann thu 'n cuirt righ Seurlas,
Domhnall gorm bu, &c.

Chunnaic mis thu air trian,
'S cha bu gna leat bhi crian,
'S gu'm bu nolaig le fion 1/2 reidhlean.
Chunnaic mis thu air, &c.

Cha bhola phaididh do mhiann,
'N am dhaibh falbh bhuaht gu dian,
'N cois na traghaid ga'n lionadh reidh leat.
Cha bhola paidhidh, &c.

De dh-uisge-beatha 's do bheor,
'S iad a gabhail na's leoir,
Mur a thoilleadh beoil ga eigheach.
De dh-uisge-beatha, &c.

Mu bhord gun time gun ghruaim,
Le ol, 's le iomart, 's le sluadh,
'S ceol bu bhinne na cuach 's a cheitean.
Mu bhord gun time, &c.

Fhuair thu deannal na dho,
Dh-fhag do pannal fo bron,
Gu'm bu ghearran a leon m'un eighe.
Fhuair thu deannal, &c.

Air Raon-Ruairidh nan strac,
Far na bhuannaich thu 'm blar,
Chaill thu t-uaislean a's t-armainn ghleusta.
Air Raon-Ruairidh, &c.

Air an talamh chrion, chruaidh,
Nach falaicheadh gearrag a cluais,
Fhuair sibh deannal na luaidhe leughta.
Air an talamh, &c.

Bu neo chraobhaidh na seoid,
Fhuair sa chaonnaig an leon,
B' ann diu Raonull a's Foin a's Seumas.
Bu neo chraobhaidh, &c.

Cha dean mi run ach gu foil,
Do n-al ur 's th'air teachd orn,
Bho nach duisgear le ceol Sir Seumas.
Cha dean mi run, &c.

Dh-fhalbh thu fein 's do chuid mac,
Mala gheur sibh gu neart,
'S fada bho cheile fo cheapaibh reisg sibh.
Dh-fhalabh thu fein, &c.

'S blath an leab' air bhur cinn,
Seach daormainn thasgaidh nan suim,
Sibh bu sgapach air buinn le feile.
'S blath an leab, &c.

Thuir mi 'n urrad uà ribh,
Tha mi m' urainn a shein,
'S lann ar muineal ma pill sibh breig mi.
Thuir mi 'n uraid, &c.

AN CIARAN MABACH.

NO,

GILLEASPUIG RUADH MAC-DHOMHNUILL.

ARCHIBALD M'DONALD, commonly called *Ciaran Mabach*, was an illegitimate son of Sir Alexander M'Donald, sixteenth Baron of Slate. He was contemporary with *Iain Lom*, the Lochaber bard, and his coadjutor in punishing the murderers of the lawful heirs of Keppoch.

In no one could his father more properly have confided matters of importance, requiring sagacity, zeal, and bravery, than in this son. Accordingly he made use of his services when necessary; and put the greatest dependence in his fidelity, prudence, and activity. *Ciaran Mabach* was no doubt amply requited by his father, who allotted him a portion of land in North Uist. Grants of land were in those times commonly given to gentlemen of liberal education, but of slender fortune; where amid their rural occupations they enjoyed pleasures unknown to those who in similar stations of life were less happily located. Of this our bard was very sensible during his stay in Edinburgh, as we learn from his poem on that occasion.

It does not appear that our poet was a voluminous writer; and of his compositions there are very few extant. It is to be regretted that so few of his poems have been preserved, as his taste, education, and natural powers, entitle him to a high place among the bards of his country. Gentlemen of a poetical genius could have resided in no country more favourable to poetry than in the Highlands of Scotland, where they led the easy life of the sportsman, or the grazier, and had leisure to cultivate their taste for poetry or romance.

B' ANNSA CADAL AIR FRAOCH.

Gk socrach mo leabaidh,
B' annsa cadal air fraoch,
Ann an lagan beag uaigneach,
A's bad de'n luachair ri 'm thaobh,
'Nuair dh'eirinn sa' mhadainn,
Bhi siubhal ghlacagan caol,
Na bhi triall thun na h-Abaid,
'G eisdeachd glagraich nan saor.

'S oil leam caradh na frithe,
'S mi bhi 'n Lite nan long,
Eadar ceann Saileas Si-phort,
A's rutha Ghrianaig nan tonn,

Agus Uiginnis riabhach,
An tric an d'iarr mi damh-donn,
'S a bhi triall thun nam bodach,
Dha'm bu chosnadh cas-chrom.

Cha'n eil agam cu gleusda,
A's cha'n eil feum agam dha,
Cha suidh mi air bachdan,
Air sliabh fad o chach,
Cha leig mi mo ghaathar,
Chaidh faogh'd an tuim bain,
'S cha sgaoil mi mo luaidhe,
An Gleann-Ruathain gu brath.

B'iad mo ghradh-sa a ghraidh uallach,
 A thogadh suas ris an aird,
 Dh'itheadh biolair an fhuarain,
 'S air bu shuarach an cal,
 'S mise fein nach tug fuath dhuibh,
 Ged a b'fhuar am mis Maigh.
 'S tric a dh'fhuilig mi cruadal,
 A's moran fuachd air 'ur sgath.

Be mo ghradh-sa fear buidhe,
 Nach dean suidhe mu'n bhord,
 Nach iarradh ri cheannach,
 Pinnt leanna na beoir;
 Uisge-beatha math dubailt,
 Cha be b'fhiu leat ri ol,
 B'fhearr leat biolair an fhuarain,
 A's uisge luaineach an loin.

B'i mo ghradh-sa a bhean uasal,
 Dha nach d'fhuaras riamh lochd,
 Nach iarradh mar chluasaig,
 Ach fìor ghualainn nan enoc,
 'S nach fuilicheadh an t-sradag,
 A lasadh ri corp,
 Och! a Mhuire mo chruaidh-chas,
 Nach dh'fhuair mi tha nochd.

Bean a b'aigeantaich ceile,
 Nam eiridh ri driuchd,
 Cha'n fhaigheadh tu beud da,
 'S cha bu leir leis ach thu
 Sibh an glacaibh a cheile,
 Am fìor eudainn nan stuc,
 'S ann am eiridh na greine,
 Bu ghlan leirsinn do shul.

'Nuair a thigeadh am foghar,
 Bu bhinn leam gleadhair do chleibh,
 Dol a ghabhail a chronain,
 Air a mhointich bhuig reidh,
 Dol an coinneamh do leannain,
 Bu ghile feaman a's ceir
 Gur h-i 'n eilid bu bhoiche,
 A's bu bhrisge loghmhorra ceum.

Note.—This song was composed in Edinburgh while the poet was under the care of a surgeon for a sprain in his foot.

MARBHRANN

DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC-DHONUILL.*

B' FHEARR am mor oile a chluinntinn,
 Bhrigh iomradh na fhaicinn;
 Dhomhsa b' fhuasad' sud innse,
 Rug air 'm linninn trom shac dheth;
 O 'n is mi bha 'sa 'n fhulang,
 Bu chruaidh duilich ri fhaicinn;
 Rainig cromas-agian o 'n aog mi,
 Cha do shaor i bun aisne.

'S e dh' fhaig fodha dhomh 'n coile,
 Aon a mhoichead a dhuig mi,
 'S mi gun fhear air barr agam,
 Thogadh 'm aigneadh a dusal;
 'Nuair a bheum an sruth traigh orm,
 Rug muir baitht' air a chul sin,
 Cha d' fhiosraich mi 'm bas dut,
 Gus an dh' fhaig mi thu 'n cruiste.

Fath m' acainn 's mo thursa,
 Nach duisgear le teud thu,
 Na le torgan na fìdhle,
 Mo dhiobhail 's mo leir-chreach;
 Fhìr a chumadh i dìonach,
 Dh' aindeoin sìontan ga 'n eiread,
 Thu 'n diugh fò leacan na h-urach,
 Gun mo dhùil ri thu dh' eiridh.

'S bochd an ealtainns' thug so agriob mi,
 Thug dhìom m' earr agus m' fheusag,
 'S geur 's gur goirt spuir an rasair,
 Thrusas enamhan a's feithean;
 Dh-fhaig sud mise dheth craiteach,
 Dh-aindeoin dail gu ro chreuchdach;
 Cha dean ballan no sabh dheth,
 Mise slan gus an eug mi.

Ge b' e chuireadh dhomh 'n umhall,
 Do mhor chumba ga m' leonadh,
 Na mo dhosan a liathadh,
 Coig bliadhna roimh' 'n ordugh;
 Tha mi 'n diugh a toirt paigheadh,
 A' meud m' ailleas as m' oige,
 O 'n rug deireadh do bhaire orm,
 Os cionn chaich cha b'e m' ordugh.

'S fhad tha mi 'm Oisein gun mheoghail,
 As do dheaghaidh bochd dolum,
 Osnadh fharbairneach, frithir,
 Tha m' fheith-chridh' air a leonadh;
 Leigeam fìos thun a bhreitheamh,
 Nach iarr slighe gu do-bheart,

* The poet's brother.

Gur h-e "Port Raoghail uidhir,"*
Mur nach bu dlighenach is eol domh.

'S bochd mo naidheachd r'a h-innse;
Ge b' e agriobhadh i 'n tath-bhuinn;
O 'n la rinn thu feum duine,
Gus 'n do chuireadh 'sa 'n lar thu;
Bha mo dheas-lamh dol sìos leat,
An cludhan eriche mo chradh-shlad;
'S mor na b' fheadar dhomh fhulang,
Mo bhuhan fhuireach o m' brathair.

'S bochd an ruinnigil fhuathais,
Rug air uaislean do chairdean,
'S goirt a bhonnag a fhuair iad,
'N latha ghluaisceadh gu tamh leat;
Ge b'e nench is mo buannachd,
'N lorg luathair a bha is so,
'S mise pearsa 's mo tuairghe,
'Sa 'nuair so th' air t-aruinn.

Cha chuis fharmaid mo lethid;
'S ann tha mi 'n deigh mo spuilidh;
Bhuin an t-eug dhìom gu buileach,
Barr a's iomall mo chuirte;
'S feudar tamailte fhulang,
Gun dìon buill' air mo chul-thagobh,
Stad mo chlaideamh na dhuille,
'S bath dhomh fuireach r'a rusgadh.

* *Raoghail odhar* was a piper. There is a story told about this worthy, to the following purpose:—He was a great coward; and being in the exercise of his calling in the battle-field one day along with his clan, he was seized with such fear at the sight of the enemy, whom he thought too many for his party, that he left off playing altogether, and began to sing a most dolorous song to a lachrymose air, some stanzas of which had been picked up and preserved by his fellow soldiers; and which, on their return from the war they did not fail to repeat. When an adult is seen crying for some trifling cause, he is said to be singing "*Port Raoghail uidhir*," "Dun Donald's tune;" and when a Highlander is threatening vengeance for some boisterous and unroarious devilment which has been played off upon him, he will say: "*Bheir mis ort gu seinn thu 'Port Raoghail uidhir*" i. e. "I will make you sing 'Dun Donald's tune.'" The following are a few of the stanzas:—

"Be so an talamh mi shealbhadh!
Tha gun chladach gun ghrubhlach gu'n chos;
Anns an rachainn da'm fhalach,
'S sluagh gun athadh a teannadh falg o' "

*Tha mi tinn leis an eagal,
Tha mi cinnteach gur beag a bhios beo
Chì mi lasadh an fhuair,
Chluinn mi sgaitcadh nan du-chlach ri ord!*

Fhuair mi gunna nach diult ri,
Fhuair mi claidheamh nach lub ann am dhorn,
Ach ma ni iad mo mharbhadh,
Cìod a feum a ni 'n armach sin dhomh-s'?"

Tha mi tinn, &c.

Ged do gheibhinn 'sa sealbh,
Air lan a chaisleal de dh' airgead 's de dh-or,
Oich! 'ma ni iad mo mharbhadh!
Cìod a feum a ni 'n t-airgead sin domh-s'?"

Tha mi tinn, &c.

Bhuin an t-eug erench gun toir dhìom
Dh' aindeoin oigridh do dhutheach;
Dh' fhaig e m' aigneadh fo dhoruinn,
'S bhuail e brog air mo chuinneadh;
'S trom a dh' fhuasgail e deoir dhomh,
Bu mhor mo choir air an dubladh;
Mu cheann-uighe nan deoiribh,
Bhi fo bhord ann an dunadh.

Bu deas deile mo shior-ruith,
'S gu 'm bu dìonach mo chlaraidh;
Bha mo chala gun diobradh,
Ga mo dhion as gach sarath;
Bann gus 'n tainig an dil orm,
Dh' fhaig fo mhighean gu brath mi;
'S ard a dh' eirich an stailc-s' orm,
Chuir i as domh ma m' airnean.

Call gun bhuinig gun bhuannachd,
Bha ga m' ruagadh' o 'n trath sin;
Cha b' i 'n iomairt gun fhuathas,
Leis 'n do ghluais mi mar chearrach;
'N cluich a shnail mi bhi 'm buannachd,
Dh' fhuaithe ghluasad air tailcas;
Thainig goin a's cur suas orm,
'S tha fear fuar dhomh na t-aite.

O 'n chaidh mail' air mo fhradharc,
'S nach taoghail mi 'n ard-bheann;
Chuir mi cul ris an fhiadhach,
Pong cha n' iarr mi air clarsaich;
Mo cheol laidhe a's eiridh,
M' osnadh gheur air bheag tabhachd;
Fad mo re bidh mi 'g acainn,
Mheud 'sa chleachd mi dheth t-aileas.

Ach dlensaidh faighidinn furtachd,
Nach faic thu chuisle ga luaithead;
Air fear na tensaich 'sa 'n fhiabhrais,
'S geurr mu shioladh a bhruidleinn;
Muir a dh' eireas ga bhrasaid,
Ni fear math beairte dh' i suaineach;
Ach e dh' iomairt gu tapaiddh,
Ceann da shlaith thuig a's uaithe.

'Nuair a bha mi am ghille,
'S mi 'n ciad iomairt Shìr Scumus,
Mar ri comhlan dheth m' chinneadh,
Seoladh air spinneig do dh' Eirinn;
'S ann aig I Chalum Chille,
Ghabh mi giorrag mu d' dheighinn;
Chail thu lan meise feodair,
Air do shroin do 'n fhuil ghle dhearg.

Luchd a chaitheadh nan cuaintean,
'S moch a ghluaisceadh gu surdail,
Le 'n alach chalpannan oruaidhe,
Bu bheag roimh' 'n fhuaradh an curam;
Bu choma co dheth na h-uaislean,
Ghlacadh gluasad na stiurach;
'S fear math beairt air a gualainn,
B' urrainn fuasgladh gach cuise.

'N am gluasad o thir dhuinn,
Bu neo-mhìodhoir ar loistean,
Cornach, cupanach fionach,
Glaineach, liontaidh a stopaibh;
Gu cairteach, tailteagach, disneach,
'S taille air uigh na 'm foirneibh;
Dhomh-sa b' fhuasad' sud innse
Bu chuid do m' gnoimh o m' aois oige.

Bu ro-cibneach mo leabaidh,
'S bha mo chadal gle chomhward,
Fhad 'sa dh' fhuirich thu agam,
An caoin chadal gun photus;
Bu tu mo sgaith laidir dhileas,
Ga mo dhion o gach dorainn,
'S e cuid a dh' aobhar mo leith-truim,
Bhi 'n diugh a seasamh do chorach.

DIORBHAIL NIC A BHRIUTHAINN;

OR,

DOROTHY BROWN.

THIS poetess belonged to Luìng, an island, in Argyleshire. It is uncertain when she was born; but she was cotemporary with *Iain Lom*; like him was a Jacobite, and also employed her muse in the bitterest satire against the Campbells. Indeed there must have been great pungency in her songs; for, long after her death, one Colin Campbell, a native of Luìng, being at a funeral in the same burying-ground where she was laid, trampled on her grave, imprecating curses on her memory. Duncan MacIachlan, of Kilbride, in Lorn, himself a poet, and of whom the translator of Ossian makes honourable mention as a preserver of Gaelic poetry, being present, pulled him off her grave, sent for a gallon of whisky, and had it drunk to her memory on the spot. Her song to Alasdair Mac Cholla, was composed on seeing his *birlinn* pass though the sound of Luìng on an expedition against the Campbells, in revenge for the death of his father, whom they had killed some time before. She is the only poetess who at all approaches *Mairi nighean Alasdair Ruaidh* as a successful votary of the muse. She composed a great many songs, but, not being much known out of her native island, perhaps, the following piece is the only thing of hers now extant. A tomb-stone, with a suitable Gaelic inscription, is about to be erected to her memory, in Luìng, by a countryman of her own, Mr. Artt MacIachlan, of Glasgow, a gentleman well known for his zeal in every thing tending to promote the honour of Highlanders, and the Highlands.

ORAN DO DH' ALASDAIR MAC COLLA.

ALASDAIR a laogh mo cheille,
Co chunnaic no dh' fhaig thu 'n Eirinn,
Dh' fhaig thu na miltean 's na ceudan,
'S cha d' fhaig thu t-aon leithid fein ann,
Calpa cruinn an t-siubhail eutruim,
Cas chruinneachadh 'n t-sluaigh ri cheile,
Cha deanar cogadh as t-eugais,
'S cha deanar sìth gun do reite,
'S ged nach bi na Duimhnich reidh riut,
Gu 'n robh an rigt. mur tha mi fein dut.

*E-ho, hi u ho, ro ho eile,
E-ho, hi u ho, 's i ri ri u,
Ho hi u ro, o ho o eile,
Mo dhiobhail dìth nan ceann-fheadhna.*

Mo chruit, mo chlasach, a's m' fhiodhall,
Mo theud chiuil 's gach ait am bithinn,
'Nuair a bha mi og 's mi 'm nighinn,
'S e thogadh m' inntinn thu thighinn,
Gheibheadh tu mo phog gun bhruthinn,
'S mar tha mi 'n diugh 's math do dh'ligheir'.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Mhoire 's e mo run am fionn,
Cha bhuachaille bho 'sa 'n innis,
Ceann-fheadhna greadhnach gun ghiorraig,
Maroich nan steud 's leoir a mhìre,
Bhuidheadh na cruintean d'a ghilleann,
'S nach seachnadh an toir iomairt,
Ghaolach na 'n deanadh tu pilleadh,
Gheibheadh tu na bhiodh tu sireadh,

Ged a chaillinn ris mo chinneach—
Pog o ghrungach dhuinn an fhirich.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

'S truangh nach eil mi mar a b' alt leam,
Ceann Mhic-Caillein ann am achlais,
Caillein liath 'n deigh a chasgairt,
'S a 'n Crunair an deigh a ghlaicadh,
Bu shunndach a gheibhinn eadail,
Ged a b' i chreag chruaidh mo leabaidh.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

M' eudail thu dh' fheara' na dilinn,
'S math 's eol dhomh do shloinneadh innse,
'S cha b' ann an eagar fo 's 'n losal,
Tha do dhreach mar dh' ordaisich righ e,
Falt ann boineid tha sinterach,
Sar mhug ort no cuilibhear,
Dh'eighte geard an cuirt an righ leat,
Ceist na 'm ban o 'n Chaisteal Illeach,
Dorn geal nu 'n deann an t-or sniamhan.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Domhnallach gasda mo ghaoil thu,
'S cha b' e Mac Dhonnchaidh Ghlinne-Faochain.
Na duine bha beo dheth dhaoine,
Mhic an fhir o thur na faoilteachd,
Far an tig an long fo h-aodach,
Far an olte fion gu greadhnach.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Mhoire 's e mo run an t-oigear,
Fighantach aigeanntach sporsail,
Ceann arl da ceathairne moire,
'S mise nach diultadh do chomhradh,
Mar ri eudteachd no am onar,
Mhic an fhir o 'n innis cheolar,
O 'n tir am faighte na geoidh-ghlas,
'S far am faigheadh 'r fhalamh stòras.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Bhuailte creach a's speach mhor leat,
'S cha bhiodh eiridhe tigh'n a t-fheoraich,
Aig a liuthad Iarla a's morair,
Thigeadh a thoirt mach do chorach,
Thig Mac-Shimidh, thig Mac-Leod ann,
Thig Mac-Dhonnail duibh o Lochaidh,
Bidh Sir Seumus ann le mhor fhir,
Bidh na b' arna Aonghas og ann,
'S t-fhuil ghreadhnach fein bhi ga dortadh,
'S deas tarraim an geur lann gleoiste.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

'S na 'n saoilteadh cinneadh t-athar,
Gu 'n deannadh Granntaich do ghleidheadh,
'S loma fear gunna agus claidheamh,
Chotaichean uain 's bhreacan dhathan,
Dh' eiridhe leat da thaobh na h-amhann,
Cho lionmhor ri ibht an draighinn.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Mhoire 's iad mo run an comunn,
Luchd na 'n eul buidhe a's donna,
Dheanadh an t-iubhar a chromadh,
Dh' oladh fion dearg na thonnadh,
Thigeadh steach air moitich Thollaidh,
'S a thegadh creach o mhuinntir Thomaidh
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Note.—As the air to which this piece is sung is rather a kind of irregular chant than a tune, poetess was not necessitated to make all stanzas of equal length. We know of other good songs in similar style; and, perhaps in some measure owing to this circumstance, the fertility of imagination, and richness of language, so apparent in the compositions of some of our untutored bards is to be attributed. *Marth-runn tain ghairbh*, at page 13, is an instance of this.

SILIS NIGHEAN MHC RAONAILL.

CICELY or JULIAN M'DONALD lived from the reign of Charles II. to that of George I. She was daughter to *Mac Raoghnaill na Ceapach*, and of the Roman Catholic persuasion. Consequently she was an enemy to Protestantism, and hence devoted the earliest efforts of her muse against the House of Hanover. It is said that in her young days she was very frolicsome. She then composed epigrams, some of which are very clever, and in our possession. She was married to Gordon of baille Dhorne in Traspey, and lived with him in *Moraghach Mhic-Shimidh*, a place which she describes in a poem, as bare and barren in comparison to her native Lochaber. This celebrated piece begins with, "*A theanga sin 'sa theanga shroil*," which was the first piece she composed after her marriage. During her residence in the North she composed "*Slan gu brach le ceol na clarsaich*," as a lament for Lachlan M'Kinnon the blind harper. This harper was a great favourite of our

poetess, and used to spend some of his time in her father's family. He was also in the habit of paying her a yearly visit to the North, and played on his harp while she sung:—

“Nuair a ghlacadh tu do chlàrsach,
 Sa bhiodh tu ga gleusadh lann rium,
 Cha mhath a thuigte le umaidh,
 Do chuir ehlul-sa, ‘s mo ghabhail dhan-sa.”

During her residence in the North she composed several short pieces, among which is an answer to a song by Mr. McKenzie of Gruinard called “*An obair nochda*.” Her husband died of a fit of intoxication, while on a visit to Inverness. She composed an elegy on him which is here given. The song “*Alasdair a Glinne-Garaidh*” is truly beautiful, and has served as a model for many Gaelic songs. After the death of her husband, she was nearly cut off by severe illness; and upon her recovery, engaged her muse in the composition of hymns, some of which are still in use, as appears from a Hymn-book printed at Inverness in 1821. She lived to a good old age, but the time of her death is uncertain.

MARBHRANN AIR BAS A FIR.

[This song was not composed by Cicely, nor did her husband die of intoxication.]

‘S i so bliadhna ‘s fàid’ a chlaoidh mi,
 Gu’n cheol gu’n aighear gun fhaoilteas,
 Mi mar bhat air traigh air sguoilteadh,
 Gun stiur, gun seol, gun ramh, gun taoman.

*O ‘s coma’ leam fhin na co dhiubh sin,
 Mìre, no aighear, no sugradh,
 ‘N dìugh o shin mi r’a chunntadh,
 ‘S e ceann na bliadhna thug riadh dhìom
 dubailt.*

‘S i so bliadhna a chaisg air m’ ailleas,
 Chuir mi fear mo thaighe ‘n caradh,
 ‘N ciste chaoil ‘s na saoir ‘ga sabhadh;
 O! ‘s mis tha faoin ‘s mo dhaoine air m’
 fhagail.

O ‘s coma’ leam fhin, &c.

Chaill mi sin ‘s mo chuilean gradhach,
 Bha gu foinnigh, fearail, aillidh,
 Bha gun bheum, gun leum, gun ardan;
 Bha guth a bheil mar theud na clarsaich.

O ‘s coma’ leam fhin, &c.

Ma ‘s beag leum eud fluarair mi barr air
 Ceann mo stùic is prìp nan cairdean,
 A leag na ceud le bheum ‘s na bhraibh,
 Ga chuir fo ‘n fhod le ol na graisge.

O ‘s coma’ leam fhin, &c.

Ciod na creachan a thug bhuainn thu?
 Thug do dh’ Inbheirnis air chuairt thu,
 Dh’ ol an fhiona las do ghruaidhean
 ‘S a dh’fhag thu d’ chorp gu’n lot gun luaidhe.

O ‘s coma’ leam fhin, &c.

‘S mor a tha gun fhios do d’ chairdean
 San tìr mhoir tha null o ‘n t-saile,
 Thu bhi aig na Gaill ga d’ eharadh
 ‘S do dhuthaich fein ga mort’ le namhaid.

O ‘s coma’ leam fhin, &c.

Bu tu ‘n Curaidh fuilteach, buailteach,
 Ceannsgalach, borb, laidir, uasal,
 Na ‘m b’ ann am blar no ‘n spairn a bhuailt
 thu,

Gu ‘m biodh do chairdean a’ tair-leum suas orr’
O ‘s coma’ leam fhin, &c.

Curaidh gasta, orodha, fumail,
 Tionnsgalach, garg, beodha, euchlach;
 ‘N Coille-chriothnach ‘s la an t-sleibhe,
 Bu luath do lann ‘s bu teann do bneuman.

O ‘s coma’ leam fhin, &c.

Mo chreach long nan leoghann garga,
 Nam brataichean sroil ‘s nan dath dearga,
 Gur tric an t-eug gu geur g’ur sealg-sa
 Leagail bhuir crann-siul gu fairege.

O ‘s coma’ leam fhin, &c.

Nise bho na dh’fhalbh na braithean
 ‘S nach eil ach Uilleam dhiu lathair,
 A rìgh mhoir, ma ‘s deonach dail da,
 Gus an dìong an t-òighre t-aite.

O ‘s coma’ leam fhin, &c.

Ach a rìgh mhoir tog ‘s an aird iad,
 Mar chraoibh ubhlan, mbeulair mhiaghair.
 Mar ghallan ur nach lub droch aimsir,
 Mar phreasa fiona ‘s lionmhor leanmhuinn.

O ‘s coma’ leam fhin, &c.

O 's e so deireadh 'n t-saoghail bhrionnaich
Aird righ dean sinn orsta cuimhneach;
An deigh an latha thig an oidhche
'S thig an t-aog air chaochladh *Staidhle*.
O 's comá leam fhin, &c.

MARBHRANN

DO DH' ALASTAIR DUBHÍ GHILINNE-GARAIDH.

ALASDAIR a gleanna-garadh,
Thug thu 'n diugh gal air mo shuilleán,
'S beag ioghnadh mi bhi trom creuchdach,
Gur tric g'ar reubadh as ur sinn,
'S deachdar dhomhsa bhi gun 'n osnaidh,
'S meud an dosgaidh th'air mo chairdeán,
Gur tric an t-eug oirn a' gearradh,
Tagaí nán darag is airde.

Chaill sinn ionnán agus combla,
Sir Domhnall, a mhac, 'sa bhrathair,
Cíod e 'm feum dhuinn bhi ga ghearan?
Dh-fhan Mac-'le-Ailein sa bhlar bhuaín,
Chaill sinn darag laidir liath-ghlas,
Bha cumhail díon air a chairdeán,
Capull-coille bharr na giubhsaich,
Seobhag sul-ghorm, lugh-mhor, laidir.

Dh-fhalbh ceann na ceille 's na comhairl,
Ann 's gach gnothach am bi curam,
Aghaidh shoarach, sholta, thaitneach,
Cridhe fial, farsuinn, mu'n chuineadh;
Bu tu tagha nán ear-ghaisgeach,
Mo ghualainn thaice-'s, —mo dhiubhail;
Smiorail, fearail, feineamh, treabbach,
Ceann-feadhna chaill Seumas Stiubhart.

Na b' ionnán do chach 's do ghoill,
Mu'n dh-imích an long a mach,
Cha rachadh i rithist air sail,
Gun 'n fhios cia futh a thug i steach,
Ach 'nuair chunaig sibh an trath sin,
A bhi g'ar fagal air faonthragh,
Bhríst bhur crícheachan le mulad,
'S leir a bhuil cha robh sibh saogh'lach.

Bu tu'n lasair dhearg g'an losgadh,
'S bu tu sgoilteadh iad gu'n sailtern,
Bu tu gualann chur a chatha,
Bu tu'n laoch gun atha laimhe,
Bu tu'm bradan ann san fhíor-uisg,
Fíor-eun on ealtainn is airde,
Bu tu'n leoghann thar gach beathach,
'S bu tu damh leathann na craice.

Bu tu loch nach faighe thaomadán,
'S tu tobar faoilidh na slainte,
'S tu Beinn-Neamhais thar gach aonach,
Bu tu chreag nach fhaointe thearnann,
Bu tu clach mhullaich a chaistail,
Bu tu leac leathann na eiríde,
Bu tu leig loghmhor nam buadhan,
Bu tu clach uasal an fháine.

Bu tu'n t-iubhair as a choille,
Bu tu'n darach daingean laidir,
Bu tu'n cuileann bu tu'n dreachunna,
Bu tu'n t-abhall molach blath-mhor,
Cha robh meur annad do' chrítheann,
Cha robh do dhlighe ri fearna,
Cha robh do chairdeas ri leamhan,
Bu tu leannan nán ban aluinn.

Bu tu ceile na mna príseil,
'S oil leam fhin ga díth an drasd thu,
Ge d' nach ionnán dhomhsa is dhi-se
'S goirt a tha mi-fhin na caradh,
H-uile bean a bhíos gun cheile,
Guidheadh i Mac Dhe na aite,
O 's e 's urraínn bhi ga comhnadh,
Anns gach leon a chuireas cas oirr'.

* * * * *
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Guidheam do mhac bhi na t-aite,
'An saillhreas an aiteas 's an curam,
Alastair a Gleanna-Garadh,
Thug thu 'n diugh gal air mo shuilleán.

† The above four lines are lost.

THA MI AM CHADAL, &c.

DO DH' FHEACHD RÍGH SEUMAS.

Gur diombach mi 'n iomairt,
Chuir gach fin' air fogradh;
Tha mi am chadal 's na duisgibh mi
Gun aighear gun eibhneas,
'S gu'n reiteach o Dheorsa;
Tha mi am chadal 's na duisgibh mi.
Gur h-ioma bean uasal,
Tha gu h-uaigneach na seomar,
Gun aighear gun eibhneas,
'S i 'g eiridh na h-onar,
Sior chaidh na 'n uaislean,
A fhuair iad ri phosadh;
Tha mi am chadal 's na duisgibh mi.

Mo thruaighe a chlann,
Nach robh gann na 'n curasail;
Tha mi am chadal 's na duisgibh mi,
'N am bualadh na 'n lann,
An am na 'm buileann;
Tha mi am chadal 's na duisgibh mi.
Ge d' tha sibh 'sa'n am,
Feadh ghlenn a's mhunainnean,
Gu nochd sibh 'ur ceann
'N am teanndachd mar churaidhnean,
'Nuair thig Seumas a nall,
'Si bhur lann bhíos fuilenchdach.
Tha mi am chadal 's na duisgibh mi.

'S e rìgh na muice,
'S na Cuigse, rìgh Deorsa;
Tha mi am chadal 's na duisgibh mi,
Mu 'n tig oirnn an t-samhainn.
Bidh amhach 's na corraibh;
Tha mi am chadal 's na duisgibh mi;

Na 'n cìreadh sibh suas,
Le cruadal a's duinealachd,
Eadar isleann a's uaislean,
Thuath agus chumanta,
'S gu'n sgiursadh sibh uaibh e,
Rìgh fuadain nach buineadh dhuinn;
Dheanainn an cadal gu sunndach leibh.

NIALL MAC-MHUIRICH.

NEIL MACVURICH, the family bard and historian of Clanronald, *Mac-Dhonnill, Mhic-Ie-Ailein*, was born in the beginning of the seventeenth century. He lived in South Uist, where he held a possession of land which is known to this day, as marked out and designated *Baile-bhaird*, i. e. the bard's farm. He was of a succession of poets that the illustrious family kept to record the history of their ancestors, and to fill the station so indispensably requisite in those days, in the halls of chiefs of renown. There were several poets of the name of *Mac-Mhuirich*, lineal descendants of the same man, who were distinguished from each other in various ways, as specified in the brief account given of *Lachunn mor Mac-Mhuirich Albannaich*; Neil was simply, if not emphatically, called *Niall Mac-Mhuirich*, Clanronald's *Seanachaidh*, or family historian.

He had written, in the Gaelic language, the history of the great clan whose records he kept, and the strains in which distinguished individuals were commemorated for their talents and prowess. But he satisfied not himself with writing what related to the family that honoured him with the office of bard; he likewise had written ancient poetry, and the history of past times.—See the Highland Society's account of the *Red Book*.

While this celebrated bard was most careful in recording every thing worthy of preservation, it is to be regretted that so little of his own history and works have been preserved. This has been often the case with men of genius. Very few Gaelic bards were at the trouble of writing their own productions; they trusted too much to memory; seldom reflected on what might happen in the lapse of time; never apprehended that succeeding generations would be indifferent about what seemed to them to be of the greatest moment. Neil M'Vurich, while he adopted the best method of handing down to posterity the invaluable relics of antiquity, might not think it worth his trouble to write his own poems, or record any anecdotes concerning himself. These, like many others, have been lost, with the exception of the two pieces given in this work. He lived to a great age, and was an old man in 1715.

To throw more light on the history of this tribe of poets, we beg to give the following, which is a copy of the declaration of Lachlan M'Vurich, a son of the bard,

written in Gaelic, and addressed to Henry M'Kenzie, Esq., at the time he was writing the Highland Society's report of Ossian:—

BARRA, 9th August, 1800.

ANN an taigh Phadruig Mhic-Neacail an Torluim goirid o Chaisteal Bhuirghi ann an Siorramachd Inbhernis, a naoidhamb latha de chiad mhios an fhoghair, anns an da fhichead bliadhna agus naoidh-deug d'a aois, thainig Lachlunn mac Neill, mhic Lachluinn, mhic Neill, mhic Dhombhnuill, mhic Lachuinn, mhic Neill mhoir, mhic Lachuinn,* mhic Dhombhnuill, do shloinne chlann Mhuirich, ann an lathair Ruairidh Mhic Neill tighearna Bhara, thabhairt a chodaich, mar is fiosrach e san, gur e fein an t-ochdamh glun deug o Mhuireach a bha leanmhuinn teaghlach Mhic-Ic-Ailein, ceannard Chlann-Raonuill, mar bhardaibh. agus o an am sin gu

* This is LACHUNN MOR MAC MUIRICH ALBANNAICH, or Lachlan mor MacVuirich of Scotland, the second of this famous tribe of bards.

Where there are several individuals of the same name, it is necessary to have some marks to distinguish them. This has been always attended to by the Gael though in various ways. It is common to call persons by their patronimics; and among clans, where many have the same name and surname, they could not be distinctly called and recognised otherwise: instead of saying Alexander M'Donald, where two, three or four were found of the same name, in the same place, they called one, Alexander, the son of Allan, the son of John; another, Alexander, the son of Donald, the son of Neil; and another, the son of Rory, the son of Dugald, &c.

The Gaelic language being susceptible of describing beings and objects most minutely, individuals are frequently distinguished and described from their appearance, or qualities external and internal. Thus our author has been called Lachlann Mor, in contradistinction to another of the same name who was less. *Mor* signifies great in respect of one's person or mind. Its literal meaning is magnitude, and this is the sense in which it has been applied here. But there is another mark by which this bard was distinguished, namely, by his country, Albanach, or of Scotland. Irish bards, or minstrels, were once no strangers in Scotland, and especially the Highlands; for Albainn, the Gaelic term for Scotland, had been particularly applied to the Highlands. The cognomen, Albannach, had been given Lachlan mor MacVuirich *emphatically*, being the great poet of his day. The language of the two countries being the same, the Scottish Highlanders and Irish understood each other; and there was frequent intercourse between them. They, in fact, were originally the same people; and, instead of disputing about the origin of the one or the other, historians ought to regard them as one and the same, removing from the one kingdom to the other as occasion or necessity required. Of the works of this famous poet, all now extant is an extraordinary one—a war song, composed almost wholly of epithets arranged in alphabetical order, to rouse the Clan Donuil to the highest pitch of enthusiasm before the battle of Harlaw. This poem is entitled in Gaelic:—"BROSACHA-CATHA LE LACHUNN MOR MAC MUIRICH ALBANNAICH DO DHOMHNUILL A ILE RIGH-INNSE-GALL AGUS IARLA ROIS LATHA MACHRAICH CHATH-GAIRIACH."* The piece has a part for every letter in the Gaelic alphabet till near the end

* This battle was fought, anno 1411, at a small village called Harlaw, in the district of Garioch, within ten miles of Aberdeen. The cause of it was this:—Walter Lesly, a man nobly born, succeeded to the Earldom of Ross, in right of his lady, who was daughter of that house. He had by her a son, who succeeded him, and a daughter, who was married to the Lord of the Isles. His son married a daughter of the duke of Albany, son of Robert II., at that time governor of Scotland; but dying young, left behind him only one child. It is said that she was somewhat deformed, and rendered herself a Religious. From her the governor easily procured a resignation of the Earldom of Ross in favor of John earl of Buchan, his second son, to the prejudice of Donald lord of the Isles, who was grandson of the said Lesly, and supposed the nearest heir. He claimed his right accordingly, but finding the governor, who probably regarded him already as too powerful a subject, not inclined to do him that justice he expected, he immediately raised an army of no less than 10,000 men within his own isles, and putting himself at their head, made a descent on the continent, and, without opposition, seized the lands of Ross, and after increasing his army with the inhabitants, he continued his march from Ross until he came to Garioch, within ten miles of Aberdeen, ravaging the countries through which he passed, and threatening to enrich his men with the wealth of that town. But before he could reach that place, his career was stopped by Alexander Stewart, the grandson of Robert II., and earl of Marr. For this brave youth, by orders from the governor, drew together, with great expedition, almost all the nobility and gentry between the two rivers Tay and Spey, and with them met the invader at the place above mentioned, where a long, uncertain, and

robh fearann Staoileagairi agus ceithir peighinean do Dhriomasdal aca mar dhuais bard-ehd o linn gu linn, feadh chuig ghluin-deug: Gu'n do chail an siathamh-gluin deug ceithir peighinean Dhriomasdail, ach gu do ghleidh an seachdamh gluin diu fearann Staoileagairi fad naoi bliadhna deug do dh' aimsir, agus gu robh an fearann sin air a cheangal dhaibh ann an coir fhad 's a bhiodh fear do Chlann-Mhuirich ann, a chumadh suas sloinneadh agus seanchas Chlann-Domhnuill; agus bha e mar fhiachan orra, 'nuair nach biodh mac aig a bhàrd, gu tugadh e foghlum do mhac a bhrathar, no dha oighre, chum an coir air an fhearann a ghleidheadh, agus is ann a reir a chleachdaidh so fhuair Niall, athair fein, ionnsachadh gu leughadh, sgrìobhadh, eachdrai agus bardachd, o Dhomhnull mac Neill mhic Dhomhnuill, brathair athar.

Tha cuimhne mhath aige gu robh "Saothair Oisein" sgrìobht' ar craicnean ann an gleidhteanas athar o shinnsiribh; gu robh cuid d'heath na craicnean air an deanamh suas mar leabhraichean, agus cuid eile fuasgailt o cheile, anns an robh cuid do shaothair bhard eile, bharachd ar "Saothair Oisein."

Tha cuimhne aige gu robh leabhar aig athair ris an canadh iad an "Leabhar dearg," de phaipeir, a thainig o shinnsiribh, anns a robh moran do shean eachdraidh nam fineachan Gaelach, agus cuid de "Shaothair Oisein" mar bha athair ag innseadh dha. Chan eil a chail iad an fearann, gu do chail iad an misneach agus an durachd. Cha'n eil e cinnteach ciod e thainig ris na craicnean, ach gu bheil barail aige gun tug Alasdair mac Mhaighstir Alasdair 'Ic-Dhomhnuill ar falbh cuid diubh, agus Raonull a mhac cuid eile dhiubh; agus gum fac e dha no tri' dhiubh aig taileirean ga 'n gearradh sios gu criosan tomhais: Agus tha cuimhne mhath aige

consisting altogether of three hundred and thirty-eight lines. It would occupy too much space to print it in this work. Here follow the two first, and also the thirteen last lines of the poem:—

A chlanna Cuinn cuimhnichibh,
Cruas an am na h-iorghuill.

* * * * *

Gu ur-labhrach, ur-lambach neart-mhor,
Gu coisneadh na cath-larach,
Ri bruidhne 'ur biubhaidh,
A chlanna Chuinn cheud-chathaich,
'Si nis uair 'ur n'aitheachidh.

A chuireanan chonfhadach,
A bheirichean bunanta,
A leoghainnean lan-ghasta
Aon-chonnaibh iorghuilleach
De laochaibh chrodha, ch'anta
De chlannaibh Chuinn cheud-chathaich
A chlanna Chuinn, cuimhnichibh
Cruas an am na h-iorghuill.

This poem is very valuable in two respects;—First, It is the best proof that could be given of a language, so copious and abounding in epithets, that the number poured out under each letter is almost incomprehensible. What command of language! How well deserved our bard the adnomen Albanach! He lived in the fifteenth century. He could not be ignorant of letters. He was well acquainted with all the idioms of his native language, and had the greatest command over its powers and energies. Nor was he ignorant of the genius of the people whom he addressed. Clann-Domhnuill was the most powerful of the clans in his time. They were foremost in battle, and entitled to take the right in the field; which was never disputed, till the battle of Culloden, which proved so fatal to many. Our poet, therefore, exhausted the almost exhaustless *copia verborum* of the language, for the purpose of infusing the spirit of the greatest heroism and love of conquest into the breasts of the warriors.

bloody battle ensued; so long, that nothing but the night could put an end to it; so uncertain, that it was hard to say who had lost or gained the day; so bloody, that one family is reported to have lost the father and six of his sons. The earl of Marr's party, who survived, lay all night on the field of battle; while Donald, being rather wearied with action than conquered by force of arms, thought fit to retreat, first to Ross, and then to the Isles.—*Abercromby's Hist.*

gu tug Mac-'Ic-Ailein air athair an "Leabhar dea'g" a thabhairt seachad do Sheumas Mac Mhuirich a Baideanach; gu robh e goirid o bhi cho tiugh ri Bioball, ach gu robh e na b' fhaide agus na bu leatha, ach nach robh urad thiughaid sa chomhdach; gu robh na craicnean agus an "Leabhar dearg" air an sgrìobhadh anns an laimh anns an robh Gaelig air a sgrìobhadh o shean an Albainn agus ann an Eirinn, mu'n do ghabh daoine clenchdadh air sgrìobhadh na Gaelig anns an laimh Shasunnaich; gum b'aithne dha athair an t-shean lamh a leughadh gu math; gu robh cuid de na craicnean aige fein an deigh bais athar, ach a thaobh is nach d'ionnsaich e iad, agus nach robh aobhar meas aig' orra, gu deach' iad ar chall. Tha e ag radh nach robh h-aon do shinnsiribh air a robh Pall mar ainm, ach gu robh dìthis dhiubh ris an canadh iad Cathal.

Tha e 'g radh nach ann le h-aon duine a sgrìobhadh an "Leabhar dearg," ach gu robh e air a sgrìobhadh o linn gu linn le teaghlach Chlann-Mhuirich, a bha eumail suas seanachas Chlainn-Domhnuill, agus ceannardan nam fineachan Gaelach eile.

An deigh so a sgrìobhadh, chaidh a leughadh dha, agus dh-aidich e gu robh e ceart, ann an lathair Dhomhnuill Mhic-Dhomhnuill, fear Bhaile Raghaill; Eoghain Mhic-Dhomhnuill, fear Gheara-sheilich; Eoghan Mhic-Dhomhnuill Fear Ghriminis; Alasdair Mhic-Ghilleain, fear Hoster, Alasdair Mhic-Neacail, ministear Bheinne bhaoghla; agus Ailein Mhic-Chuinn, ministear Uist-a-Chinne-tath, a fear asgrìobh a seanachas so.

(Signed)

LACHUNN × MAC-MHUIRICH.

RUAIRIDH MAC-NEILL, J. P.

TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE.

In the house of Patrick Nicholson, at Torlum, near Castle-Burgh, in the shire of Inverness, on the ninth day of August, compeared in the fifty-ninth year of his age, Lachlan, son of Neil, son of Lachlan, son of Neil, son of Donald, son of Lachlan, son of Neil *Mor*, son of Lachlan, son of Donald, of the surname of Mac Vuirich, before Roderick M'Neil, laird of Barra, and declared, That, according to the best of his knowledge, he is the eighteenth in descent from Muireach, whose posterity had officiated as bards to the family of Clanronald; and that they had from that time, as the salary of their office, the farm of Staoiligary and four *pennies* of Drimisdale during fifteen generations; that the sixteenth descendant lost the four *pennies* of Drimisdale, but that the seventeenth descendant retained the farm of Staoiligary for nineteen years of his life. That there was a right given them over these lands as long as there should be any of the posterity of Muireach to preserve and continue the genealogy and history of the Macdonalds, on condition that the bard, failing of male issue, was to educate his brother's son, or representative, in order to preserve their title to the lands; and that it was in pursuance of this custom that his own father, Neil, had been taught to read and write history and poetry by Donald, son of Neil, son of Donald, his father's brother.

He remembers well that works of Ossian, written on parchment, were in the custody of his father, as received from his predecessors; that some of the parchments were made up in the form of books, and that others were loose and separate, which contained the works of other bards besides those of Ossian.

He remembers that his father had a book which was called the *Red Book*, made of paper, which he had from his predecessors, and which, as his father informed him, contained a good deal of the history of the Highland Clans, together with part of the works of Ossian. That none of these books are to be found at this day, because when they (his family) were deprived of their lands, they lost their alacrity and zeal. That he is not certain what became of the parchments, but thinks that some of them were carried away by Alexander, son of the Rev. Alexander Macdonald, and others by Ronald his son; and he saw two or three of them cut down by tailors for measures. That he remembers well that Clanronald made his father give up the red book to James Macpherson from Badenoch; that it was near as thick as a Bible, but that it was longer and broader, though not so thick in the cover. That the parchments and the red book were written in the hand in which the Gaelic used to be written of old both in Scotland and Ireland before people began to use the English hand in writing Gaelic; and that his father knew well how to read the old hand. That he himself had some of the parchments after his father's death, but that because he had not been taught to read them, and had no reason to set any value upon them, they were lost. He says that none of his forefathers had the name of Paul, but that there were two of them who were called Cathal.

He says that the red book was not written by one man, but that it was written from age to age by the family of Clan Mhuirich, who were preserving and continuing the history of the Macdonalds, and of other heads of Highland clans.

After the above declaration was taken down, it was read to him, and he acknowledged it was right, in presence of Donald M'Donald of Balronald, James M'Donald of Garyhelich, Ewan MacDonald of Griminish, Alexander MacLean of Hoster, Mr. Alexander Nicolson, minister of Benbecula, and Mr. Allan MacQueen, minister of North-Uist, who wrote this declaration.

(Signed)

LACHLAN X MAC VUIRICH.
RODERICK MAC NIEL, J.P.

ORAN. DO MHAC-MHIC-AILEIN.*

Gur e naigheachd na ciadain,
Rinn mo chruithachd a shiaradh.
Le liunn-dubh, 's le bron cianail,
Gu'n dhruidh i trom air mo chrìochaibh,
Mo sgeul duilich nach iarr,
Mi 'ur comhradh.
Mo sgeul, &c.

M' uaildh, m' aighear, is m' aiteas,
Tha fo bhinn aig fir shasuinn.
Ar tighearn' og maiseach,
An t-ogh ud Iarla nam bratach,
Mac an fhir thug dhomh fasga
'Nuair b' og mi.
Mac an fhir, &c.

*The bard composed this song when a very old man, on hearing that his master was wounded at Shirriffmuir.

'S truagh gu'n mise bhi lamh ruit,
'Nuair a leagadh 's bhlair thu,

Gu cruaidh curanta laidir,
Agus spionnadh nan Gael,
Naile dhiolainn do bhas,
Dheanainn feolach,
Naile dhiolainn, &c.

Uidhist aighearach, eibhinn,
Dhubhach, ghalanach, dheurach,
Nis o rug ort am beum so,
'S goirt r'a fhulang ni 's eiginn,
Liuthad fear a tha 'n deigh air
Mac-Dhomhnuill.
Liuthad fear, &c.

Cha 'n e 'n Domhnull sin roimhe,
Ach mac sin Dhomhnuill ogh Iain,
Ailean aoibhinn an aigheir,
Urram feile; righ fatha,
Ceannard meaghreach gu caitheamh
Na mor-chuis.
Ceannard, &c.

'Nuair a chiaradh am feasgar,
Gum biodh branndaidh ga losgadh,
Fion Frangach ga chosg leibh,
Coinnleir ceire gan losgadh,
Sar Cheann-feadhna 'toirt brosnachadh,
' Ceoil duibh.
Sar Cheann-feadhna, &c.

Gum biodh fidehall ga rusgadh;
Buidheann thaitneach air urlar;
Pìob a 'sgala nan sìonnas,
Fuaim talla r'a chul sin,
'G iomairt chleas air chrìos cuil
Nam fear oga.
'G iomairt chleas, &c.

M' ulaidh m'aighear am furan.
An t-Ailean aighearach aoidheil,
Bha gu macanta miunte,
Dh-fhas gu h-aigeantach uiseil,
Fhuair mi aoibhneas a d' chuir,
Cha be'n dolum,
Fhuair mi, &c.

Bu tu m' urram is m' annsachd,
Cha seinn mi eachdraidh do bhais ort,
Aig eagal droch fhaisneachd,
'N duil gum faicamsa slan thu,
Mar a faic gun toir Gaelig,
Ni's mo bhuam.
Mar a faic, &c.

Tha mi sgith 's gu'n mi ullamh,
S mi 'n deigh mo chuire,
Gu'n duil ri sud tuille;
B'fhearr nach bitheadh na h-urrad,
O'n la chualas gu'n chuireadh,
Do leon ort.
O'n la, &c.

MARBH-RANN MHIC-IC-AILEIN.

A MHAIRBHADH SA BHLIADHNA 1715.

Och! a Mhuire mo dhunaidh,
Thu bhi d' shineadh air t-uilinn,
An taigh mor Mhoirear Drumad,
Gu ar duil ri d' theachd tuille,
Le failte 's le furan,
Dh-fhios na duthcha da'm buineadh,
A charaid Iarla Choig-Ulainn,
'S goirt le ceannard fir Mhuile do dhiol.
'S goirt le ceannard, &c.

Dh-fhalbh Domhnull nan Domhnull
A's an Raonull a b' oige,
S Mac-'Ic-Alastair Chnoideart,
Fear na misniche moire,
Dh-fheuch am beireadh iad beo ort,
Cha ro'n sud dhaibh ach gorraich,
Feum cha robh dhaibh nan toireachd,
'S ann a fhuair iad do chomra gu'n chli.
'S ann a fhuair iad do chomra, &c.

Mo chreach mhor mar a thachair,
'S e chuir tur stad air m' aiteas,
T-fhuil mhorghalach reachdar,
Bhi air bocadh a d' chraiceann,
Gun seol air a casgadh;
Bu tu righ nam fear fenchda,
A chum t-onoir is t-fhacal,
'S cha do phill thu le gealtachd a nios.
'S cha do phill thu le geallachd, &c.

Mo cheist ceannard Chlann-Raonull,
Aig am biodh na cinn-fheadhna,
Na fir ur air dheagh fhoghlum,
Nach iarradh de'n t-shaoghail,
Ach airm agus aodach,
Le 'n cuilbheirean caola,
Sheasadh fad air an aodann,
Rinn iad sud is cha d'fhaod iad do dhion.
Rinn iad sud, &c.

'S mor gair ban do 'hinidh,
O'n a thoisich an iomairt,
An sgeul a fhuair iad chuir tiom orr',
T-fhuil chraobhach a' sìleadh,
'S i dortadh air mhìre,
Gu'n seol air a pilleadh,
Ge d' tha Raonall a d'ionad,
'S mor ar call ged a chinneadh an righ.
'S mor ar call ge do chinneadh, &c.

'S trom putar na luaidhe,
'S goirt 's gur chumhann a bualadh,
Nach do ruith i air t-uachdar,
'Nuair a dh-ionntain iad uath thu,
Thug do mhuinntir gair chruaidh asd;
Ach 's e ordugh a fhuair iad,
Ceum air 'n aghaidh le cruadal,
'S a bhi leantainn na ruaig air a druim.
'S a bhi leantainn na ruaig, &c.

Dheagh Mhic-Ailein mhic Iain,
Cha robh leithid do thaighe,
Ann am Breatunn 'a' fhaighinn;
Taigh mór fhuantach, flathail,
'M bu mhor sugradh le h-aighear,
Bhíodh na h-uaislean ga thaghaich,
Rinn iad cuims' air do chaitheamh,
Ann an toiseach an latha dol síos.
Ann an toiseach an latha, &c.

'S iomadh gruagach 's breideach,
Eadar Uidhist is Sleibhte,
Chaidh am mugha mu d' dheibhinn,
Laidh smal air na speuraibh,
Agus sneachd air na geugaibh,
Ghuil eunlaith an t-shleibhe,
O'n la chual iad gun d' eag thu,
A cheann uidhe nan ceud bu mhor pris,
A cheann-uidhe nan ceud, &c. ♫

Gheibht' a d' bhaile ma fheasgar,
Smuid mhor, 's cha b' e 'n greadan;
Fir ur agus fleasgaich,
A' losga' fudair le beadradh,
Cuirn is cupaichean breaca,
Piosan oir air an dealtradh,
'S cha b' ann falamh a gheibht' iad,
Ach gach deoch mar bu neart-mhoire brigh.
Ach gach mar bu, &c.

'S iomadh clogaid a's targaid,
Agus claidheamh chinn airgeid,
Bhíodh mar coinneamh air ealachuinn,
Dhomhsa b' aithne do sheanchas,
Ge do b' fharsuinn ri leanmhuinn,
Ann an eachdraidh na h-Alba;
Raonuill oig dean beairt ainmeil,
O'n bu dual dut o d' leanmhuinn morghniomh,
O'n bu dual, &c.

'S cha bu lothagan cliata,
Gheibht' ad stabuill ga'm biathadh;
Ach eigh chruidheacha shrianach,
Bhíodh do mhiol-choin air iallaibh,
'S iad a' feitheamh ri fiadhach,
Ann sna coireanaibh riabhach,
B' e mo chreacha nach do liath thu,
M' an tainig teachdair ga d' iarraidh on righ.
M' an tainig teachdair, &c.

SEANACHAS SLOINNIDH

NA PIOBA BHO THUS.

AODROMAN muice ho! ho!
Air a sheideadh gu h-ana-mhor,
A cheud mhala nach robh binn,
Thainig o thus na dilian.
Bha seal ri aodromain mhuc,
Ga lionadh suas as gach pluic,
Craiceann seana mhuil na dheigh sin,
Re searbhadas agus ri durdail.
Cha robh 'n uair sin ann sa phioib,
Ach seannsaír agus aon liop,
Agus maide chumadh nam fonn,
Da 'm b' ainm an sumaire,
Tamull daibh na dheigh sin,

Do fhuair as-innleachd innleachd,
Agus chinnich na trí chroinn innt,
Fear dhiu fada, leobhar, garbh,
Ri durdan reamhar ro shearbh,
Air faighinn an durdain soirbh,
'Agus a ghothaich gu loma leir,
Chraobh-sgaoll a chrannaghail mar sin,
Ri searbhadas agus ri ruchdail.

Piob sgreadanach Ian Mhic-Artair,
Mar eun curra air dol air ais,
Lan ronn 's i labhar luirgneach,
Com galair mar ghuilbneich ghlais
Piob Dhomhnuill do cheol na Cruinne,
Crainnaghail bhreite 's breun roi' shluagh,
Cathadh a muin tro mala grodaidh,
Bo 'n tuil ghrainnde robaich ruaidh:
Ball Dhomhnuill is dos na pioba,
Da bheist chursta ' chlaigeinn mhaoil,
Seinnidh Corra-ghluineach a ghatuinn
Fuaim truiléach an tabhainn sheirbh.

Do-cheol do bhi 'n ifrinn iochdrach,
Faobnar phioiban nan dos cruaidh,
Culaidh a dhusgadh nan deamhan,
Liugail do mheoir reamhair ruaidh.
Air fheasgar an earraich min,
Mar gheum mairt caoile teachd gu thus,
Thig sgreadail a chroinn riabhaich,
Mar bhr. . . toine 'n di. . . . duibh.
Chuir Venus a bha seal an ifrinn,
Mar dhearbhaichd sgeul gu fir an Domhain.
Gur h-e corranach bhan is piob ghleadhair,
Da leannan ciuil cluas nan Deamhan.

* * * * *
Faileadh a ch . . dheth na mhala
'S faileadh a mhala dheth 'n phioibair.

Note.—The Author of this piece is *Niall mac Mac-Mhuirich*. We have heard the following anecdote, in illustration of this poem. Neil had lately returned to his father's house from the bards' college, in Ireland, from whence, along with the stores of genealogical and other lore with which he had stored his head, he had in addition, brought over a back-burden of the small-pox, and was lying asleep, on a settle-bed, at the back of the house, near the fire, when John and Donald M'Arthur, two pipers, came in, and, sitting down on the bed-stock, began tuning their pipes preparatory to playing. The horrid and discordant sound of the pipes roused the bard, who, bursting with indignation, in the true style of his profession, began to inveigh against the pipers, in the following mock genealogy of the bag-pipe. It would appear from this, as well as from hints in other poems, that the bag-pipe was never a favourite with the bards; but was rather regarded by them as trenching on their province. The poem was evidently intended to resent the intrusion of the pipers on the bard's slumbers. Nor did it fail of the desired effect; for, the pipers it seems, had intended to make good their quarters for the night; but, on hearing the odd and ludicrous invective against their favourite instrument, unannounced from behind them, they started from their seats with astonishment looking round for an explanation. But when the swollen and pocky countenance of Neil met their view, wrought up we may suppose with no ordinary excitement, terror added wings to their feet, and they fled in the utmost consternation. Neil's father on hearing the poem to the end exclaimed "*Math thu fein a mhic, tha mi foicinn nach bu thuras callu' a thug thu dh' Eirinn*;" i. e. "Well done my son, I see your errand to Ireland has not been lost."

IAIN DUBH MAC IAIN 'IC-AILEIN.

JOHN M'DONALD, commonly *Iain Dubh Mac Iain 'Ic-Ailein*, i. e. John of black locks, son of John, the son of Allan, was a gentleman of the Clanronald family, and was born about the year 1665. He received all the advantages of education, together with the opportunities that the times in which he lived offered to a man of observation. He was immediately descended from the Maer family—a great branch of the Clanronalds—of whom many individuals were highly distinguished for prowess, wit, and poetical powers. He resided in the island of Eig, on the farm of Grulean.

Mr. M'Donald was not a poet by profession, although he was considered by good judges not inferior to any bard of his age. He lived in easy circumstances. Amid his rural pursuits, he had ample time to woo the muses, or pass his leisure as inclination or opportunity occurred. He, therefore, put himself under no restraint, but sung when inspired, and made observations on men and manners; and his remarks were generally allowed to be shrewd and just. Few anecdotes can be expected of a man who passed a quiet life in such circumstances. He always held a respectable rank in society. His poems display taste and elegance, and his compositions, occasional and gratuitous as they were, must have been numerous.

ORAN DO MHAC-MHIC-AILEIN.

A Bhliadhna gus an Aimsir so,
Gu'm b' fhoirmeil sinn an Ormaiceit,
'N cuirt an leoghainn mbearcasaich,
Ge fear-ghalach ro mhorghalach,
Ge smachdail, reachdail calmar' thu,
'S ro-anamanta neo morchuisseach,
Am beul o'n blas' thig argamaid,
'S tu dhearbhadh le ceart colas i.

Gur h-e fhad 's o'n dh' fhalbh thu nainn,
Dh' fhad ime-cheisteach an comhnaidh sinn,
Gu'm b' fhearr leinn thu bhi sealgair eachd,
Air talamh garbh na mor-thìre,
Thu fein 's do bhuidheann ainmeineach,
Na n eireadh farragradh fopa-san,
Bhiodh sunndach lughor arm-cleasach,
Sluagh garbh-bhuilleach, garg, comhragach.

Gu'm bi fìd a gheala-bhratach,
'S neo-chearbach an tus comh-stri i,
Tha chuis ud ar a dhearbhadh leibh,
Aig ro mhiad fearrdha 's crodhalachd,
A liuthad oigear barraiceach,
A bhuailleadh tailm le stroic-lannabh,
O Sheile ghlas nan geala-bhradan,
Gu Inbhear gainmhich Mòr-thìre.

Tha Cana 's Eig a' geilleachdainn,
Do 'n treun fhear ud mar uachdaran,
O'n 's ann leatsa dh' eireas iad,
Deun fein gach treud dhiu' bhuachailleachd,
Am fiubhaidh gasda threubhach sin,
Nach labhar beurtean truailidh leo,
An laochraidh thaitneach gheur-lannach,
A theid air ghleus gu fuathasach.

A Uidhist thig na ceudan ort,
Fir bheur' a reubadh chusainteanann,
Nach gabhadh sgreamh no deistinne,
Roimh fhlasan geur a cruaidh-shneachda,
Bhur samhail riabh cha d' eirich dhuibh,
An lathair feum no cruaidh-chuise,
Gu cnoidheach, lotach, beumanach,
Gu fuilteach, creuchdach, luath-lamhach.

'S mòr a bhuaidh 's na tiolaicean,
'S an inntinn a' fuaighte riut,
Tha gradh gach duine chi thu ort,
Cha 'n eol dhomh fhin fear fuatha dhut,
Fear sgipidh, measail, fìrinneach,
Fear sìthmalte, seamh, suaireil thu,
Fear sunndach, muirneach, briodalach,
Sar chuirteir gu'n ghionn buathanta.

Fear borb ro-gharg do-chaisgt thu,
 Na'n eireadh stri no tuasaid ort,
 Do bhuirb ri t-fheing ga miadachadh,
 'S tu 'n leoghann neimneach, buan-thosgach,
 Mar bhuinne reothairt fìor bhras thu,
 Mar thuinn ri tìr a bualadh thu,
 Mar bharr na lasrach fìor-loisgeach,
 'S tu an dreagan ri linn cruadh-chogaidh.

Mo chionsa an t-armunn priseil ud,
 Mo sheobhag fìor-ghlan uasal thu,
 An onoir ghleidh do shìnsireachd,
 'S e miad an guionh a fhuair dhaibh i,
 Gu'n d'fhag iad daingheann sgrìobht agad,
 Fo lamh an rìgh le shuaicheantas,
 Bhiodh t-ard fhear coimheid dilis air,
 'N uair dh-fhas an rìghachd tuair-shreupach.

Cur ro glan na friamhaichean,
 'S a fhion-fhuil as 'n do bhuaineadh tu,
 Mo Raonullach bras mìleanta,
 Cruaidh cinnteach de mheir-chruaghach thu,
 Ar caraig dhaighean dhìleas thu,
 Cha 'n ann gu'n stri' theid gluasad ort,
 Ar ceanna-bheairt 's ar sgiath dhìdein thu,
 'S ar claidheamh dìreach buan-sheasach.

Bu blath ann am na sìochthaimh thu,
 'S bu phrìunnsalach ma t-uaisleach thu,
 Air mhiad 's ge 'n cosg thu chisìn ris,
 Cha 'n fhaic thu dìth air tuathanach,
 Do bhauntraichean 's do dhìleachdain,
 Gur h-e do nì-sa dh' fhuasgladh orr',
 Deanaidh urnaidh dhìcheallach,
 Gu 'n cumadh Criosda suas dhuinn thu.

M A R B H R A N N

DO MHAC MHIC-AILEIN.

A bhliadhna leuma d'ar milleadh,
 An coig-deug 's a mìl' eile,
 'S na seachd ceud a roinn imeachd,
 Chaill sinn ur-ros ar finne,
 'S geur a leus air ar cinneadh ra'm beo.
 'S geur a leus air, &c.

Mo sgeul cruaidh 's mo chradh cridhe,
 Ar triath Raonullach dlìtheach,
 Dh-ordaich Dia dhuinn mar thighearn'
 Gu la-bhrath nach dean tighinn,
 'S tu 'n Inbhir-Phephri fò' rithe na'm bord,
 'S tu 'n Inbhir-Phephri, &c.

Marcach sunndach nam pillein,
 Air each cruidheach nach pilleadh,
 Nach d' ghabh curam no giorag,
 An am dublachaidh 'n teine,
 Mo sgeul geur bha do spiorad ro-mhor,
 Mo sgeul geur, &c.

Cuirtear aigeantach, mìleant'
 Muirneach, maonasach, fìor-ghlic,
 Ga 'n robh cleachdadh gach tìre,
 Agus fasan gach rìghachd
 Teanga bhlasda ri innse gach sgeoll.
 Teanga bhlasda, &c.

Leoghann tartarach, meanmnach,
 'S cian 's a fad a chaidh ainm ort,
 Beul a labhradh neo-cheurbach,
 Bu mhor do mheas aig fìr Alba,
 'S tu toirt brosnachadh calma do'n t-shlogh.
 'S tu toirt brosnachadh, &c.

Fiuran gasda, deas, dealbhach,
 'Sgathan tlachdar na h-Armait,
 'N uair a dh'eireadh an fhearg ort,
 B' ann air ghile 's fiamh dearg oirr,
 Cha ruin pillidh bha meamna 'n laoiach oig.
 Cha ruin pillidh, &c.

Bha thu teom ann 's gach fearra-ghnuimh,
 Bu tu sgiobair na fairge,
 Ri la cas 's i tighin gailbheach,
 'N uair a dheireadh i garbh ort,
 'S tu gu'n diobradh an t-anabhar ma bord.
 'S tu gu'n diobradh, &c.

'N am siubhal a gharbhlaich.
 Bu tu taghadh an t-shealgair,
 As do laimh bu mhor m'earbsa,
 Air an fhiadh bu tu 'n cealgair,
 'S tu roinn gaoith' agus talmhuinn ma shroi.
 'S tu roinn gaoith, &c.

Oirne dh' imich am cathas,
 An sgrìob so thainig o thuath oirnn,
 Tha ar cabaill air fuasgladh,
 Chaidh ar n-eirthire sguabadh,
 A's sinn mar chuilleanan cuaine gu'n treoir.
 A's sinn mar chuilleanan, &c.

Chaill sinn reulla nan dualamh,
 Chaidh ar riaghailt a ghluasad,
 Ar cairt-iuil air falbh uainne,
 Bhrist ar stiur; mo cheud truaighe,
 Sinn mar luing ann a' chuan 's i gu'n seol.
 Sinn mar luing, &c.

Sinn mar luing gun mhathair,
 Mar threud gun bhuachaille gnathaicht
 Sinn fò bhruid aig ar namhaid,
 H-uile fear a' toirt tair dhuinn,
 'S na coin luirge gach la air ar toir.
 'S no coin luirg, &c.

Dhuinn 's neo-shubhach an geamhradh,
 An rusag a thug sinn gu Galltachd,
 Cha bu bhuannaich ach call dhuinn,
 Nis mar chòlainn gun cheann sinn
 O roinn Raonull a's t-shamhradh uainn falbh
 O roinn Raonull, &c.

A gnuis a b' aillidh ri sirreadh,
An t-shuil bu bhlaithe gu'n tioma,
An leoghann ard air dheagh-oilean,
'Naca d' chuir ugh an gnìomh fòilleil,
Ach an rioghalachd shoilleir gu'n leoin,
Ach an rioghalachd, &c.

'S oil leam caradh do cheile,
'S bean na h-aonar a'd' dheidh i,
'N deigh a sgaradh o ceud-gràdh,
Mhic 'Ic-Ailein o'n dheug thu,
Fhir a leanadh an fheid mar bu choir.
Fhir a leanadh, &c.

Ach fhir thug Maois as an Euphaid,
'S a sgoilt a mhuir na clar reidh dhaibh,
Thug an triuir as an eigin
O bhi daghadh an creuchdan;
A Rìgh nan rìgh na leig eucoir da'r coir.
A Rìgh na'n rìgh, &c.

MARBHRANN

DO SHIR IAIN MAC-ILLEAN TRIATH DHUBHAIRT.

IOMRAICH me bheannachd,
Gu Bainn-tighearna Thamair,
Bean 's am beil barrachd,
De charantachd naduir;
Chunaic mise gu dlìgheil,
A suilean ri snithe,
'S i 'g aireamh mar mhi-adh,
Sior Iain da fagail:
Bha dorainn a cridhe,
Cho moire ga ruighinn,
'S mar gu 'm biodh e air tighinn,
O dhearbh nighean a mathar:
Gu cronachadh sgeula,
Bhiodh fada 'na dheigh sin,
Thug Mairiread na feile,
Spor gheur do'n fhear-dhana.

Nach iongnadh ri chlaistin,
Gu'm beil mise o cheann fada,
Ann an turcadsach-adail,
Agus m' acaid ro-chraiteach;
Tha cneidh air mo ghiulan,
S mi leig air a'dusgadh,
Air eagal le' burach,
Gun uraich i'm bas dhomh,
Gidheadh cha sgeul-ruine,
Ach sgeula 's mor curam,
Sir Iain gu'n dusgadh,
An dlu chiste chlaraibh;
B'e so an fhras chiuraidh,
A mhill ar n-abhall's ar n-ubhian:
Roinn ar dosgainn a chrunadh,
Fhrois am fìr bharr a gharaidh.

B'e fein ar crann dosrach
A chomhdaich le choltas
Gur a coilltichun solta
'N dh-fhas toiseach a fhreamha

Gu'n dreadhunn gu'n chrionach,
Gun chritheann gu'n chrin-fhiodh,
Ach geugan ro phrìeill,
Do dh-fhion-fhuil na Spaine,
Bha fios aig luchd leubhaidh,
'S aig seannachaidhean geura,
Air ar teachd o *Ghathelus*,
As an Euphaid a thainig,
Slìochd mhilidhean treuna,
Fhuair ceannas na h-Eireann,
Mar bha fìr na feile,
Agus Eirimon dana.

O'n ghin sibh o Scota,
Bha bhuaidh air bhuir cordai,
A' dearbhadh 's a comhdach,
Am por as an d' fhas sibh,
Far an gabhadh sibh comhnaidh,
Bu leibh ceannas na foid sin,
Le iomadaidh corach,
Agus moran a bharr air,
Ciad nighean Mhic-Domhnuill,
Mar mhairiste posda,
B'e n seanaileir comhraig,
'N ciad Thoisich a's armann.

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O'n shuidhich sibh lu-chairt,
Bha dh-aileachd 'nar n-urais,
Gur h-iomarcach duthaich,
Bh'air an cuinneadh le pairt dhibh,
Bha de dh-airde 'nar giubhsaich,
'S nach tugadh each paic dhibh,
'S nach bu tric le luchd diumba,
Ar lubadh le taire,
Ach 's e n rud a thug sgiurs oirbh,
Gu'm bu chinne le crun sibh,
'S gu'm b'e dlìgh bhuir duthchais,
Bhìdh san-iuil dheth 'm biodh iadsan,
Ge d' bha sin ann sa tim sin,
Na mhios 's na mhor mhisleann,
Tha e nis gu truagh lionte,
Daor tri-fille paighte.

Tha seann-fhacal eil ann,
Tha cho fìr 's mar a their iad,
Ge b'e neach air am beir e,
Bi'dh chneidh dheireannach craiteach,
Ge d' tha sinne ri achdain,
Na dh-fhalbh o cheann fad orinn,
Bhiodh ar duil ri bhi' beartach,
Na m biodh againn na dh-fhag sin,
Ach tha ar nadur cho truaighe,
'S nach faic sinn ar buannachd,
"Cha leir math an fhuarain,
Gus an uair sin an traigh e,"
Tha e nios na ni' soilleir,
Da'r nabuidhean comuinn,
Gun do bhristeadh mar phronnaig-
Gara'-droma nan Gael.

Fear gasda gun chrine,
 Bha ainmeil san rioghachd,
 Cha bu tric a luchd mi-ruin,
 Ri n innseadh no 'n aireamh,
 Bu chompanach rìgh thu,
 Am fear neamnach mor fri-ghlie,
 Cha 'n fbaiete e fo dhiobradh,
 Ach am prìsealachd stata,
 Ann an cogadh luchd strithe,
 Cha robh mas' air ri innse,
 Ghleidh e onoir a shinnridh,
 'S ann a mhìodaich e n-ardachd,
 Cha robh e, cha b' fhaic leis,
 Bhi falbh fo bhrat fillte,
 Eadar e bhiodh na mhin-fhear,
 Agus fuid a laithean.

Bha e mor ann a maidachd,
 Bha e mor gu bhi rioghachd,
 Bha e mor ann an grìde,
 Ann am firinn 's an cairdeas,
 Bu mhor e ri fhàin,
 Bu mhor air gach achd e,
 Bu mhor e na phearsa,
 Na ghaslachd 's na ailleachd,
 Bha e mor air son diulaich,
 Bha e mor gu bhi sugach,
 Bha e mor an dheagh ghiulan,
 Ann an cuirteannan arda,
 Bha e mor ann a misrich,
 Bha e mor ann an gliocas,
 Bha e mor gun cheist idir,
 'S ear ghibhteannan naduir.

Na m biodh e ri fhuasgladh,
 O n bhas a thug buaidh air,
 Gur a h-iomadh laoch cruadail,
 A ghluaisleadh 'na fhabhar,
 An t-ainm coithcheanta mor sin,
 Ri'n gairte Clann-Domhnuill,
 O thoiseach an cordais,
 'S iad bu phor da chiad mathair,
 Agus uaislean nan Leodach,
 Thaobh fala agus feola,
 Mur lanain ur phosda,
 Leis 'm bu deonach bhi' gradhach,
 Chunnacas mar phuthar,
 An gruaidhean air dubhadh,
 Mar gun deanadh lan phiuthar,
 Geur chumba ma brathair.

Cia ma'n fagainn an diochuimhn',
 Dream eile da dhislean?
 Bha na cinn bu mho pris dhiu,
 Ro dhileas am pairt dhut,
 Fir ghasda gun chrine,
 Bha ainmeil 's an rioghachd,
 Mar bha'n cinneadh mor prìseil,
 So shìolaich o Bhancho,
 O thoiseach an dualchais,
 Cha robh smal air an cruadal,
 Ach 'm beagan beag suarach,
 So fhuair iad an drasda,
 'S e n tabhar a lot sinn,
 Nach e gnìomh a bha lochdach,

Ach an dearbha mhi-fhorton,
 Bha'n toiseach 's an abhar.

Na m b'aithne dhomh innse,
 Bha e mor ann san rioghachd,
 Ann am fala gun isle,
 'S ann an loughoireachd chairdean,
 Le seannachas ri frinn,
 O thoiseach an linne,
 'S e fein 's Iarla-Shi-Phort,
 Sliochd dìreachd da brathar,
 Agus triath Ghlinne-Garaidh,
 Ann an dlu-cheangal fala,
 E cho teann air a cheangal,
 S nach e sgaradh a b'aill leo,
 'S e leantainn o'n tìl sin,
 Gu'n mhiosguinn gu'n mhi-ruin,
 'S nach gluasair le innleachd,
 Gu dilinn 's gu brath e.

Bu cheart sheannachas, 's cha tagradh,
 Thaobh falachd is caidreamh,
 Dhut Caipitin Chlann-ra'uill,
 Bha mar riut, sa' ghabhadh
 Do chois-nabhadh taitneach,
 'S do chompanach leapa,
 N am marachd a's astair,
 'S 'nuair stadadh am marsal,
 Bha thu ad t-fhianais air sìleadh,
 A cheuchdhan, cho-mire,
 Ri 'oras easraich pinne,
 'S a spiorad 'ga fhagail,
 Agus uaislean a dhuthcha,
 Ri caoidhearan tursach,
 'S an cridh air a chiurradh,
 Ma mhuirneinn nan Gael.

Thaobh dligh' agus dualchais,
 Bu daimheil ma d' ghuaillibh,
 Mac-Neill o na cuaintaibh,
 'S a dhaoin' uaisle gu'n taire,
 'Nuair a dheireadh oirbh trioblaid,
 'S ann da iunnsaidh a thigeadh,
 Le iartras cho bige,
 Ri Litir a laimhe,
 Chunnac cach e cho soilleir,
 Teachd le cabhlaichin troma,
 De luchd nan gath loma
 Na choinnidh do dh-Aros,
 'N uair a thachradh e rin,
 Mar Thriath 's mar cheann-uidhe,
 Dheanadh fhiontan iad subhach,
 'S bu bhuidheach 'n am fhagail.

Mar choir bho na fhlaithes,
 Bha ranntanan mhatha,
 Mac-Ionnmuinn an t-Shratha;
 'S cha ghabhadh e fath air:
 Ann an aimsir na ruaige,
 'N uair a ruigeadh luchd fuath e,
 Ba ghasda an ceann sluagh e,
 'N uair a ghluaisiste leis armuinn:
 Bha e-san 's an tìl sin,
 Gr'n mhasla, gun mhi-chliu,

Ann am fochar a shinnasridh,
Le gniomharadh dana;
Nis o chaochail iad cleachdadh,
As an aite bu cheart daibh,
Chluinn sibh fein mar a thachair,
Dhaibh ann an cath Mhara.

Ach 's e raghainn a ni mi,
Bheir mi gloir so gu fàid,
'S nach glicas no oriondachd,
Dhomh mhiad 's tha mi 'g raitte,
Gur h-e Flonnachd san tim sibh,
Ann an sireamh no 'n innseadh,
'N uair a bha sibh gu'n diobradh,
'N-ar miad is 'n-ar airde,
Eadar Sgalpa 's caol-Ile,
Ge do b' fharsuinn na crìochan,
Bha roinn do gach tìr dhiu
Fo chis duibh a' paigheadh,
Nis o thuit na stuic fhion-fhuil,
Ris an abairt na rìghrean,
Tha na geagan bu dils' dhaibh,
Air orionadh 'na'n aobhar.

ORAN

NAM FINEACHAN GAELACH.

'S i so 'n aimsir a dhearbhar
An targanach dhuinn,
'S bras meannach fir Alba
Fo 'n armaibh air thus;
'N uair dh' eireas gach treun-laoch
Nan eideadh glan ur,
Le run feig' agus gairge,
Gu sèirbhis a chruin.

Theid mathaibh na Gaeltachd
Gle shanntach sa chuis,
'S gur lionmhor each seang-mhear
A dhamhsas le sunnd,
Bì'dh Sasunnaich caillte
Gun taing dhaibh ga chionn,
Bì'dh na Frangaich nan campaibh
Gle theann air an cul.

'N uair dh' eireas Clann-Domhnuill
Na leoghainn tha garg,
Na beo-bheithir, mhor-leathunn,
Chonnspunnaich, gharbh,
Luchd sheasamh na corach
G'an ordugh lamh-dhearg,
Mo dhoigh gu'm bu ghorach
Dhaibh toiseachadh oirbh.

Tha Rothaich a's Rosaich,
Gle dheonach teachd 'nar ceann,
Barraich an treas seorsa,
Tha chomhnaidh measg Ghall;
Clann Donachaidh cha bhreug so
Gun eireadh fìbh 's gach am,

Mar sin is clann Reabhair
Fir ghleusta, nach eiad gu'n bhì annt.

'S iad Clann-an-Nab an seorsa
A theid boidheach nan triall,
'S glan comhdach nan comhlainn
Luchd leonadh nam fiadh;
Iad fein a's Clann-Pharlain
Dream ardanach, dian,
'S ann a b' abhaist gan aircamh
Bhì 'm fubhar Shìol-Chuinn.

Na Leodaich am por glan
Cha b' fhòlach 'ur sìol,
Dream rioghail gun fhòtus
Nan gorsaid, 's nan sgiath,
Gur neartmhor, ro-eolach
'Ur n-oig-fhìr, 's 'ur lìath,
Gur e crudal 'ur dualehas
A dh' fhuasgail sibh riamh.

Clann Iomhuinn o'n Chreithich
Fir ghle ghlan gu'n smur,
Luchd nan cuilbheirean gleusda
Nam fenna nach diult:
Thig Niallaich th' air suile
Air bharcainn nan sugh,
Le 'n cabhlach luath lan-mhor
O Bhaghan nan tur.

Clann-Illean o'n Dreollainn
Theid sunndaah san ruaig,
Dream a chlosadh aineart,
Gun taing choisinn buaidh;
Dream rioghail do-chiosaicht,
Nach strìochda do'n t-sluagh,
'S iomadh mìle deas, dìreach,
B'ar linninn dhuibh suas.

Gur guineach na Duimhnic
'N am bhriseadh cheann,
Bì'dh enuachdan gan spuachdadh
Le cruadal 'ur lann,
Dream uasal ro uaimhreach,
Bu dual bhì san Fhraing,
'S ann o Dhiarmad a shìolaich
Por lionmhor nach gann.

Tha Stiubhartaich ur ghlan
Nam fùrain gun ghliomh,
Fir shunndach nan lu-chleas
Nach tionndaidh le fiamh,
Nach gabh curam roi mhùiseag
Cha b' fhu leo bhì crìon,
Cha bu shugradh do dhu-ghall
Cuis a bhuin dhibh.

Gur lionmhor laiah theoma
Aig Eoghann Loch-iall,
Fir cholganda, bhorganda,
'S oirdheirce gniomh,

Iad mar thuillbheum air chorra-ghleus,
'S air chon-fhadh ro dhian
'S i mo dhuilse nam rusgadh
Nach diult sibh dol sìos.

Clann-Mhuirich nach soradh
A chionnspairn ud ial,
Dream fhuilteach gun mhor-chuis
Ga'n coir a bhi fial,
Gur gaisgeil fìor-sheolta,
Ar mor thionail chind,
Ni sibh spoltadh air feolach
A stroicendh fo 'n ian.

Tha Granndaich mar b' abhaist
Mu bhraidh uisge Spe,
Fìr laidir ro-dhaicheil
Theid dan anns an streup,
Nach farr cuirdeas no fabhar
Air namhaid fo'n ghrein;
'S i n-ur lamhach a dh'fhagas
Fuil bhlath air an fheur.

Tha Frisealaich ainmeil
Aig seannachaibh nan crìoch,
Fìr gharbha ro chalmu,
'Ur fearg cha bu shì;
Tha Catanaich foirmeil
Sì 'n armaichd am miann,
'An eath gairbheach le 'r n-armaibh
A dhearbh sibh 'ur gnìomh.

Clann-Choinnich o thuath dhuinn
Luchd bhuannachd gach cis;
Gur fuasgailteach, luath-lamhach
'Ur n-uaislean san strì;
Gur lionmhor 'ur tuadh-cheathairn
Le 'm buailtibh de nì;
Thig sluagh dùmhal gu'n chunnta
A duthaich Mhic-Aoidh.

Nis o chuimhnich mi m' iomrall,
'S fath iunntraichinn iad,
Fìr chunnabhalach chumaite,
Ni cuimse le 'n laimh,
Nach dean iomluas mu aona-chuis
Chionn iunntais gu brath,
Gur muirneach ri 'n iomradh
Clann-Fhiunnlaidh Bhrai'-bharr.

Thig Gordanaich, 's Greumaich,
Grad gleusd as gach tìr;
An cogadh rìgh Tearlach
Gum b' fheumail dha sibh;
Griogaraich nan geur-lann
Dream speiseil nam pìos,
Air leam gum bi 'n eucoir,
'Nuair dh' eighthe sibh sìos.

Siosalaich nan geur-lann
Theid treun air chul arm,
An Albainn 's an Eirinn
B' e 'ur beus a bhi garg,

An am dol a bhualadh,
B' e 'n cruadal 'ur calg,
Bu ghluineach ur beumnan
'N uair dh' eireadh 'ur fearg.

Nam biodh gach curaidh treun-mhor
Le cheile san am,
Iad aigron inntinn dhirich
Gun fhiaradh, gun cham,
Iad cho cinnteach ri aon fhear,
'S iad titheach air geall,
Dh' aindeoin muiseng nan hu-Ghall,
Thig cuis thar an ceann.

CROSDHANACHD

FÌR NAN DRUIMNEAN.

Tha bith ur an tìr na Dreollainn,
'S coir dhuinn aithris,
Tha moran deth tigh'n am blochionnt'
Ri gnas Shasainn,
Ni 'm beil duin' uasal, no iosal,
No fear fearainn,
Leis nach aill, gu moran buinig,
Ceird a bharrachd.
Tha ceird ur aig fear nan Druimnean,
Th' air leinn tha cronail;
B'aill leis fein a dhol an aite
Mhaisteir Sgoile,
An t-oide sin fein a rinn fhoghlum,
Le glòir Laideann,
Ghlacadh leis, gun chead a chairdean,
A cheaird a bh'aige.

Labhairt—'S e an t-aobhar a thug do dhaoine aire thoirt do shannt an sgoileir so, 'nuair a mhiannaich se cheaird do bhi aig oide foghlum, nach 'laimhsicheadh e i, mar laimhsicheadh an t-oide foghlum fein i. Oir 'nuair a ghabhadh an t-oide foghlum air a dhaltachan, 's ann a ghabhadh e air na leanaban, ach 's ann a ghabhadh an sgoileir sanntach so air na daoine arsaidh mar an ceudna. 'Nuair ghabhadh an t-oide foghlum air a dhaltachan, 's ann a ghabhadh e air na ciontaich, ach 's ann a ghabhadh an sgoileir sanntach air na neo-chiontaich. 'S ann uaith sin a dubhrad—"Saoilidh am fear a bhios na thamh, gur e fein a's fearr lamh air an stiuir," ach cha mho gur h-e.

Cha'n ionnsaich e clann, no leanabain,
Mar bu choir dha,
Gus am bi iad na'n daoin' arsaidh
Fo 'n lan fheosaig,

Cha tugadh an Cillmocheallaig
 Breath bu chlaoine,*
 No ní rinn an ceann a b' áird,
 A' mas 'ga dhioladh.
 Gabhail do chríos an ársaídh,
 Air mas sean-duin',
 'S fada ma'n ionnsaich an gníomh sin
 Ciall do theangaidh,
 Ge be labhras ris an fhear ud, †
 Coir, no ea-coir,
 Gabhur air a ghoirt' de stracaibh
 Le críos feilidh.

Labhairt—Agus b'fhíor do'n duine sin, cha d'fhuaireadh riann rud a dh'ionnsachadh teanga droch mhuinte, bu mheasa na gabhail air na masar ann an aobhar na teanga, agus an teanga thuigsinn gur h-ann na h-aobhar fein a fhuair am mas am mor-gleusadh sin. Mar deanadh sin a ciall ní bu mheasa, cha deanadh e idir ní b'fhearr i. Uaith sin a dubhradh—"Am fear nach ionnsaich laimh ri ghluin, cha'n ionnsaich laimh ri vilean."

A chuideachd da'm bu choir bhi diamhair,
 'S a ghna 'm falach,
 Cha d'fhagadh da'n díon bho chunnart,
 Sion de dh' earradh,
 Bha iad aon uair an lathair flanaís,
 An taigh greusaich.
 Dubhairt nighéan Shomhairle†
 Le rabhart, sa gnas siomhailt,
 'S coir gu'm beannaich sinn gu saibhear,
 Cuid gach Críosuidh.
 B'fhearr leam ge nach eil mi maoinéach,
 No luach gearrain,
 Gu'm biodh coltas do thriuir
 Gu turn aig Calum.‡

Labhairt—'S e aobhar thug do'n mhnao bheusaich, cheart, choir, so a radh, a run deagh chneasta, eum gu'm biodh aig a fear fein a leithid, sa bhíodh aig a nabaidhean; 's nach suil ghoínte, no lombais, a bh' aic air cuid a coimhearsnaich. Mar bh'aig Gillebríde Mac-an-t-Saoir ann an Rúthaig, an Tíríthe, an chloir an ceithir-fichaid ceare le aon bheum-sula, 's a bhris long mhor nan cuig crannag, a dhaindeoin a cablaichean sa h-acraichean. Uaith a sin a dubhradh—"Sann de'n cheaird a chungaidh."

Tha bith ur an tír na Dreollainn,
 A thog am Baron,
 Air gach aon fhear a labhras buna-chainnt,
 Rusgadh feamain,

Ma sgaoileas air feadh gach tíre,
 Am bith thog Tearlach,
 'S teann as nach feudadh ri h-uíne,
 E-fein bhi paighte.
 Ma rigeas an gearan so Seumas,
 Breitheamh sar-mhath,
 Cha tog e dochair mu dheidhbhin,
 Ach glag mor gaire.

Labhairt—Agus bha aobhar na dha aig an t-Síorramh choir air gair a dheanadh, thaobh gu'n d'rug timchioll-ghearradh aisan, le coimhearsnachd ban-Spaintedh do thachair ris. 'S ann uaith sin a dubhradh, "An duine ní teine math deanadh e-fein a gharadh ris."

Note.—The laird of Drulmin kept an old school-master in his house, in the double capacity of tutor to his children and goer of errands. The dominie was one day sent to a shoemaker who lived on the laird's grounds, with a message ordering a pair of new shoes for his master. The souter declined the honour intended him, alleging as a reason that it was a standing rule with him, "never to make a pair of shoes for any customer till the last which he had got were paid for." But there was another, if not rather a piece of the same, reason of the shoemaker's unwillingness to make the shoes—the laird was a *dreach* payer; one, in fact, who would run on an account to any conceivable length without ever thinking it time to settle it. Well, the wielder of the ferula returned, and reported to his master the *ipsissima verba* of the son of St. Crispin. The laird was so exasperated at the insolence of his retainer, that he immediately determined to be revenged on the souter; and, lest he should have the hardihood to deny his own words, he took the schoolmaster along with him. Now, the souter was a regular lickspittle; a mean, cringing, fawning, malicious, yet cowardly wretch; for, when the laird said to him, "Did you say to this gentleman," pointing to the dominie, "that you would make no more shoes for me till I had paid for the last I got?" "Oh no, no, Sir," said the shoemaker, with an air of surprise, "most willingly would I convert all the leather in my possession into shoes for your honour. I have but too much time to work for those who are not so able to pay me, and am therefore *always* at your service." The poor dominie was thunder-struck at the barefaced impudence of the "fause loon;" but ere he had time to utter a word in explanation, the laird had not only laid the flattering unction to his own soul, but seizing the preceptor by the throat, placed his head between his own knees in a twinkling, and clutching Crispin's foot-strop in the one hand, and lifting the dominie's phillabeg with the other, he therewithal plied him on the bare buttocks, so hotly and heavily that he had well nigh expended the "wrath" which he had so carefully been "nursing" for the rascally souter. How many stripes the wight received deponent hath not said, but true it is, the number far exceeded that prescribed by the law of Moses. Indeed it is doubtful whether "the man of letters" might not have lost his "precious spunk," if the shoemaker's better-half had not flown to his rescue. Gentle dame! well have I designated thee thy churlish husband's "*better-half*;" for though the poor schoolmaster was both disgraced and pained through his default, his eyes were blind and his heart hard as the "nether mill-stone." And though it may be that no grey stone points out the place of thy sepulture, yet has the bard embalmed thy name in his song.

* See note, page 24. † The shoemaker's wife.
 ‡ The shoemaker who had no children.

AN T-AOSDANA MAC-MHATHAIN.

THIS poet flourished in the seventeenth century. He lived in Lochalshe, Ross-shire, where he had free lands from the Earl of Seaforth, and was called his bard. He was a poet of great merit, and composed as many poems as would occupy a large volume; but as they were not committed to writing, they suffered the same fate with the productions of Nial Mac-Mhurich, and were lost by being trusted to memory alone. The two pieces given here is all that can now be found of his works. "*Cabar Feigh*" was not composed by him, as stated by some collectors of poetry. The first song given here was composed on the Earl of Seaforth, on his embarking at Dorny, of Kintail, for Stornoway. It has been imitated in English by Sir Walter Scott.

ORAN DO'N IARLA THUATHACH

TRIATH CHLANN-CHOINNICH.

DEOCH slainte 'n Iarla thuathaich,
A thriall an de thar chuaintean bhuain,
Le sgioba laidir luasanach,
Nach pilleadh cas na fuathas iad,
Muir gaireach air gach guallainn dh'i;
Air clar do luinge luaithe,
Gabh mi cead dhìot is fhuair mi 'n t-or.

Gu'n cumadh Dia bho bhaoghal thu,
Bho charraid cuain 's bho chaolasan,
Bho charraig fhuair gun chaomhalachd,
Seachd beannachd tuath is daonachd dhut,
Buaidh larach ri do shaoghail ort,
Fhir ghaoil ga t-fhaicinn beo.

Gur gaoth a deas a dh-eighinn dhut,
Gu'n chruas gu'n tais a sheideadh rith',
Fear bearta beachdail, geur-chuiseach,
Gu sunndach, bras, neo-cisleachach,
Bhi fuasgladh pailteas eudaich dh'i,
Ga bhreideadh air gach bord.

Gu'n innsinn gnìomh do stiùreadair,
Fear cuimhneach, ciallach, curamach,
'Dh' aithnìceadh fianh a chulanaich,
A chuireadh srian ri cursaireachd,
Mu 'm bristeadh trian a chuirnean oirr',
A mhuchadh e fo sroin.

T-fhear colais laidir, fradharcach,
Deas labhrach, gaireach, gleoghairach,
Min chinnteach, seolta, faighidneach,
Crann geadha na 'd laimh adhairtaich,
Mac Samhailr asg mhic-fraoire,
Sud mar thaghainn dhut na seoid.

Ma chaidh thu null thar chuainteanan,
Air darach naomh a ghluaisceadh tu,
Fìr bhuille saoir a 'dh fhuairgheas i,
Bìdh barrantas dhaoìn' uaisle leat,
Bìdh beannach bhochd, a's tuatha dhut,
Cha 'n eagal baoghal fudaich dhuibh,
Bìdh Dia ma 'n cuairt da d' sheol.

Mu sheol thu barc air fairge bhuainn',
Thu fein 's do choirneal Calamanach,
Fhuair cliu 'n cuirt na 'n Albannach,
Gur h-iomadh turn a dhearbhadh leat,
Be sud an leoghunn ainmeil,
Bu mhor seanachas air gach bord.

Gur tagha calla dh-innsinn dhut,
'N deidh na mara Si-phortaich,
Thu dhol gu fallain, firineach,
Do Steornabhaidh bho linnteanan,
Bithidh ro-fhìal gheala teinteannan,
Aig fìr 's aig mnai 's toil-inntinn orra,
Ri linn thu theachd gu 'n cors.

Gur h-iomadh sruthan firinneach,
Tha 'n linntichean an t-Si-phortaich,
Tha triath na h-Earradh dìleas dhut,
Le 'n connspainn fhearrail innsineach,
A Lochlainn thig na miltean,
Air chuan-sgith gu teach Mhic-Leoid.

'Nuair cruinneicheas na Sàileich leat,
'S do chinneadh neartmhor tabhachdach,
Bìdh mire, 's cluich, is gaireachdaich,

Sa'n ionnadh ann an tarladh sibh,
Cha 'n iognadh thu bhi ardanach,
Sa liuthad fion-fhuil aluinn,
A tha cairdeach ga do phor.

Bidh Tormod og na shiubhal leat,
Sìol-Leoid nan ro-seol uidheamach,
Fhir stolta, chomhnart, shuidhichte,
Bidh o' gu leoir nam suidhe dhaibh,
Bidh fion is beoir le subhachas,
Air piosaibh buidhe oir.

M A R B H R A N N

DO DH' ALASDAIR DUBH GHLINNE-GARADH.

FHUAIR mi sgeula moch di-ciadain,
Air laimh fheuma bha gu creuchdach,
'S leoir a gheurad ann sa 'n leumsa,
A nall o'n treud bha buaghar.

O Dhun-Garannach ur allail,
Na'n turp meara, 's nan steud seanga,
Nan gleus glana, 's ceutach sealladh,
Beuchdail, allaidh, uaimhreach.

Gur dubhach, deorach, tha Ciann Domh-
nuill,
Mu chreach Chnoideirt neart nan roiseol,
Gaisgich chrodha, nach tais 'n am comhraig,
Mo chreach mhor 's mo chruadal.

Gur goirt an sgaradh tha'n Gleann-garadh,
O'n dh' fhalbh leannan nan arm glana,
Da'm b'ainm Alasdair, ceann nam beannachd
Glac nan geal lann cruaghach.

Bu chall curaidh do dh' Alb' uile,
O dh' fhalbh cuilein, nan arm guineach,
Bu gharg turas, 'n sealg nan cunnart,
'N am dha bhuille bhualadh.

'San rioghachd so fein bu fhilathail t-fheum
'S bu sgathail beum do chladheimh geir,
Do shamhailt fein cha'n fhac o'n dh' eug thu,
Ghaisgeich euchdaich, bhughaich.

Ge b'e dhuiscgadh t-ain-iochd,
Bu dluth dha carraid, 'n tus tarrauin
Rusgadh lannan, surd air ghearradh,
Bruchdan fal air ghuailllean.

'S tu'n Donullach dian, connspunn nan
triath,
Morghalach fial, ro lodraich nan eliar,
Leis an oilte fion, agus or ga dhiol,
Ann an aitribh nan crìoch sluaghail.

A shliochd rìgh Fionnaghail,
Nan corn geala-ghlaic 's nan srol balla-
bhreac,
'M por nach cearbach, dol fo 'n armaibh,
'N am nan garbh-chath ruaidhneach.

Ach buaidh a's slainte an fhir a dh-fhag thu,
Duineil, braithreil, cinneil, cairdeil,
Gaol bho namhaid, gradh bho chairdean,
A shliochd nan armunn uasal.

AN T-AOSDANA MAC-'ILLEAN.

HECTOR MACLEAN, commonly called *Eachann Bacach an t-Aosdana*, lived in the seventeenth century, and was poet to Sir Lachlan M'Lean, of Duart, from whom he had a small annuity. After much inquiry, we have not been able to procure any particulars of his life worth publication, or seen any more of his productions than are published in this work. The following elegy attracted the particular attention of the late Sir Walter Scott, and he has published an imitation, or free translation, which is every way worthy of that great bard.

MARBHIRANN DO SHIR LACHUINN MAC-GHILLEAIN

TRIATH DHUBH-AIRD.

THRIALL ar bunadh gu Phara,
Co b'urrainn da sheanchas?
Mac-Mhuirich,* Mac-Fhearguis,
Craobh a thuinich re aimsir,
Fhriamhaich bunannan Alba,
Chuidich fear dhiu' cath-Gairiach,
Fhuair sinn ullaidh fear t-ainme theachd beo.
Fhuair sinn, &c.

Cha chraobh chuire cha phlannta,
Cha chnodh bho'n uraidh o'n d' fhas thu,
Cha bhla chuirte ma bhealltainn,
Ach fas duillich a's meanglain,
A miar mullaich so dh' fhas sinn,
Cuir a Chriosd tuilleadh an aite na dh'
fhalbh.
Cuir a Chriosd, &c.

'S mor puthtar an raith-se,
'S trom an dubhadh-sa dh' fhas oirnn,
Gur ro cumhann leinn t-ardach,
'N ciste luthaidh na'n claran,
'S fad is cuimhne leinne caradh nam bord.
'S fad is cuimhne, &c.

Chaidh do chiste 'n taigh geamhraidh,
Cha do bhrist thu chno shamhna,
Misneach fear Innse-Gall thu,
'S mor is miste do ranntaidh,
Nach do chlisg thu roi' naimhdean,
Fhir bu mheasail an campa Mhontroise.
Fhir bu mheasail, &c.

Fhir bu rioghaile cleachdadh,
'S tu bu bhiganta faicinn,
A dol sios an bhar machrach,
Bhiodh na miltin ma d' bhrataich,

* Clerk-Register of Icolmkill.

Chuid bu phriseile 'n eachdraidh,
Luchd do mhi-ruin na'n caist ort,
'S ann a dh' innste leo t-fhasan,
'Nuair bu sgi leo cuir sgapaidh na'm feoil.
'Nuair bu sgith, &c.

Cha bhiodh buannachd do d' namhaid,
Dol a dh' fhuasgladh bhuat lamhuinn,
Bha thu buadhach 's gach aite,
Cha b'e fuath mhie a mhaile,
Fear do shnuadh theachd na fhardaich,
Cha dath uaine bu bhla dhut,
'Nuair a bhuaileadh an t-ardan ad phor.
'Nuair a bhuaileadh, &c.

Gu'm b' aithriseach t-fheum dhaibh,
'N am nan crannan a bheumadh,
Chum nan deannal a sheideadh,
Bhiodh lann thana chruaidh, gheur ort,
'S tu fad la air an t-sheirm sin,
Cha tigeadh lag-bhuile meirbh bho do
dhorn.
Cha tigeadh, &c.

'N aile chunaic mi aimsir,
'S tu ri siubhal na sealga,
Cha bu chuig ort a' gharbhach,
Pie de'n inbhar cha d' fhas i,
Chuireadh umhal na spairn ort,
Cha bhiodh fuithil a tarruinne,
'Nam biodh lutha na crannaghail,
Chuireadh siubhal fo carr-ite 'n coin.
Chuireadh siubhal, &c.

Glac chomhnart an caradh,
'M bian roineach an t-sheana bhrute,
Cinn storach o'n cheardaich,
Cha bhiodh oirleach gu'n phathadh,

Eadar smeoirn agus gaine,
Le neart corcaich a Flannas,
Cha bhiodh feolach an tearmad,
Air an seoladh tu'n crann sin ad dheoin.
Air an seoladh, &c.

Cha b'e sin mo luan-Caisge,
'Nuair a bhuail a ghath bais thu,
'S trnagh a dh'fhag thu do chairdean,
Mar ghair sheillein air laraich,
'N deigh a mealunnan fhagail,
No uain earraich gu'n mhathair,
'S fada chluinnear an garaich mu'n chro.
'S fada chluinnear, &c.

Gu'm bu mhath do dhiol freasdail,
'N taigh mor am bial feagair,
Uisge beatha nam feadan,
Ann am piosan ga leigeil,
Sin a's clarsach ga spreigeadh ri ceol.
Sin a's clarsach, &c.

Bhuineadh dhinne na ur-ros,
Fear ar taighe 's ar crun air,
Ghabh an rathad air thus uainn,
Liuthad latha ri chunntas,
Bh'aig maithibh do dluthcha,
Miad an aighear 's a muirne,
Bha mi tathaich do chuirte,
Seal mu'm b' aithne dho 'n turlar a
dh'fhalbh,
Seal mu'm b' aithne, &c.

B'eol dhomh innse na bh'aca,
Gu'm ba'n do mhiannan Shìr Lachuinn,
Bhiodh 'g ol fiona 'n taigh farsainn,
Le mnaidh rimheach neo-as-caoin,
Gloir bhinn agus macnais,
Ann 'san am sin 'm bu ghna leibh bhi poit.
Ann 'san am sin, &c.

'N am na faire bhiodh glasadh,
Bhiodh chlarsach ga creachadh,
Cha bhiodh ceol innte an tasgaidh,
Ach na meoir ga thoirt aiste,
Gu'n leon laimhe gu'n laige,
Gus 'm bu mhiannach leibh cadal gu foill.
Gus 'm bu mhiannach, &c.

Bhiodh na cearraich ri braise,
Iomairt thaileasg ma'n seach orr',
Fir foirne ri tartar,
Toirm a's mathadh air chairtean,
Dolair spainteach a's tastain,
Bhi' ga'n dioladh gu'n lasan na'n lorg.
Bhi' ga'n dioladh, &c.

Thug each teist air do bheusan,
Bha gradh a's eagal mhic Dhe ort,
Bha fath seirce ga d' cheill ort,
Bha aoigh deiseach a's deilbh ort,
Cha robh ceist ort mar threun fhear,
Bhiodh na agriobhtair ga'n leubhadh,
Ann ad thalla ma'n eireadh do bhord.
Ann ad thalla, &c.

Ge bu lionmhar ort frasachd,
Chum thu direach do d' mhacabbh,
Do bhreid rimheach gu'n srachdadh,
Cha do dhiobair ceann slait thu,
O'n 's e Criosd a b' fhear beart dhut,
'Sin an Ti a leig leat an taod-sgoid.
'Sin an Ti a leig, &c.

A mhic mo ghlasas thu'n stiuir so,
Cha bu fhathas gun dachas,
Dhut bhi' grathuinn air h-urnaigh,
Cuir da caitheamh an triuir oirr',
Cuir an t-Athair ann tus oirr',
Biodh a Mac na fhear iuil oirr',
An Spiorad Naomha ga giulan gu nos.
An Naomha, &c.

ORAN

DOLACHUNN MOR MAC GILLEOIN

TRIATH DHUBH-AIRD.

A LACHUINN oig gu'n innsinn ort,
Sgeul is binn ri aireamh,
Nis o rinn e craobh-sgaoileadh,
'S na bheil an taobh so dh'fhaige,
Tha thu lan do dh' fhinealtachd,
Cho ceart sa dhinnseadh seanchas,
Gur mac Iain Ghairbh da rìreamh thu,
An am dol sìos an garbh-chath.

*A Lachuinn oig gu'm faic mi tha,
Mar treigeadh bord na bas mi,
Gu'm faic mi fo cheann bliadhn' thu,
Mar glac am fiabhras ard mi,
A ghnuis sholta, 's am beul o'n sochdrach
gair,
Do dheud gu'n stoir o'm binn thig gloir,
O'n faighinn pog a's faillte.*

'S e Ceannard Chlan-'Illeain,
Dh'fhas flathasach le cruadal,
Sgaoil e feadh gach tighearnais,
Gu'n ghleidh thu dligheil t-uaisle,
Ach 's iomadh neach bu shugradh leis,
Crubadh ann an truailleachd,
Ach rinn thu beart bu cliataiche,
Air an dachas mar ba dual dhut.
A Lachuinn oig gu'm faic mi thu, &c.

'S e na chuir mi dh'eolas ort,
Dh'fhag an ceo ma m' shuillean,
Aig a mhiad sa fhuair mi dheth,
Gu'n leig mi ruaig an tus ort,
Dh' aithnichinn air an fhaiche thu,
A lub nan cas-chiabh ur-ghlan,
Gu'm b' ursann-chath air gaisgeich thu,
Na'n tigeadh creach a d' dhuthaich.
A Lachuinn oig gu'm faic mi thu, &c.

B' e sid an gasan leis bu taitneach,
 Picean dait' a lubadh,
 'N t-iubhar nuadh ga lagh gu chluais,
 'M beatha bhuat bu shiubhlach,
 Ceir a's rosaid dlu fo t-ordaig,
 Ite an coin gu h-ur-ghlan,
 Mu chul an fheidh ma'n gearr e leum,
 Bhidh fhuil na leine bruite.
A Lachuinn oig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

Sid na h-airm a ghlacainn dut,
 A dhol air sraid an fhudair:
 Cuilbhair a ghleis shniamhanaich,
 A bheul o'n cinnteach cuimse,
 Spantach ladair, fulangach,
 'N laimh a churaidh chliutaich,
 'S a 'n sgiath bu tric an taisbeanadh,
 Air ghaoirdean deas nan lu-chleas.
A Lachuinn oig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

Mo ghaoil a 'm fear caiteanach,
 A leubh a chairt 's rinn gual d'i,
 Leis an eireadh na brataichean,
 A 's teach o ghlaic nam fuar-bheann,
 'N am dusgadh as an cadal daibh,
 Gu'n d' bhuail thu pais ma'n chluais orr',
 'S thilg thu steach an teachdaireachd,
 'S an ceart air bhachd an gnaile.
A Lachuinn oig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

'S iomadh bratach shuaicheanta,
 'N robh smuais a's cruas a's cairdeas,
 Eadar rutha Chuirteirnis,
 Gu Dubh-airt thun a Garbh-lead,

Dh' eireadh fir Aird-ghobhar leat,
 Fir fhoghainteach neo-sgathach,
 Dhearbhaime fhin gu'n geileadh dhut,
 Fir ghleusta bho Bhra'-charnaig.
A Lachuinn oig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

Ghluaisceadh leat s na h-eileanan,
 Dream nach ceil an gradh ort,
 Thigeadh ort a mor-Innis,
 A bhratach leoghannt' laidir,
 Chite sid gu follaiseach,
 Fir fhoinnidh ann an Aros,
 Na fir ura nach diultadh,
 Sgiurs thoirt air an namhaid.
A Lachuinn oig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

Dh' eireadh seoid o'n Mhuidhe leat,
 Nach cuireadh bruthach spairn orr',
 Nan ceanna-bheairtean glana,
 Nen lannan geal 's nan targaid,
 Nan cuilbheirean caol acuinneach,
 Aig gaisgich nan gnìomh gailbheach,
 A dheanadh luath a chaisleacha,
 'N uair dh' eireadh srad bho theanachair.
A Lachuinn oig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

Bratach aig Clann-Domhnuill,
 'N a'm biodh ad choir gu'm b' fheairrde,
 Dh' fhas gu seasmhach, cruadalach,
 'N uair ghluaisceadh iad na'n armadh,
 Ann an gliocas firinneach,
 Cho math sa sgriobh an seanachas,
 Sid an dream bha innsgineach,
 Ri 'n innseadh nach robh leanabail.
A Lachuinn oig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

LACHUNN MAC THEARLAICH.

LACHLAN M'KINNON, alias *Lachunn Mac Thearlaich Oig*, flourished about the middle of the seventeenth century. He was a native of Strath, Isle of Skye, and a lineal descendant of the *Ceann-taighe* of the M'Kinnons of that place. His parents were in comfortable circumstances, and although we have no data to ascertain the extent of his scholastic acquirements, it is obvious from a cursory glance at his productions that he was not unlettered,—while the purity and critical correctness of his Gaelic, furnishes ample proof that he studied and understood the structure of that language. He was an excellent musician, and was in the habit, when a young man, of carrying his violin about with him from place to place—more for recreation and amusement, than for any sordid considerations of pecuniary remuneration. The habits and predilections of his countrymen, their excessive fondness of poetry, music and dancing, always secured for such gifted individuals as M'Kinnon,

the warmest grasp of hospitality's right hand wherever he went. He seems, however, to have discontinued the practice—in consequence of a low, unmanly attack upon his character and motives by a wandering bard of the name of M'Lennan.

Talents and genius are very seldom bestowed upon any individual without a copious mixture of impulses, that too often seek their gratification in improper indulgences. Burns and Byron were constituted after this manner. Lachlan M'Kinnon happened at one time to be perambulating the Main land, in the district of Lochalsh, where he put up for the night in the house of a respectable farmer. After supper, one of the daughters went out to prepare a bed for the cherished stranger in an out-house or barn. She was accompanied by a little favourite pug called *Coireal*, and the poet soon followed. Fairly ensconced with the fair and artless maid, and privacy favouring his designs, Lachlan yielded to the impulses of his heart, and the result was an illegitimate daughter, who seems to have inherited the broad humour and poetic genius of her father. Many of her repartees and witticisms have descended to us by oral recitation, but space remonstrates against our noticing but one, which may serve as a specimen of the whole. Some time after her father married, her stepmother was going from home, and meeting her about the door accosted her thus:—"You're my *first-foot*, and pity you if you are not lucky to meet with!" "Ask my father," rejoined the young woman, "and he will tell you that I am the most unpropitious omen that could come in your way." "Dear me! how that?" eagerly inquired the stepmother. "Because," continued the other, "I was the first person he himself met, while on his way to marry you, and God knows it was the most unlucky journey he ever made!" But we are digressing, and had almost forgot to say, that during M'Kinnon's struggle to de-flower the farmer's daughter, little *Coireal* sounded so loud an alarm, that he seized it by the hind legs, and dashed out its brains against the wall! This has been made the subject of a very merry song, in which our author comes in for a pretty round flagellation.

Lachlan M'Kinnon died at a good old age, and was buried in his native parish, where some of his grandchildren are still living and much respected.

LATHA' SIUBHAL SLEIBHE.

MARBHPHAISG ort a mhulaid,
Naoh do dh'fhuirich thu nochd uam
'S nach do leig thu cadal domh,
S an oidheche fada, fuar,
Ma's ann a dh'iarraidh cunntais orm,
A lunn thu air mo shuain,
Bheir mise greis an drasda dhut
Air aireamh na tha bh'uat.

Latha' siubhal sleibhe dhomh
'S mi falbh leam fein gu dlu,
A chuideachd anns an astar sin
Air gunna glaic a's cu,
Gun thachair clann rium ann sa' ghleann
A' gal gu fann chion uil:
Air leam gur h-iad a' b'ailidh dreach
A chunnacas risam le m' shuil.

Gu'm b'foghnaidh leam mar tharladh dhaibh
Am fasach fad air chul,
Coimeas luchd an aghaidhean
Gu'n tagha de cheann uil,
Air beannachadh neo-fhiata dhomh
Gu'n d'fhiaich mi:—"Co sud?"
'S fhreagair iad gu cianail mi
A'm briathraibh mine ciuin.

"Ioehd, a's Gradh, a's Fiughantas,
'Nar triuir gur h-e ar n-ainm,
Clann nan uaislean curamach,
A choisinn ollu 's gach ball,
'Nuair phaigh an fhelle cis d'an Eug
'S a chaidh i-fein air chall,
'Na thiomnadh dh'fhag ar n-athair sinn
Aig mathaibh Innse-Gall."

"Tormod fàil an t-shugraidh,
Nach d-fhas m'a chuinnendh cruaidh,
A bha gu fearail fughantach,
'S a chum a dhuthchas suas;
'S ann air a bha ar tughaich,
O'r thugadh fain bh'uainn,
'S beng m' fharmaid ris na feumaich
O'n a bheum na cluig gu truagh!

"Bha'n duin' ud ro fhlatasach,
'S e mathasach le ceill,
Bha e gu fàil fughantach,
'S a ghiulan math 'ga reir;
Ge fursuinn eadar Arcamh,
Cathair Ghlas-cho 's Baile-Bhoid:
Cha d' fhuaras riamh oid-altrum ann,
Cho pailt' ri teach Mhic-Leoid.

"Chaidh sinn do Dhun-Bheagain
A's cha d'iarr sinn cead 'na thur,
Fhuair sinn, fàille shuillbheara,
Le furbailt a's le muirn:
Gu'n ghlaic e sinn le acarachd
Mar dhaltachan 'nar triuir,
A 's thogadh e gach neach againn
Gu macant' air a ghluin.

"Fhuair sinn greis 'gar n-arach,
Aig Mac-Leoid a bha san Dun,
Greis eile gle shuibheir
Aig a bhrathair bha'n Dun-Tuilm:"
Sin 'nuair labhair fughantas
Dalt uiseil Dhombnuill ghuirn:—
"Bu tric leat a bhi sugraadh rinn,
'S cha b' fhasan ur dhuinn cuirm.

"N am eiridh dhuinn neo-airtneulach
'S biadh maidne dhol air bord,
Gheibhte gach ni riaghailteach,
Bu mhiannach leat ga d' choir;
Cha d' chuir thu duil am priobairtich,
Cha b' fhiach leat ach ni mor;
Bu chleachdadh air do dhitheid dhut
Glain' fhiona mar ri ceol.

"Am fear a bh' air a Chomraich
Bu chall soillear dhuinn a bhas
Ann an cuisibh diulanais,
Cha b' iudmhail e' measg chaich
Lamh sgapaidd oir, a's airgeid e
Gu'n dearmad air luchd dhan,
A's mhiannaicheadh na clarsairean
Nach e bu taire lamh.*

* Alluding to an Irish Harper of the name of *Caitan Cormac*, who, in consequence of a misunderstanding, left his master and fled to Scotland, at that time the saving ark of refugees, whether children of prose or verse. During his peregrinations in the hyperborean regions of Caledonia, he visited, according to the custom of the times, many of the Highland Chieftains and families of distinction, whose ears were not yet sufficiently refined to disrelish music, and who, consequently, appreciated his abilities and performances. Among others in whose families the Hibernian minstrel was well received, was that of the Laird of Applecross. On the day of his departure, Ap-

"Thug sinn ruaig gu'n soradh
Gu Mac-'thoinnich mor nan cuach,
Be'n duin' iochd-mhor, neo-chridheach,
S bu leoghannt e air sluagh,
Bha urram uaisl' a's ceannais aig'
Air fearaibh an taobh-Tuath;
Cha chuir' as geall a chailleadh e
Ge d' fhalaich oirn e 'n uaigh!

"O'n rinn an uaigh 'ur glasadh orm,
'S nach faic mi sibh le'm shuil;
'S eumhach, cianail, craiteach, mi,
'S neo-ardanach mo shurd,
'S mi cuimhneachadh nam braithean sin
A b'ailidh dreach a's gnais,
Gur tric a chum sibh coinnidh riam
Aig Coinneach anns a' Chuil.

"Alpeanaich mbath chlar-dhuibh,
'Gam bu duthchas riabh an crath,
D'an tigeadh airm gu sgiamhach
Ge bu riabhach leinn do dhath,
Bu lamh a dheanamh fiadhaich thu,
Gu'n dial bu bhatach math,
'S a nise bho na thrill thu bh'uainn,
Cha'n iarrair sinn a staigh.

"Bu chuimr glan do chalpannan,
Fo shliasaid dhealbhaich thruim,
'S math thigeadh breacan cuachach ort,
Mu'n cuairt an f'keile chruinn,
'S ro mhath a thigeadh claidheamh dhut,
Sgiath laghach nam ball grinn,
Cha robh cron am fradharc ort,
'Thaobh t-aghaidh 's eul do chinn.

"Nam togail mail do dhuthechannan,
'S ga 'n dluthachadh riut fein;
Bhi'dhmaid air 'nar stiubhartan
'S 'nar triuir gu'm bi'dhmaid reidh,
Cha do thog sinn riabh bo Shamhna dhut,
No Bealltainn cha b'e'r beus,
Cha mho thug oich air tuathannach,
Bu mho do thruas ri fheum."

Bha'n duin' ud na charaid dhomh,
'S cha char dhomh' chliu a sheinn,

pleecross, whose generosity was worthy of his country and high rank, gave Cormac a handful of gold pieces out of his right hand, and a similar quantity of silver ones out of his left. Such a splendid instance of genuine Highland liberality, could not but awake sentiments of the most lively gratitude in the naturally feeling bosom of the minstrel; who, upon his arrival in the Emerald Isle, lost no opportunity of trumpeting forth the praises of his benefactor. The tide of his quondam employer's rage having now subsided, and a reconciliation having been effected between the parties, his master asked Cormac:—"Creid i'n lamh bo fheile do fhuair tu 'n Albainn?" i. e. which was the most liberal hand you found in Scotland? To which he replied,—"Lamh dheas fhir na Comraich."—The right hand of Applecross.—"Creid i'n ath te?" which was the next?—"Lamh chliù fhir na Comraich," or the left hand of Applecross, was the minstrel's prompt and quaint reply.

Mas can each gur masgall e,
Leig tharais e na thim;
Do bhas a dh-fhag mi muladaich,
'S ann chluinnear e 's gach tir,
Cla b'ioghna' mi ga t-iondrann,
Ann am cunnais thoir 's an t-shuim.

'S mi smaointeach air na saoidheann sin
'S a bhi ga'n caoidh gu truagh,
'S amhuill gheibh mi bhuinig ann,
Bhi taghaich air luig fhuair,
An tsobh a chaidh iad tharais,
'S ann tha dachaigh uil' an t-shluagh,
Dh'eug iannraic priunsa Shasuinn;
'S cha duisg e gu la-luain!

Note.—This beautiful and pathetic song was composed by Mackinnon after the death of some of his relations. It would appear that while they lived, and while his own circumstances continued prosperous, he was much respected throughout the country, and was not unfrequently the guest and companion of the best gentry in the highlands. No sooner, however, had death deprived him of his friends, and misfortune had robbed him of his gear,* than he began to experience, from the world and his former patrons, the bitter indifference and coldness which poverty too often brings in her train. This he experienced in an especial manner, when, on a Christmas evening having gone to the Castle of Dunvegan, where the rest of the country gentry were, as usual on such occasions, enjoying the hospitality of the chief, poor Mackinnon was not only unnoticed and neglected, but repulsed from the hall, where, in worthier days, and under a worthier laird, he and his fathers were wont to be welcome guests. In consequence of this unhand-some treatment, the indignant bard returned instantly to Strath. While pursuing his homeward journey through the lonely glen, beneath the towering *Culeens*, and while the fever of his resentment still burned within his bosom, he met, or imagined he met, *Generosity, Love, and Liberty*, outcasts, like himself, from the hearts and halls of highland lairds, and bitterly inveighing against the tyranny that thus exiled them, unfed and unclothed, from the abodes where they were accustomed to reign and revel. At length having reached his home, he went to bed, probably superfluous, and gentle sleep not deigning to woo him, but in its stead the weeping muse, he composed, and, for the first time, sung this song. It was highly esteemed by the Highland bards and *seanachais*, the latter of whom entitled the tune to which it is sung, "*Tri-amh Fonn na h-Alba*," or the third best air in Scotland;—we have not been able to ascertain what airs were considered the first and second. In reference to the time and place where it was first sung, we may mention that it was a custom of the old highlanders, when they could not sleep, to sing on their beds, and that loud enough to waken all the inmates of the house, who, if the song was good, never grudged their slumbers being thus musically broken.

* Lost this statement may be mistaken, it is only to be inferred that his predecessors had been obliged to dispose of their lands, but that he still had some of the proceeds upon which he lived; but funds in cash, even if considerable, were not regarded in those days so honourable as even a very limited competency arising from a paternal estate.

ORAN

DO NIGHEAN PHIR GHEANBAIL.

Moch sa' mhadaoinn mi 's lan airtneil,
Tha mi 'g achdain m' iunn-drainn,
An aite cadail air mo leabaidh,
Carachadh sa tiunn-tadh.
Na 'm faighinn cead, gun rachainn grad,
Am still gu'n stad, gu'n aon-tamh;
A dh' fhios an ait' am fìorach each,
Gu 'm beil mo ghradh-sa 'n Geambail.

'S ge fad air chuairt, mi 's tamull bh'uam,
An aising bhuan so dhuig mi;
Thu bhi agam, ann am ghlaicibh,
Bhean bho 'n tlachd-mhor sgradh,
A dhaineau buinig 's fada m' fhuireach,
Ann an iomail duthcha,
O choin a chiall! gu 'm be mo mhiann,
Bhi 'n diugh a triall ga t-iunn-saidh.

Air t-iunn-saidh theid mi 'n uair a dheireas,
Mi gu h-eatrom sunndach;
Gach ceum de'n t-shlighe, do' ga d' ruidhinn,
Bi'dh mo chridhe sugach
Mo mhiann bhi 'n ceart-uir air bheag cadail
Ann ad chaidridh greannar;
Mo dhuil gun chleith, le durachd mhath,
Gur h-e mo bheatha teann ort.

Ach oigh na maise 's or-bhuidh falt,
'S do ghruaidh air dreach an neionain;
Tha eideadh grinn, mu dheud do chinn,
'S do beul bho 'm binn thig oran.
Rosg thana chaoil, fo d' mhala chaoil,
'S do mheall-shuil, mhin ga seoladh;
Si'n t-sheire tha t-eudainn ghreas gu eug mi,
Mar toir cleir dhomh coir ort.

Gu'n choir air t-fheutainn, oigh na feile,
Ghreas mi fein gu an-lamh;
Thuair thu 'n iosad buaidh bho Dhiarmad,*
Tha cuir ciad an geall ort.
Ciochan geala, air uochd meallaidh,
Miann gach fir 'n am sealltain;
Do chion fallaich th' air mo mhealladh,
'S e na eallach throm orm.

Tha ruin nam fear, fo d' ghuin am falach,
Seang chorp, fallain, sunndach;
Slios mar eala, onas mar chanach,
Bho cheann tamull m' iuil ort.
Bho bharr do chinn, gu sail do bhuinn;
'S tu dhamhsadh grinn air urlair;
Bhi ga t-aireamh 's gu'n tu lathair,
Ghreas gu lar mo shugradh.

Mo shugradh cheil 's duil ruit mar bhean,
Oigh nan ciabh glan faineach;
T-aon bhroilleach geal, trom-cheist nam fear,
'S uasal an t-ion ban-righ.

*Bha 'm "Bad-seir" ann an gruaidhean Dhiar maid.

Tha seirc, a's beusan, tlachd, a's ceutaidh,
Mar ri cheile fas riut,
Do ghaol gach le so rinn mo leon,
Cho mor 's nach eol dhomh aireamh.

Cha 'n eol domh aireamh, trian de t-ailleachd,
Gus do'n bhas gun geill mi;
Ceillidh, cliutach, beusach, muirneach,
Ceud fear ur tha 'n deidh ort.
B' dh' airnean bruit aig pairt de 'n chunntais,
sin,
Dha 'n diult thu caoimhneas;
B' dh' slaint' as ur, le fàilte chiuil,
Aig fear ni lub san roinn ort.

SGIAN DUBH

AN SPROGAIN CHAIM.

Dh' innsinn sgeul mu mhalairt duibh,
Na 'm fànachd sibh gu foill,
Mur dh' eirich do 'n chall bhreamais domh,
'Nuair chaidh mi do Dhun-gleois;
Air bhi thall an Sgalpa dhomh,
Air cuir m aig Lachunn og;
Fhuair mi bhiodag thubasteach,
Le a caisein-uchd' bha mor.

Bu mhaith a chuirm a bh'an', an sin,
'S mo bheannachd-sa na deigh;
'N fhear ud dune chunnaic i,
A dhi-mol i gu leir;
Ach fhuair mi fhin bloidh biodaig ann
Nach tig an la ni feum,
A's stiùlaire mor feosaig oirr',
Mur fhear d'a seorsa fhein.

Mas oil leibh an athais ud,
Gu 'n robh i agabh riamh;
Loinidean a's oghnaichean,
An conuidh dhuibh bu bhiadh;
Ged' dheanadh sibh cruinneachadh,
Tuilleadh a's coig ciad;
'S tearc fear gun chaisein-uchd aige,
Cho gharbhe ri toro-fiadh.

Chuir an tir so 'n duileachd mi,
'Nuair chunnaic iad mur bha;
Bha gach neach ga choisrigeadh,
Roimh 'n dos a bh'air 'a barr;
Bha sgonn do mhaide seilich innt;
Bu gheinneanta rinn fas:
Bheireadh sgor neo chronail aisde,
Crosg da'n loinid bhain.

Chuir Mac-Ionmhuinn bairlinh,
An trath so mach sa 'n tir,
Chuir e na seachd barranntais,
Gu Donnacha Mac-a-Phi;
Gabhail gu caol Araoig leo,
Mu 'n ghabh i tamh sa 'n tir,
'Sa muinntir fein thoirt coinne dh' i,
'S gur soilleir i do m' dhith.

Cha 'n ion-mholaidh ghrath-bhat sin,
Thug thu steach thar chaoil,
An t-arm a bha gun chaisrigeadh,
'Sa b' ole leam air mo thaobh;
'S maing shiasaid air am facas i,
A bhiodag phaitheach mhnol;
B' iomlaideach air bhordaibh i,
Sgian dubh a sgornain chaoil.

B' i sud an bhiodag rosadach,
A b' ole leam air mo chliath',
'Si ruadh-mheirg uile 's coltas d' i,
Fo dhos de dh' fhionnadh liath,
Bha maide reamhar geinneach innt'
'S car na h-amhaich fiar
Cha ghearradh i sgiath cuileige,
Le buille no le riach.

'Nuair chaidh mi dh' iarraidh breathanais,
Cha d' fhuair mi leithid riamh;
Sin nuair thuirt an Saileannach,
('Nuair chairich e rium biadh;
Mathail do chuire Mhor-thirich,
Da'm beil an roibein liath;
Duircall dubh gun fhaobhar,
'N am taobhadh ris a bhiadh.)

" Bu math sa bhruthainn chaorainn i,
'Sa'n coannag nam fear mor;
'S e Fionn thug dh' i an latha sin,
An t-ath-bualadh na dhorn;
Thug e na brath-mhionnan sin,
Nach dh' fhag i duine beo;
'S nach robh neach ga 'm beanadh i,
Nach gearradh i' gu' bhroig."

Thuirt mi fhin cha'n fhior dhut sin,
'S ann chaill thu d' ciall le aois;
Coid a chuimhne 's fàid' agad,
On stad i gu bhi maol;
Chaidh mi air mo ghlun d' i,
Mu 'n do ruig i rium a taobh;*
'S thug i na seachd sgairtean aisd,
Gus 'n tug Mac-Talla glaoch.

* Pulling it out of the sheath.

Note.—The poet happened to be one of a party at the house of *Lachunn Og*, a relative of his own, when, upon the company "getting fou an' unco happy," they fell to playing at a sort of game called *Iomladh bhiodag*. The manner in which it is played is this:—The lights are extinguished, and every man casts his dirk under the table. The dirks are then shuffled with a staff, after which a person, having his right hand tied to his side, and a glove on his left, is blindfolded and put under the table to hand out one by one in rotation to every man who had cast a dirk in: and every body had to keep the dirk which fell to him in this way. M'Kinnon's dirk was by far the best in the whole collection, but he lost it in the lottery, and got in its stead an old coarse dagger belonging to a Kintail man who was present. This person was one of those termed "*Clann 'Ic Rath Mholach*," i. e. Hairy M'Raes. M'Kinnon was far from pleased with his lot, and he composed this song on the occasion.

Bu cheithir bliadhna-sìhead d' i,
 Bhi 'n citsein mhorair-Gall;*
 'S fhuair i urram coaireachd,
 Thar moran de na bh' ann;
 Bha Mac-Aoidh ga teachdaireachd,
 Mu 'n deach e chomhraig theann,
 'S b' fhoirmeal anns a chogadh i,
 Sgian dubh an sprogain chaim.

Ged thigeadh Clann-Domhnuill,
 'S na seoid a tha mu thuath,
 Mac-Aoidh an tus feachda leo,
 'S garbh bhratach an taobh tuath;
 'Nuair thig a bhratach Cheann-Saileach.
 'S a thairnnear ridhe suas;
 'S tearc fear gu'n chaisein gaoiseid air,
 Bho smeig gu mhaodail sìos.

* Lord Caithness.

CURAM NAM BANTRAICHEAN.

LUINNEAG.

*Hug hoireann ho-ro hura-bho,
 Bi'dh curam air na bantraichean,
 Hug hoireann ho-ro hura-bho,
 Bi'dh curam air na bantraichean.*

Bi'dh curam air na mnathan oga,
 'S moran air na bantraichean,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

Bi'dh curam tim an Earraich orra,
 Gu'n bi 'n t-aran gann aca,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

Bi'dh curam mor a's eagal orra,
 Theagamh nach bi clann aca,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

'Nuair bhios each gu cuirealdach,
 Bi'dh iads a cumh 'an t-shean-duine,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

'Nuair shineas tu air mireadh riudh',
 Silidh iad mar alltanan,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

Bi'dh 'n dosan siar san 'm breidean fiar,
 Air cualan liath nam bantraichean,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

Bi'dh dealg a'm bun an fheamain ac,
 'S breannach a dhamhsas iad,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

Ged bhidhinn fhin gun or gu'n spreigh,
 Bu bheag mo speis do sheann te dhubb,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

Note.—This song was composed on M'Kinnon hearing that a friend of his was about to marry a rich old widow.

AN CLARSAIR DALL.

RODERICK MORISON, the far-famed harper and poet, commonly called *An Clarsair Dall* was born in the Island of Lewis*, in the year 1646. His father was an Episcopalian Clergyman in that place, a man of great respectability and goodness of heart, and a descendant of the celebrated *Brìtheamh Leoghasach*. He had other two sons, Angus and Malcolm. At an early age, the three, who were all designed for the pulpit, were sent to Inverness to their education. They were not long there, when the small-pox made its appearance in the town with great virulence; our three pupils were seized with it, and although the best medical skill was in requisition, so severe was the malady, that Roderick lost his eye-sight, and had his face—otherwise a very fine, open and expressive one,—dreadfully disfigured and contracted by it. His brothers were more fortunate,—they followed up their clerical aspirations, and having gone through the *curriculum* of their order, Angus

* The Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh, in their Journal, Number 451, of Saturday, September 19th, 1840, say, on the authority of Mr. Bunting, that blind Rory was an Irishman. This is incorrect. We know how much Journalists are at the mercy of others, and how

got a living in the parish of Contin, and Malcom was appointed to the Chapel of Poolewe, in the parish of Gairloch, Ross-shire. Balked in his juvenile anticipations, and now incapacitated for any active, civil, military, or other profession, Rory directed his attention to the study of music, for which nature had furnished him with a first-rate genius. In this divine science he greatly excelled, and although he was no mean performer on other musical instruments, the silver-toned harp seems to have been his favourite. On this instrument, he left all other Highland amateurs in the rear.

His superiority as a musician, and his respectable connexions soon served him as a passport to the best circles in the North. He was caressed and idolized by all who could appreciate the excellence of his minstrelsy. Induced by the fair fame of his fellow-harpers in Ireland, he visited that country, and probably profited by the excursion. On his return to Scotland, he called at every baronial residence in his way; the Scotch nobility and gentry were at the time at the Court of King James in Holyrood-House—Rory wended his way to Edinburgh, where he met with that sterling model of a Highland Chieftain, John Breac M'Leod of Harris, who eagerly engaged him as his family harper. During his stay under the hospitable roof of this gentleman, he composed several beautiful tunes and songs, and, among the rest, that fascinating melody—"Feill nan Crann," which arose out of the following circumstance: Rory, sitting one day by the kitchen fire, had chanced to drop the key of his harp in the ashes which he was raking with his fingers, as M'Leod's lady entered and inquired of one of the maids—"Ciod e tha dhith air Ruairidh?" "Mhuire! tha a chrann—chail e san luath e," was the reply—"Ma ta feumair crann eile 'cheannach do Ruairidh;" continued Mrs. M'Leod; and the gifted minstrel, availing himself of the forced or extended meaning of the word *crann*, forthwith composed the tune, clothing it in words of side-splitting humour, and representing the kitchen maids as ransacking every mercantile booth in the land, to procure him his lost *implement*!

Shortly after this period, we find our author located as a farmer at *Totamor* in Glenelg, at that time the property of his liberal patron M'Leod, who gave him the

easily they are misled; but without at all expecting any thing like *omniscience* in the Messrs. Chambers, we think, that before lending the weight of their columns to give currency to the mis-statement, they ought to have informed *themselves* of the facts.

Of Mr. Bunting, we know nothing or almost nothing; but we sympathize with him in his literary researches, and attempts to resuscitate the musical spirit and ancient melody of his country. We protest, however, against his robbing us of our sweetest minstrel—not for the world would we accord to Hibernia the honour of having given birth to Rory Dall—and for this one reason, that he was *bona fide* born and brought up in the Highlands of Scotland; and, if a man must be born a second time, it does not necessarily follow, that that event must take place in Ireland. Mr. Bunting's blind Rory, goes by the sonorous name of O'Cahan,—we have no objection to this; neither do we lay claim to any of the estates which descended to the said Rory O'Cahan as his patrimonial inheritance, but we claim for ourselves the honour of consanguinity with Roderick Morison, the blind harper. We have given his birth and parentage;—we have pointed to the manses of his two brothers,—we have given his own history as a poet, harper, and farmer, and until these facts are disproved, the Irish historian must rest satisfied with *his own* Rory, and the Messrs. Chambers must understand that such things as erroneous statements can be imported over the Irish channel, much easier than a Ross-shire Highlander can be made an Irishman.

occupancy of it rent-free. Here he remained during his friend's life, and added largely to the stock of his musical and poetical compositions.

An *Clarsair Dall* was fondly attached to his patron, whose fame he commemorated in strains of unrivalled beauty and excellence. The chieftains of the clan M'Leod possessed, perhaps, greater nobleness of soul than any other of the Highland gentry; but it must be observed, that they were peculiarly successful in enlisting the immortalizing strains of the first poets in their favour—our author and their own immortal Mary. Rory's elegy on John Breac M'Leod, styled "*Creach nan Ciadan*," is one of the most pathetic, plaintive and heart-touching productions we have read, during a life half spent amid the flowery meadows of our Highland Parnassus. After deploring the transition of M'Leod's virtues, manliness and hospitality from the earth, he breaks forth in sombre forebodings as to the degeneracy of his heir, and again luxuriates in the highest ingredients of a *Lament*. *Oran mor Mhic-Leoid*, in which the imaginative powers of the minstrel conjure up scenes of other days, with the vividness of reality, is a master-piece of the kind. It comes before us in the form of a duet, in which Echo (the sound of music), now excluded like himself from the festive hall of M'Leod, indulges in responsive strains of lamentation that finely harmonize with the poignancy of our poet's grief.

This last song was composed after his ejection from his farm, and while on his way to his native Isle of Lewis. It is not true, as stated by Mr. Bunting, that Rory Dall was a wandering minstrel. He indeed occasionally visited gentlemen's houses, but that was always under special invitation—he was born a minister's son, and did not require to earn his bread by wandering from place to place. Rory Dall was much respected in his age and country for those high musical powers which have contributed so much to the pleasure and delight of his countrymen—talents which have obtained for himself the imperishable fame of being one of the sweetest and most talented poets of our country. He died at a good old age, and was interred in the burying ground of I, in the Island of Lewis. Peace be to his manes! never we fear, shall the Highlands of Scotland again produce his like.

A CHIAD DI-LUAIN DE'N RAIDHE.

A CHIAD di-luain de'n raidhe,*

Ge d' bha mi leam fhin,
Cha d' fhuair mi duine an la sin,

A thainig am ghaioith,
Dh-fhìarraich cia mar bha mi.

Na'm bail leam dhol sìos,
An Tota-mor so fhagail,
Nach b' aite dhomh e,

* The Highlanders had a practice in the olden times that is still partially observed in certain parts even at the present day, and that tended to keep alive and fan those habits of hospitality and friendly feelings among the inhabitants of particular districts for which they are so justly celebrated. The custom to which we allude, was to meet at an appointed house, on the first Monday of every quarter, to drink a bumper to the beverage of the succeeding, and wish it better or no worse than the present.

'Sailleir dhuinne-thar chach uile.
Nach robh duin' a's tìr,
A chumadh fear mar chach mi,
Mar b' abhaist dhomh bhi.

Sin 'nuair chuala Fearnachar,

Mi'n dearmad aig cach,
Thainig e na m' chodhail,
On b' eol dha mo ghnas,

Thug e leis air sgoid mi,
Gu seomar a mhna,
Anna lion an stop dhuinn,

'S na sor oirn' a lan,
Ge d' tha e falamh 's ro mhath 'n airidh,

'Ghlaine fo thoirt dha,
'S gu'm faigheadh e luchd eolais,
Na m biodh a phoca lan.

Labhair a bhean choir sin,
Gu banail colach glie,
Fhaic'thu 'n t-uain gu'n mhathair,
An clarsair gu'n chruil,
An leabhar gu'n leubhair,
'S e bheas a bhl druit.
'S an dorlach gu'n fhuasgladh,
A suaineach a bhrúic,
Ge d' tha thu falamh 's ro mhath 'n airidh
Ghlaine so thoirt dhut,
'S gu'n olamaid a dha dhin'
Air slainte an fhir bhríe.*

An ti so tha mi 'g iomradh,
'S a 'g iomagainn do ghna,
Cha cheil mi air do mhuinntir,
Gach puing mar ata,
Ge h-cibhinn leam r'a chluinntinn,
An saoidh a bhídh slán,
Sgeul nach taitneach leamsa,
Ma dh' iomalaid thu gnas,
Fath mo ghearrán a bhl falamh,
'S mi tamull o d' laimh,
" 'S faide 'n fhend no t-eigheach,
'S an fheusag air fas."

Ge d' fhuilgear gach ní 's feudar,
'S neo-cibhinn le m' run,
Thusa bhídh 'n clar-agithe,
'S mi 'n tír air do chul,
Le m' fheosag leathuinn leomaich,
Gu roibeinich dlu,
'S thusa a' giulan malaid,
A ghna ann san Dun,
Fhir bhríe bhallaich, meall na bharrail,
'M fear a thuit o thus—
" 'S fad o'n chridhe cheudna,
Na 's cein bho bheachd sul."

Ge d' tha mise an drasda
Da m' arach fad uat,
Sloinnidh mi mo phairt,
Ris gach nabaídh m'an cuairt,
Ma 's beng ma's mor a dh' fheudas mi,
Spreidh A chuir suas,
Bíodh síd fo íochd nan sar-fhear,
Nach sarsaich am fuaichd,
Ri la gaillonn an ard bheannabh,
'S iad nach gearraín uair,
'S tric an siubhal seallbhach,
Air shealg do 'n taobh-tuath.

Tha fir ghasla bheogant',
Aig Eoghann Loch-iall,
Nach seachnadh an toireachd,
'N am togbail nan triath,
Rachadh iad gu'n sordh,
An codbail nan ciad,
'S math am fulang dorainn,
'S tha crodhachd nan gníomh,
Fir ro ghasla nach 'eil meata,
Nach d'fhuair maslath riamh,
Mhathas mo chuid dhomh-sa,
'S mi 'n dochas gur fíor.

* John Breac Macleod.

'S iad Clann-Mhic-'Ill-Ainmhaidh,
'S oirdheirce gníomh,
Luch shiubhal a gharbhaich,
'S a mharbhadh nam fadh,
Cha d' fhuair iad aobhar oibheum,
Mar fálbhadh iad slíabh,
Cha dean iad a bheag ormsa,
'S nach lorgair mi 's fiach,
Mo chreach ma 'n coinnidh 's i fo'n comraic,
'B'e an comunn mo mhiann,
Buachaillean mo threud,
'N uair nach leir dhuibh a ghrian.

Tha slíocht Iain Mhic-Mhartainn,*
Gu tabhachdach treun,
Baghainn air an naimhdeas,
An cairdeas, gu'n bhreug,
Cha bhuin iad ri fál-bheairt,
Mo lamhsa nach speis,
" Far an is! an garadh,
Cha ghna leo a leum,"
Na fir ghasla gu'n bhl meata,
'S iad nach seachnadh streup,
Le 'n toirear buaidh 's gach spairne,
Ann 's gach aite dha 'n teid.

Clann-a-Phit' ri' n seannachas,
'S neo-leanaídh na seoid,
Buidhean nan sgiath balla-bhreac
A dhearbhadh an gleois,
'S iad nach seachnadh fuaithas,
'N'am bhuailadh nan sron,
Ge b' e chuireadh fearg orr'
Cha b' fharmaidach dho,
'N am tarraíon nan lann tana,
Caisgear carraid leo,
" Buille 'n corp cha bhuail" iad,
Tha uaisle nam por.

Tha Clann-'Ille-Mhaoil mhuinte,
Bha cliu orra riamh,
Buidhean tha do-cheannsaicht,
Is ceannsgalach triall,
Ri faicinn an naimhdean,
'S neo-sgathach an triath,
B' annsa leibh ruaig shunndach,
No tionntadh le fiamh,
Laochraídh guineach nan arm fuileach,
'S maírg ri 'n bhuin sibh riamh,
Tha nimh a's neart 'n-ar naimhdeas,
'S 'ar cairdeas gu'n fhiar.

Tha aig Colla comhlainn,
Nach conn-lapach gleus,
Luchd nam feudan dubh-ghorm,
Nach diultadh ri feum,
'N-am na graide dhusgadh,
Gu 'n dubladh bhrú feum,
Bha fíos aig Mac-an-Toisich,
Nach sordh iad ceum,

* Dochanassie men, a very brave little clan at that time.

† Lochark aig men, followers of Loch-ill.

Dol na choinnidh sa'n la shoilleir,
 'S gu'n iad coimeas cheud,
 B' annsa dol da bhuailéih,
 No buaile 'n fir theud.

'S iad sliochd Cholla chis-mhoir,
 Da ríeadh a th' ann,
 Nach leigeadh le muiséag,
 An cuis thar an ceann,
 Misneach cha do threig sibh,
 'N streup chlanna Ghall.
 Cha bu dual daibh mío-sta'
 No mí-thurachd ghann,
 Na fir churanta fhuair urram,
 Re h-am iomairt lann,
 O minig luchd an aobhair,
 Gu craobhach a call.

Maille ris gach suaireas,
 Bha fuaite ri'r gne,
 Tharrainn sibh mar dhualchas,
 An uaisle 'n ar cleith,
 Gu creachadh cha do ghluais sibh,
 Cha chuala mí e,
 B' annsa leibh eun cluaise,
 Thoir uam le m' thoil fein,
 Na mo chreachadh 's an dol seachad,
 'S mí na m' aire mu'm spreidh,
 'S mí gu'n eagal tuairgnidh,
 'S mo bhuailé fo' r mein.

Tha Gleann-Garadh ceannsgalach,
 Connspunnach, cruaidh,
 Chumadh ri luchd aimhreit,
 A chonnspaid ud suas,
 Na 'm tharrainn gu sanntach,
 An lann as an truail,
 Bu mbath do'r luchd gamhlais,
 San am ud bhi bhuailh,
 Biodh ceum cridheil air reang tri-car,
 Cha gleidh bruinne buaidh,
 Aig buidheann a mhoir cheann-aird,
 Nach teann mo chuid bhuam.

Tha 'n taic na laimhe,
 An Ceann-taile so thall.
 Fir ghasda neo sgathach,
 Ga'm b'abhaist bhi teann,
 Ri faicinn a namhaid,
 Nach failinnach greann,
 Is tric a fhuair buaidh larach,
 Le abhachd an lann,
 Neart a chlaidhe be air raghainn,
 Nach dh-fhas fatbast fann,
 Coille 's i gu'n chrionach,
 Gur lionmhor a clann.

'S iad marcaich na Moidhe,
 Fir chro nam buadh,
 'M beil aithn' agus eolas,
 Nach soradh an duais,
 Clann-Choinnich nan ro-seol,
 Na'n crodh' mhílean slusaidh,
 Na beathraichean beodha,
 Ga coir a bhi cruaidh,

Dream gu'n laige ri am troide
 Ceann a chabraich suas,
 Aig luchd na gorm lann naimhdeach,
 Nach sanntaich mo bhuar.

Note.—When the harper composed this song, he was residing in *Tota-Mor*, in *Glencelg*, as a farmer, and the few of the clans he alludes to were people that he had good reason to fear would rob him, or, in other words, carry away his cattle—a very prevalent practice in those days. As, therefore, he had little or no means of defending himself, he immediately called his harp and his muse to his aid, and composed this song, in which these dreaded enemies are invested with all the attributes of honour, honesty, and good neighbourhood; and, as far as the bard was concerned, they always acted towards him in the characters his muse was willing to believe they actually possessed.

O R A N

DO DH-IAIN BREAC MAC-LEOID.

Tha moran, moran muid
 An deigh tuineachadh am chom,
 Gur bliadhna leam gach seachdain,
 Bho nach faics Iain donn;
 Na 'n cluinninn ged nach faicinn,
 Fear do pharsa thigh'n do 'n fhonn,
 Gu'n sgaoileadh mo phramh 's m' airtsneul,
 Mar chreachd og ri aiteamh trom.

*Their mi ho-ro ghealla beag,
 'S na ho-ro challan h-i,
 Their mi ho-ro ghealla beag,
 'S na ho-ro challan h-i;
 Challan hi ho hu-ra bho,
 'S na ho-ro challan hi,
 Gur fada bho na trathan sin,
 Nach robh mo ghradh san tìr.*

A luchd comuinn so, na 'n eiseadh sibh,
 Ri cuid de m' sgeul, gu'n nheang,
 'S mí caoidh an uasail bheadaraich,
 Tha bhuam an fheadhs' air chall;
 Cha robh cron ri fhaotainn ort,
 Ach thu bhi faoilidh ann,
 Bho 'n fhuair mí gu h-ur eibhinn thu,
 'N Dun-eideann, a measg Ghall.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Thug mí ionnsaidh fhada,
 As do dheigh 's mí 'n cladhach cruaidh,
 Thug mí ionnsaidh bhearraideach,
 'S a chamhanaich Di-Iuain;
 Cha d'fhuaras an t-og aigeantach,
 Bu mhacanta measg slusaidh,
 'S cha 'n fhuadainn a mhísg aicheadh,
 'S do dheoch-slaime dol m' an cuairt.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Thug mi ionnsaidh sgairteal,
 As do dheigh an cladhach doirbh,
 Ged nach tug mi capull leam,
 Na agair mi na lorg;
 Gu 'n robh mo choisenchd adhaiseach,
 'S an rathad a bhí dorch,
 Le breisleich mhic-nan-eliathan,*
 'S do lamh fhial ga dhìoladh orm.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Fhìr so tha mi g' iomradh ort,
 Ga t-ionndrain tha mi bh' uam,
 Sron ardanach an fhiughantais,
 Cha b' fhiu leat a bhí erion;
 Na 'n cluinninn fein 's gu 'n tigeadh tu,
 Fhìr chrìdhe dhìos nan crìoch,
 Gu'n clainn do dheoch-slaime,
 Ga do phaighinn i, de dh' fhìon.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Beul macanta, ciuin, rabhairtach,
 'N uair tharladh tu 's taigh-òsd,
 A dh'fhas gu seirceil, suairee,
 Gaol na'm ban, 's nan gruagach eg;
 'S iomadh maighdeann cheutach,
 A bha deigheil air do phoig,
 Le 'n b' ait bhí cunntadh spreidhe dhut,
 'S a deas-lamh fein le deoin.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Cha robh fuath na greathachd ort,
 Rì t-amhare bha thu coain,
 Saighdear foinnidh, slathail,
 Air an gabhadh gach neach gaol;
 Euclach, treubhach, urramach,
 Bha 'n curaidh glan gu'n ghaoid,
 Gu fearail, meannnach, measail,
 Air nach faighe an tìotal clain.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Saighdear fearail, fuasgaillteach,
 Fear cruadalach, gu'n mheang,
 Ceann-feadhna air thus na brataich e,
 Ga tuisbeanadh san Fhraing;
 Thig airm air reir a phearsa,
 Air an laoch bu sgairteil greann,
 'Nuair dh' eircadh airde lasrach ort,
 'S maing a' chasadh riut san am.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Thig claidheamh socrach, stailinn dhut,
 De 'n t-seors as fear sa bhuth,
 'S e fulangach bho bharr-dheis,
 Gu 'n ruig a cheanna-bheairt duirn;
 Faobhar air a gheur chruaidh sin,
 Nach gabhadh leum na lub,
 Lann air dhreach na daolaig',
 'S i air taobh deas-laimh mo ruin.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

'S e sud an t-airm a thaghainn dut,
 'S iu 'n deigh an retreat,

As paidhir dhag nach diultadh,
 Agus fudar gorm da veir;
 Do ghunna 'n deigh a falmachadh,
 'S tu marbhtach air an treud,
 Ann san laimh nach greagara,
 'S tu leantainn as an deigh.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

'S fhada leam a chomhnaidh so,
 Th' aig Eoin a measg nan Gall,
 Cha ghierra leam an oidheche,
 Bhí ga cheumhneachadh 's gach am;
 Dh' fhaciltichinn na 'm faicinn thu,
 Tigh'nn seachad ann sa ghleann,
 Cha ghabhinn fein bonn faiteachais,
 Go d' ghlaicadh tu mo gheall.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Corr agus tri raidhean,
 Tha thu d' chadal samhach bh' uain,
 Gu'n t-fhaicinn blo na dh'fhag thu sinn,
 'S ar crìdhe ghnath fo ghruaim;
 A nis blo 'n chuir thu eul ruin,
 'Sa laidh smurtein air do ghruaidh,
 Mar sholas and deigh dorachadais,
 Tha Tormod mar bu dual.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

'S e Tormod eg mo shubhachas,
 Air bhuidheachas shìol-Leoid,
 Ma 's mac an ait' an athar thu,
 Thig fathast gu bhí mor;
 Ann san Dun gu slathail,
 'N robh do chinneadh roi beo,
 Mac-ratha dhuiseas eibhneas domh,
 Le aighear threig mi bron.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Ma thuir iad ogha Thormoid riut,
 B' i sud an fhoirm fhuil ghlan,
 Ma thuir iad iar-ogha Ruairidh riut,
 B' i 'n ard-fhuil uaibhreach mhear;
 'S ogha 'n Eoin gun truaillleadh,
 Thug suaireas air gach neach,
 Mac an fhir nach b'fhuathach leam,
 An nochd thog suas mo ghean.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

CREACH-NA-CIADAIN.*

Tha muld, tha mulad,
 Lion mulad ro mhor mi,
 'S ge d' is eigin domh fhulang,
 Tha tuille 's na's leoir orm;
 Thromaich sac air mo ghiulan,
 Le dumhladas dorann,
 Dh' amais dosgaich na bliadhn orm,
 Creach-na-Ciadain so leon mi!

* This lamentation was composed on the death of John Breac Macleod.

* An t-uisge-beatha.

Creach-na-Ciadaoin so 'leòn mi!
 Dh' fhag mi breoite gu'n fhiabhras,
 A dh'fhogair mo shlaointe,
 'S tearc mo bhrathair 's na crìochan;
 Agam ghòdh an lòn bhronaich,
 'N deigh a h-coin 's i 'ga iargainn,
 Dh' fhalbh gach solas a b' abhaist,
 'S dh' fhuirich caillein a m' fhiacail.

Dh' fhuirich caillein a m' fhiacail,
 So i bhliadhna 'a thug ear dhomh,
 Dh' fhag puthar fo m' leine,
 Nach faothaich leigh tha air thalamh,
 Mo leigheas cha'n fheadar,
 Cha re domh bhi fallain,
 Fhuair mi dinneir la Caisge,
 'S cha b' fheairrde mo ghoin i.

Cha b' fheairrde mo ghoin i,
 Ge do bla mi mu'n cho'roinn,
 'N diugh gur buan domh ri aithris,
 Gu'n bhunil an t-earrach so brog orm,
 Mi mu'm maighsteir gle mhath,
 'S fad a leus orm nach beo e,
 Ge do racha mi seachad,
 Cha'n fhaigh mi facal dheth chomhra.

Cha'n fhaigh mi facal dheth chomhra,
 Chleachd mi moran deth fhaotainn,
 'N diugh dh' fhaodas mi raite,
 Gur uan gu'n mhathair san treud mi,
 'S ann is gna dhomh bhi tursach,
 Gu'n bhrath fartachd as eugais,
 'S o'n a chaochail e abhaist,
 'S tearc a chaidh mi ghair eibhinn.

'S tearc a chaidh mi ghair eibhinn,
 Cha bheus domh bhi subhach,
 Ghabh mi tlachd ann bi tursach,
 Chuir mi uigh ann bi dubhach,
 Mu'n ti tha mi 'g iomradh,
 Chuir an cuimhne mo phutar,
 Nis o'n fhuair an uaigh e-san,
 Chaidh an caisend mo bhruthaich.

Chaidh an caisend mo bhruthaich,
 'S mi fo chumha da dìreach,
 Dol an truimead 's an airde,
 An diugh a thainig na dhioblail,
 Dh' fhalbh mo laitheichean eibhinn,
 O'n a thrèig sibh Clar-sgithe,
 Tha mo thaic ann sna h-Earadh
 'T' deigh fhalach 'na anonar.

'N deigh fhalach 'na anonar,
 Bi'dh e daonnan 'an uaigneas,
 Sgeul mu'n gearanach daoine,
 'S mnaì chaoiteach nan luath-bhos,
 'S iad a' co-stri r'a cheile,
 Ceol gun eibhneas seachd truaighe!
 Leum mo chridhe 'na spealtaibh,
 M' an chaismeachd 'n uair chualas.

Gar h-i chaismeachd so chualas,
 A luathaich orm tioma,
 Dh' fhag fo m' osnaich fuil bhruite,
 A' sior-dhruthadh air m' innigh,
 'S fhaide seachduin na bliadhna,
 O'n a thriall sibh thair linne,
 Le friamhach na fiatachd,
 Bh'ann san lion-bhrat air fhilleadh.

'S ann san lion-bhrat air fhilleadh,
 Dh' fhag mi spionnadh nan anfhann,
 Ceann-uidhe luchd-ealaidh,
 Mar ri earras luchd-seannachais.
 Agus ulaidh aos dana,
 Cheir do bhas iad gu h-imeist;
 'S o'n a chaidh thu sa chiste,
 Cha bu mhis a chuis fharrauid.

Cha bu mhis a chuis fharrauid,
 Ghabh mi tearbadh o'n treud sin,
 Far an roll mi a'm mheanbh-ghair,
 'An toiseach aimsir mo cheitein,
 'S ann an deireadh a Charbhais,
 A dhearbhadh ar iuchain
 Chail mi 'n ur-ghibht, a chreach mi,
 Ann an seachduin na Ceusda.

Ann an seachduin na Ceusda,
 Diciadain mo bhrisidh,
 Chaill mi iuchair na h-eudail,
 Cha mhi aon neach is mist e,
 Gu'n bhrath faighinn gu brath oirr',
 Sgeul a sharaich mo mhiseach;
 'S ann fo dhiomhaireachd m' airneam,
 A tharmaich mo niosgaid.

A tharmaich mo niosgaid,
 Cha'n fhaidh mise bhi slan leth,
 Se fear tinn a chinn-ghalair,
 A m' gearan bochd craitcach,
 'S ann air a' 'n easlaint,
 Nach d' fhiosraich a n'abaidh,
 'S cha mho dh' fhaireach e thinneas
 Leis 'n do mhilleadh a shlaointe.

Far 'n do mhilleadh mo shlaointe-s',
 'S ann a tharmaich dhomh m' easlaint.
 Gu'n d' chuir aimsir na Caisge,
 Mi gu brath fo thròm airmneal,
 Gheibh gach neach do na dh' fhag thu,
 Rud 'an aite na bh' aca,
 Ach mis agus Mairi,
 A chuir a brathair 'an tasgaidh.

Chaidh do bhrathair 'an tasgaidh,
 'Se mo chreach-sa gur fìor sud,
 'S ann an diugh tha mi 'g acain,
 Mar tha m' aca na mhaol-ciaraìn,
 Agus ise bochd bronach,
 'N deigh a leonadh o'n chiadain,
 Thug mo mhaighstir math uamsa,
 Leis 'n do bhuaineadh mo phian-bhron.

Mo phian-bhron a Mhairi,
 Mar tha thu fo chumha,
 Nach faic thu do Bhrathair,
 Mar a b' abhaist gu subhach,
 An seann-fhacal gnathaichte,
 An diugh 's fìor e mar thubhairt:—
 "Cha robh meoghail ga miad,
 Nach robh na deigh galach, dubhach."

Nach robh na deigh galach, dubhach,
 'Se 'm fear subhach am beairteas,
 Cha'n fhaigh piuthar a brathair
 Ach gheibh bean aluinn leth-leapach,
 Thainig ar air an duthaich,
 Dia a dhubhadh an carta,
 'S ga 'mmail an nachdar,
 Gus am buadhaich do mhac e.

Gus am buadhaich do mhac e,
 'N deigh a ghlasadh le gruagaich,
 Ian saibhris is sonais,
 Ann sun onair bu dual dut,
 Lean cuis 's na bi leanbail,
 'S na bidh marbh-ghean air t-uaislean,
 Cum an coimeas ruit fein iad,
 'S na toir beum dha t-ainm Ruairidh.

Ruairidh reachdar, run-meanmach,
 Tartach, toirbeartach, teannta,
 Do shi-seanair o'n tainig,
 Cha b'ion do namhaid dol teann air,
 'S Ruairidh gasda 'na dheigh,
 Cha b'e roghainn bu tairé,
 'S an treas Ruairidh fa dheireadh,
 Cha b'e'n gainneanach fas e.

An treas Ruairidh de'n dream sin,
 A choisinn geall 's cha b' e mi-chliu,
 Cha b' e 'n coilleanach gann e,
 Ach an ceannsgalach m'leant'
 Ma 's tusa roinn suas,
 An ceathramh Ruairidh, na dearmad,
 Lean ri sinnsirenachd t-aiteam,
 'S n a toir masladh dha 'n ainm sin.

Na toir masladh dha 'n ainm sin,
 'S cuir leanabas fo d' bhrogan,
 Na biodh daoin' ann am barail,
 Ge d' tha car aig an oig ort,
 Bidh gu fiughantach smachdail,
 Rinnail, reachdmhor, 'n triath Leodach,
 "Na faic frid an suil bridean,"
 Cha chuis dion do Mhac-Leoid e.

Cha chuis dion do Mhac-Leoid,
 A bhi dolam 's rud aige,
 Lean an duthchas bu choir dhut,
 'S biodh mor-chuis na t-aigneadh,
 Ach na leigas tu dhìot e,
 Bi'dh na ciadan ga t-agairt,
 'G radh gur crann shìlatag chrìon thu,
 'N ait' a ghionmharaich bhèachdail.

Maide dh' fhas na chràibh thoraidh,
 Fo bhla onarach aluinn,

Ann an lios nan crann euchdach,
 Bha tlachd nan ceud ann 's gach ait' air,
 Lean an duthchas bu chathair,
 A mhic an athar a chraidh sinn,
 Na biadh ad chrìonach gu'n duilleich,
 Anu 'san ionad 'n do thamh thu.

ORAN MOR MHIC-LEOID.

[EADAR AN CLARSAIR AGUS MAC-TALLA.]

M'ad a mhulaid tha 'm thaghall,
 Dh' fhaig treoghaid mo chleibh gu goirt
 Aig na rinn mi ad dheighidh,
 Air m' aghairt 's mo thrìall gu port.
 'S ann bha mis' air do thoir,
 'S mi meas robh coir again ort;
 A dheagh mhic athar mo ghraidh,
 B tu m' aighear, 's m' adh, 's m' ole.

Chuidh a chuibhle mu'n cuairt,
 Gu'n do thionndaidh gu fuachd am blathas,
 Naile chuna' mi uair,
 Dun fhathail nan cuach a thraig.
 Far biodh taghaich nan duan,
 Ioma' mathas gu'n chruas, gu'n chas;
 Dh' fhalbh an latha sin bhuain,
 'S tha na taighean gu fuairaidh fas

Dh' fhalbh, mac-tall' as an Dun,
 'N am sgarnachdainn duinn 'r ar triath;
 'S ann a thachair e rium,
 Air seacharan bheann, san t-shliabh.
 Labhair e-san air thus—
 "Math mo bharail gur tu 'na 's fìor,
 Chunna' mise fo' mhuirn,
 Roi 'n uiridh an Dun nan eliar."

A Mhic-talla, nan tur,
 'Se mo bharail gur tusa bha,
 Ann an teaghlach an fhion',
 'S tu g-aithris air gnìomh mo lamh:
 "S math mo bharail gur mi,
 'S cha b' urasd dhomh bhi mo thamh;
 G-cisdeachd brosluim gach ceoil,
 Ann am fochar Mhic-Leoid an aigh."

A Mhic-talla so bha,
 Anns a bhaile 'n do thar mi m' iuil;
 'S ann a nis dhuinn as leir,
 Gu'm beil mis' a's tu fein air chul.
 A reir do chomais air sgeul,
 O'n 's fear comuinn mi-fein a's tu;
 'M beil do mhuinntearas buan,
 Aig an triath ud, da'n dual an Dun?

"Tha Mac-talla fo ghruaim,
 Anns an talla 'm biodh fuaim a cheol,
 'S ionad taghaich nan eliar,
 Gu'n aighear, gu'n mhaigh, gu'n phoit.

Gu'n mhire, gu'n mhuirn,
Gu'n iomracha dlu nan corn;
Gu'n chuirn, gu'n phailteas ri daimb,
Gu'n mhacnas, gu'n mharan beoil.

" 'S mi Mac-talla, bha uair
'G eis-leachd fathrum nan duan gu tiugh;
Far bu mhuirneach am beus,
'N am cromadh do'n ghrein san t-sruth.
Far am b' fhoirmeal na seoid,
'S iad gu h-oranach, ceolmhor, cluth;
Ged nach fviote mo ghnuis,
Chluinnt' aca sa'n Dun mo ghuth."

" 'N am eiridh gu moch,
Ann san teaghlaich, ga'n sproc, gu'n
ghruaim;
Chluinte gleadhraich nan dos,
'S an coile na' cois an t-suain:
'Nuair a ghabhadh i lan,
'S i gu'n cuireadh os n-aird na fhuair;
Le meoir fhileanta bhinn,
'S iad gu ruith-leumach, dionach, luath."

" Bhiodh a rianadair fein,
Cuir an ire gur h-e bhiodh ann;
'S e g-eiridh na measg,
'S an eibhe gu tric na cheann.
Ge d' a b' ard leinn a fuaim,
Cha tuairgneadh e sinn gu teann;
Chuireadh tagradh am chluais,
Le h-aidmheil gu luath, 's gu mall.

" Nuair a chuir' i na tamh,
Le furtachd na fardaich fein;
Dhomh-sa b' fhuasda radh,
Gu'm bu churaideach gair nan teud,
Le h-iomairt dha lamb,
A cuir a binneas do chach an ceill;
'S gu'm bu shiubhlach am chluais,
A moghuinn lughar le luasgan mheur.

" Ann sa' fheasgar na dheigh,
N am teasa na grein tra nain;
Fir chneutain ri clair,
'S mnai' freagairt a ghna cuir leo.
Da chomhairleach ghearr,
A labhairt 's gu 'm b'ard an gloir;
'S gu'm bu thitheach an guin,
Air an duine gu'n fhuil, gu'n fheoil."

" Gheibhte fleasgaich gu'n ghrain,
Na do thalla gu'n sgruig, gu'n fhuath;
Mnai' fhionna 'n fhuilteid.
Cuir buineis an ceill le fuaim.
Le ceileireachd beoil,
Bhiodh gu h-ealanta, h-ordail suaire;
Bhiodh fear-bogha 'nan coir,
Bi cuir meo-ghair' a mheoir nan cluais.

" Thoir teaghlaireachd bheam,
Le deatam, gu Ruairidh og;
Agus innis dha fein,
Cuid de chunard ged 'se Mac-Leoid.

E bhi'g amhare na dheigh,
Air an Iain* a dh-èug, s' nach beo;
Ge bu shabhair a chliu,
Cha'n fhagadh e 'n Dun gu'n cheol."

Note.—This song was a favourite with Sir Alexander McKenzie, of Gairloch, who paid a person to sing it to him every Christmas night. One of Sir Alexander's tenants went to him one day to seek a lease of a certain farm. The laird desired him to sit down and sing *Oran Mòr Mhic-Leoid* till he should write the document. The tenant remarked that he certainly set great value on that song. "Yes," was his reply, "and I am sorry that every Highland laird has not the same regard for it."

* John Breac McLeod was one of the last chieftains that had in his retinue a bard, a harper, a piper, and a fool,—all of them excellently and liberally provided for. After his death, Dunvegan Castle was neglected by his son Roderick, and the services of these functionaries dispensed with to make room for grooms, gamekeepers, factors, dogs, and the various *et ceteras* of a fashionable English establishment. We here beg the reader to note, that we have not said Rory was an English gentleman, but only hinted that he aped the manners of one. Eight stanzas of this song are purposely omitted, as we think their insertion would be an outrage on our readers' sense of propriety.

CUMHA

DO DH-FHEAR THALASGAIR.*

DH-FHALBH solas mo latha,
Dhorceaich m' oidheche gu'n aighear,
Cha 'n eil lantair na m' radhad,
'S gu'n mo chainnlean a' gabhail,
Tha luchd 'm foineachd na'n laidhe sa'n uir orr.

Bas an Eoin so ma dheireadh,
Rinn ar leonadh gu soillear,
Sa chuir ar solas an gainnead,
Dhuaisg e bron an Eoin eile,
Dh-fhag e doirt-thromach eire mo ghiulain.

Co chunnaic no chuala,
Sgeul 's truime sa 's truaidhe?
Na'm beum guineach so bhuail oirnn,
Sa dh' fhag uile fo ghruaim sinn,
Eadar islean a's uaislean do dhuthcha.

Se siol Leoid an siol dochair,
Siol gu'n solas, gu'n sochair,
Siol a bhroin a's na bochain,
Siol gu'n cheol a's gu'n bhoslaim,
An siol dorainneach 's goirt a rug sgiurs orr.

Se'n clar-sgith an clar ro sgith,
Clar na diobhail 's na dosgainn,
Clar gu'n eibhneas lann osnaidh
Clar nan deur air na rosgaith,
An clar geur, an clar goirt, an clar tursach.

* Mr. John McLeod, son of Sir Roderick McLeod.

Cumhail air chneidh 'sa chneidh chraiteach,
 Na 'n fhaicinn c'neidhean ga 'n arach,
 Na 'n fhaicinn fhaicinn an draista,
 Sgaradh gach latha gar fagadh,
 Cumhail air chneidh a bhais a toirt spuill dhinn.

Tha mi 'graithe le ceartas,
 Thaobh aobharachd m' acaid,
 Nach "fearr e ri chlaistinn
 An t-ole craiteach na fhaicinn,"
 'S claoan a dh-fhag an sean-fhaicil o thus e.

AM PIOBAIRE DALL.

JOHN M'KAY, the celebrated piper and poet was born in the parish of Gairloch, Ross-shire, in the year 1666. Like his father, who was a native of Lord Reay's Country, he was born blind, but with perhaps the exception of a slight shade on their eyes, it would be difficult to the most acute observer to perceive that they had not their sight. When John had acquired the first principles or elementary parts of music from his father, he was sent to the College of Pipers in Skye, to finish his musical studies under the auspices of the celebrated Mac-Criummein. There were at this time no fewer than eleven other apprentices studying with this celebrated master-piper; but in the articles of capacity and genius so superior did *Iain Dall* prove himself to his fellow-students, that he outstripped them all in a very short time. This superiority, or pre-eminence naturally gained him the envy and low-souled ill-will of the others, and many anecdotes have traditionally come down to us illustrative of their rivalry and wounded pride. On one occasion as John and another apprentice were playing the same tune alternately, in the highest key of rivalry, Mac-Criummein reprimandingly asked the other, "why he did not play like *Iain Dall*?" to which the chagrined aspirant replied, "By Mary, I'd do so if my fingers had not been after the skate!"—alluding to the conglutinous touch of his fingers on the chanter-holes after having forked at some of that fish at dinner. Hence originated the taunt which the north country pipers, conscious of their own superiority, are in the habit of hurling at pipers of the more Southern districts—" *Tha mheoirean as deighe na sgait!*" Genius is never at a loss for developing itself, and where there is actually no *casus*, its fertility of invention finds abundant materials to work upon. Our youthful piper, it appears, was somewhat unfortunate in the appointment of his bed, during the early period of his apprenticeship; in short, he was infested with certain marauders, which detracted from his comfort and sleep. This circumstance he commemorated in the composition of a *piobaireachd* appropriately called "*Pronnadh nam Mial*," which, although his first effort, both as regards its variations and general structure, is equal to anything of the kind.

One of the Mac-Criummeins, a celebrated musician known by the cognomen of Padruig Caogach, owing, we suppose, to his inveterate habit of twinkling or wink-

ing with his eyes, was about the time composing a new pipe tune. Two years had already elapsed since the first two measures of it became known and popular; but owing to its unfinished state, it was called "*Am port Leathach*." Some of the greatest poets have experienced more difficulty in supplying a single line or couplet than in the structure and harmonization of the entire piece—musicians, too, have experienced similar perplexities—and *Padruig Coagach* had fairly stuck. The embryo tune was every where chanted and every where applauded, and this measure of public approbation tended to double his anxiety to have it finished—but no! the genius of composition seemed to exult at a distance, and to wink at *Coagach's* perplexity. Tender of his brother's reputation, our blind author set to work, and finished the tune which he called, "*Lasan Phadruig Coagaich*"—thus nobly renouncing any share of the laudation which must have flowed upon the completion of the admired strain. Patrick, finding his peculiar province usurped by a blind beardless youth, became furiously incensed, and bribed the other apprentices to do away with his rival's life! This they attempted one day while walking together at Dun-Bhorraraig, where they threw their blind friend over a precipice of twenty-four feet in height! John alighted on the soles of his feet, and suffered no material injury: the place over which he was precipitated was shown to us, and is yet recognised as *Leum an Doill*. The completion of "*Lasan Phadruig Coagaich*" procured great praise for our young musician, and gave rise to the following well-known proverb—" *Chaidh an fhoghuinn os-ceann Mhic-Cruimein*." i. e. "the apprentice outwits the master."

After being seven years under the tuition of Mac-Cruimhein, he returned to his native parish, where he succeeded his father as family-piper to the Laird of Gairloch. He was enthusiastically fond of music, and the florid encomium which everywhere flowed in upon him, gave his inventive powers an ever-recurrent stimulus. During his stay in this excellent family, he composed no fewer than twenty-four piobaireachds, besides numberless strathspeys, reels and jigs—the most celebrated of which, are "*Cuilleach a Mhuillear*," and "*Cuilleach Liath Rasaidh*."

Finding himself ultimately in comfortable circumstances, he married, and had two children, a son and a daughter—the former of whom was a handsome man. His name was Angus, and he was equal to any of his progenitors in the science of music. When our author became advanced in years, he was put on the superannuated list, with a small but competent annuity: and he past the remaining part of his life in visiting gentlemen's houses, where he was always a welcome guest. His visits or excursions were principally in the country of Reay and the Isle of Skye. It was during one of these peregrinations, that, hearing in the neighbourhood of Tong, of the demise of his patron, Lord Reay, he composed that beautiful pastoral "*Coire'an-Easain*," which of itself might well immortalize his fame. It is not surpassed by any thing of the kind in the Keltic language—bold, majestic, and intrepid, it commands admiration at first glance, and seems on a nearer survey of the entire magnificent fabric, as the work of some supernatural agent.

After the death of Sir Alexander M'Donald of Slate, John paid a visit to his old rendezvous, now occupied by his friend's son. The aged bardic-piper soon ex-

perienced the verification of the adage—new king, new laws—instead of being honoured with a seat in the dining-room as usual, he was ushered into the servants' hall immediately *below*—an indignity he was by no means disposed to pass *sub silentio*. As the young chief was taking dinner, a liveried servant made his appearance in the hall, and addressing John, said—"My master wishes you to play one of those tunes he often heard his father praise." "Go back to your master," replied *Iain Dall* warmly, "and tell him from me, that when I used to play to his father it was to charm and delight his *ears*, and not to blow music *up* in his *a*—!"

Having returned to Gairloch, he never again went from home. He died in the 1754, being consequently 98 years of age, and was buried in the same grave with his father, Ruairidh Dall, in the clachan of his native parish, Gairloch.

BEANNACHADH BAIRD DO SHIR ALASLAIR MAC-CHOINNICH,

TRIATH GHEARR-LOCH; AIR DHA NIGHEAN THIGHEARNA GHEARNAN A POSADH.

Gu'm beannaiche Dia an teach 's an tur,
'S an ti thainig ur 'n-ur ceann,
Geug shonna, sholta gheibh clu,
'Ni buannaich duthcha 's nach call.

A ghluig a thainig 's an deagh uair,
Dha 'n buadhach muirn agus ceol
Gheug Choinnich nan run reidh,
'S Eannaich Shruith-Spe nam bo.

O mada Shi-phort an tos
Dhreach an oigh is taitneich beus
'S o'n tair Shailach a ris,
A fheannach an righ na fheum.

'S oithich Grannach uime nach tim,
Ba treutach iomairt 's gach ball.
O Spe a b' iomadaich linne,
A 's feidh mar firciean ard,

'S ann o na Cinnidhean nach fann,
Thainig ann oigh is glaine cre,
'Ruaidh chorach, agus rosg mall,
Mala chael, ceam, 's oir reidh,

Tha h-aedann geal mar a chailc,
'S a corp annachaidh air dheag dheall,
Maith leannan le gibtean saor,
Air nach fannas fraoch no fearg.

Tha slios mar eala nan sruth,
'S a cruth mar chanach an fheoir,
Cul cleachdach air dhreach nan teud,
No mar aiteal grein air or.

Ba cheol-cadail i gu suain,
'S bu bhunchaill' i air do-bheus
Cainneal sholais feadh do thench,
A frithealadh gach neach mar fheum.

Gu meal thu-fean t-ur bhean og,
A Thriath Ghearr-Loch nan corn fial
Le toil chairdean as gach tìr,
Gu meal thu i 's beannachd Dha,

Gu meal sibh breath, agus buaigh,
Gu meal sibh uail, agus muirn,
Gu meal sibh gach beannachd an cein,
'S mo bheannachd fein diubh air thus.

'S iomadh beannachd agus teist,
Thaig an oigh is glaine slios,
'S beannachd dha'n ti a thug leis,
Rogha nam ban an gne, sa meas.

DAN COMH-FHURTACHD.

DO SHIR ALAIDAIR MAC-DHÖMHUILL
SHEIBHTE.

[AIR dha thighinn dhachaigh a Lunnainn do chaisten! Armadaid sa'n Eilean Sgiathanach, agus a Bhain tighearn' og mhaiseach a bhí marbh a staigh, air chinn da thighinn. Tharladh dha na phlobaire dhaill a bhí staigh aig an am, agus sheinn e'n dan a leanas na dhall, a nochdadh dha gu'n chaill iomadh treun a's flath an ceud ghradh, d'a b'eigin fadheoigh solas a ghlaedh.]

BEANNACHD dhut o'n ghabh thu 'n t-am,
O chrich nan Gall gu do thair,
Duthchas tha ri shíos a chuain
'S tric a choisinn buaigh dha'n righ.

Do bheatha gu do thair fein,
'Dheagh Mhic-Dhomhnuill nan seud saor,
'S ait le maithibh Inse-Gall,
Do ghluasad a nall thar chaol.

'S ait le fearaibh an Taobh-tuath,
Gu'n bhuannaich thu mar bu choir
Trotairnis uil' agus Sleibhte,
Uidhist nan eun a's nan ron.

'S ait le fearaibh an Taobh-deas,
Gu'n shuidhicheadh tu ceart gu leor,
'S tu shloichd nan rírean o shean,
Dha'n robh miagh fainear air eol.

Ach 'sann dhomb-sa b'aithne 'm beus,
Na ghabh rium fein diu' o thus,
Cronn-iubhair le brataichean sroil,
Loingear air chors a's ros-iuil.

Long a's leoghann a's lamb-dhearg,
Ga'n cuir suas an ainm an righ,
Suaicheantas le 'n eireadh neart,
'N uair thigeadh 'ur feachd gu tìr.

Na 'n tarladh dhuibh' bhí air leirg,
Fo mheirgh' dha'm biodh dearg a's ban
Gu maisach, faicilleach, treun,
Chuireadh sibh ratreat air each.

Gu h-armach, armailteach, og,
Neo-chearbach an toir nan ruag,
'S gach aite 'n cromadh an ceann,
Bu leo na bhíodh ann, 'sa luach.

B'aithne dhomb Sir Seumas mor
'S b'eol dhomb Domhnuill a mhac,
B'eol dhomb Domhnuill eile ris,
Chumadh fo chis na sloigh ceart.

B'eol dhomb Domhnuill nan tri Don'uill
'S ge b'og e, bu mhor a chliu,
Bhí'dh fearaibh Alb' agus Eirinn,
A 'g eiridh leis anns gach cuis.

B'eol dhomb Sir Seumas na ruín,
Tathair-sa mhic-chliutaich fein,
'S tus a nis an siathann glun
Dhordaich Righ nan dul na'n deigh.

Na'n tuitendh m' aois cho fad a mach,
'S do mhac-sa theachd air mo thim—
B'e sin dhomb-s' an seachdamh glun,
'Thainig air an Dun ri' m' linn.

'S cha 'n ionghadh dhomb-sa bhí crion,
A's mo chiabhadh a bhí liath
'S gach aon diu' le cridhe mor
Toirt dhomb airgeid a's oir riamh.

'S gach aon diu' ga m' arach cluth,
Thuigeadh iad nam guth nam meur,
'S tha iad sa sabbhailt an diugh,
Anns a bhruth am b' eil iad fein.

'S tha mis' air fuireach sa'n ar,
'S mi cuir a bhlaire mar bha riamh,
'S mo chridhe 'g osnaich na'n deigh,
Mar Oisian an deigh, nam Fiann!

Gu meal thu t-oighreachd, 's do chliu,
'Dheagh Mhic-Dhomhnuill nan ruin reidh,
'S ged dh'imich uat t-ur bhean og
Na biodh ort-sa bron na deigh.

'Sa lughad oigh thaitneach gun di,
Tha eadar Clar-sgith a's Mon-ros
'S ma dha thaobh Arcamh a chuain
Deas a's tuath, thall sa bhos.

Agus iad uil' ort an deigh
Bheireadh dhut iad-fein 's an cuid,
Oighean taitneach nam beul binn,
Nam meur grunn, 's nam broine buig.

Chaill righ Bhreatainn, a's ba bheud,
A leabaidh fein leug a ghaol
'S o na tharladh sud na char,
B'eigin dha bhí seal gu'n mhnaoi.

Mac-righ Sorcha* sgiath nan arm
Gur h-e b'ainm dha Maighre borb,
Chaill e gheala-bhean mar gheinn,
'S dh fhurich e-fein na duigh beo!

* As Myro, son of the king of Sora,* was one day sailing in his little barque along the Irish coast, he came to a bay, remarkable for its beautiful seclusion. As his eye wandered here and there over every part of the smooth expanse, it at length rested on a group of nymphs desporting themselves, as they thought unseen, and enjoying the cool of a fine summer's eve among the waters. For a time, he fancied them mermaids, or daughters of the sea, and continued to gaze on them with admiration and awe; but observing, as he drew nearer, that their forms were entirely human, he made all sail to ascertain who they were! On observing his approach, they darted like lightning to conceal themselves in the crevice of an adjoining rock, whither fear and modesty compelled them to seek a hasty retreat. Determined to make captive of the fairest, whosoever she might be, he moored his skiff, and went in pursuit. He soon pounced upon them in their concealment, and carried off the most hand-

* The island of Sora is frequently mentioned in the poems of Ossian. It is uncertain where it lay; but it seems to have been noted for the cruelty of its inhabitants.—Dr. Smith.

Chaill rìgh na h-Easpailt a bhean,
An ainneir gheal nigh'n rìgh Greig,
'S gach aon diubh gabhail a null,
'S dh'imich o Fhionn a bhean fein.

On tha'n snaghal-so na cheo,
'S gur doigh dha bhi dol mu'n cuairt;
Bith'maid subhach annain fein
'S beannachd leis gach ni chaidh uainn.

some. Awed with terror, and suffused with tears, she on her knees implored him for liberty,—tell him that her name was "*Faïne-Solais*," i. e. beam of light, and that her father was king of that part of Ireland. Unmoved by her entreaties, he conveyed her to his boat, and bore her off to his own country, where she lived with him for some time, as the partner of his bed. To her, however, Sora was a place of torment,—for the thoughts of kindred and of home embittered every hour of her existence. Goaded to despair, she formed the resolution of attempting her escape, and, having sallied forth one day, as had been her custom, to the beach, she observed Myro's curragh afloat, and no one within view, which she unmoored, and committing herself to the mercy of the elements, nimbly leaped on board. Spreading all sail, and a favourable breeze having sprung up, she was soon driven upon the coast of Scotland, at a spot where Fingal and his attendants were refreshing themselves after the fatigues of the chase. Her eyes beamed with joy as she recognised the hero. After mutual salutations, she informed the king of Morven of what had happened; and, imploring his protection, as her husband was in pursuit, she assured him of her determination to die rather than return. Fingal promised her his aid; but, hardly had her troubled mind composed itself to rest, when the prince of Sora landed in the bay, and demanded his wife from him. The hero, true to his plighted promise, refused. The prince of Sora drew his sword, and menaced defiance. Upon which, Gaul, the son of Morni, stepping forth, encountered the stranger. But, valiant as was the arm of Gaul, he had well nigh been overpowered. Oscar, however, the son of Ossian, taking advantage of an exception to the Fingalian law, "not to aid either party in single combat with the right hand," hurled a dart at the young chief of Sora with his left; but which, missing its aim, unhappily pierced *Faïne-Solais* to the heart. Confounded at the sight, Myro became unnerved, and was overpowered and bound by Gaul. *Faïne-Solais* was buried where she fell, and the young chief returned to Sora. The episode concerning the Maid of Crae, in the third book of Fingal, is to be regarded as another version of the same story, though perhaps the following poem, entitled, "*Cath Mhaighre n-choir mhic rìgh Sorcha*," is the more correct. There are indeed several editions of this piece, all of which are good, but this, in our judgment, is the best. It furnishes internal evidence of its antiquity.

La do Fhionn le beagan stuagh
Aig Eas-ruadh nan cuibhe null,
Chumais a' seòladh o'n leir
Curach ceo agus bean ain.

'S h'e sin curach bu mhiath gleus
A' rìgh na steud air aghaidh cuam,
Clos cha d' rinnadh leis na tamlà
Gus an d' raiug e 'n Eas-ruadh.

'S dh' eirich as naise mma,
H' ionann deiradh dh' e do'n ghreim,
'Sa h-uchd mar chobhar nan tonn,
Le tiluch-onaich from a cleibh.

Le shuas, sinn all' air an mion,
Na fathann caoin a' nì feis;
A bhean a chaidh thar leir,
Bha sinna gu leir roimhe seinn.

CUMHA CHOIR'-AN-EASAIN.

Mi 'n diugh a' fagail na tire,
'Siubhal na frith air an leath-taobh,
'S e dh'fhag gun airgeid mo phoca,
Ceann mo stoir bhi fo' na leacan.

'S mi aig braige 'n alltain riabhaich,
A 'g iarraidh gu beallach na featha,
Far am bi dunn dearg na croice,
Mu Fheil-an-roid a dol san damhair.

'S mi 'g iarraidh gu Coir-an-easain,
Far a tric a sgapadh fudar,
Far am bi'dh miol-choin ga 'n teirbeirt,
Cuir-mac-na-h-eilde gu dhubhan.

Coire gu'n easbuidh gu'n iomrall,
'S tric a bha Ruibeart ma d' chomaraich,
Cha n'eil uair a ni mi t-ionradh,
Nach tuit mo chridhe gu troma-chradh.

" 'S e sin mise Coir'-an easan,
Tha mi m' sheansaidh mar a b'abhaist,
Ma tha thu-sa na t-fhear ealaidh,
Cluinneamaid annas do luimhe."

" 'S mo chomraich ort ma 's tu Fionn,"
('S e labhairt ruim an naise nana)
' 'S i d' ghruis do'n aurach a ghrian,
'S i do sgiath ceann-ùlche na balgh."

'S a ghreug na naise fo dhrùchd broin,
'S e labhairt air fòil na fheinn,
Ma 's urra gorm-lannan do dhlòin,
Bith air cri nach tionn d'an reir.

'Torachd a ta orn's air muir,
Lauch is mor gum air mo lorg,
Mac rìgh Sorcha sgiath nan arm,
Triath d'an alim an Maighre borb."

'S glacan do chomraich a bhean,
Ro aon fhear a th'air do thì;
'S a dh' aindeoin a Mhaighre bhuirb,
Bith tu am bruth Fhinn aig sìth.

Tha talla nan creag aig leimh,
Aite talamh clanna nam fonn,
Far am faigh an t-annrach balgh,
A thig thar bhara nan tonn.

'Siu chumais a tighinn' mar steud
Lauch a bha mhead thar gach fear,
A cathramh na fàirge gu dian
An taobh claud' a ghabh a bhean.

B' ard a chroinn, bu gheal a shiùil,
Bha mheir 'n t-ùil na cobhar sruth;
'S a dh' eirich bu steud stadhaich
Gu eilim Fhinn nam buadh an diugh."

Bha chaidhe trom toirteil nach gann
Gu teann air a shìos gu reidh,
Sgiath dhrumach dhubh air a leis,
'S e 'g ionnairt chias air a cle.

Thug Goll mac Morna 'n urelhar gheur,
As air an tron do thig e sleagh;
'S i 'n urelhar bu traidhe beum,
D'a sgiath do rinn a' da bhòidh.

Dh' eirich Oscar 's dh' eirich Goll
Bheir-nadh foga lom 's gach cath,
'S dh' eirich iad uile na sloigh
A dh' aniar coimhreg nana fàta.

Sin thig Oscar le lan-fheirg
A chraosach dhearg le lùmh chll,
Do nharthaidh leis bean an fhir
'S mor an cion do rinnendh l'.

Thiodhthieadh leinn aig an Eas,
Fhinn-Solais bu phian l'ibh,
'S chuir sinn air iarraidh a meoir,
Fais air mar onair ghu righ.

An aif leat mis' a rusgadh ceoil dut,
'S mi 'm shuidhe mar cheo air bealach,
Gu'n speis aig duine tha beo dhìom,
O'n chaidh an Coirneil fo' thalamh.

Mo chreach! mo thursa, 's mo thruaighe!
Ga chuir san uair-s' dhomh an ire,
Mhuinntir a chumadh rium uaisle,
Bhì'n diugh ann san uaigh ga m' dhi-sa.

Na'n creideadh tu uam a Choire,
Gur h-e doran sud air m' inntinn,
'S cuid mhor a ghabhail mo leisgeil,
Nach urrainn mi seasamh ri seinn dut.

"Measar leam gur tu mac Ruairidh,
Chunna mi mar ris a choirneal,
'N uair a bha e beo na bheatha
Bu mhiann leis do leathaid na sheomar.

"Bu lion'ar de mhaithean na h-Eireann,
Thigeadh gu m' reidhlean le h-enaidh,
Sheinnead Ruairidh dall dhomh failte,
Bhiodh Mac-Aoidh 's a chairdean mar ris."

O'n tha thus' a' caoidh nan armunr,
Leis am b' abhaist bhi ga d' thaghall,
Gu'n seinn mi ealaidh gu'n duais dut,
Ge fada bhuam 's mi gu'n fhradhar.

'S lionmhor caochla teachd sa'n t-saoghal,
Agus aobhar gu bhi dubhach,
Ma sheinneadh san uair sin dut failte,
Seinnear an tra so dhut cumha.

"'S e sin ceol is binne thruaighe,
Chualas o linn Mhic-Aoidh Dhomhnuill,
'S fada mhaireas e am chluasan,
Am fuaim a bh'aig tabhunn do mheoirean.

"Beannachd dhut agus buaidh-larach,
Ann 's gach aite 'n dean thu seasaidh,
Air son do phuirt bhlasda, dhìonaic'
Sa ghrian a' teannadh ri feasgar."

'S grianaich t-ursainn fein a choire,
'S gun fheidh a' tearnadh gu d' bhaile,
'S iomadh neach da m' b' fhiach do mholadh,
Do chliath chorrach, bhindhear, bhainneach.

Do chlob, do bhorran, do mhlitach,
Do shlios a Choire gur lionach,
Lubach, luibheach, daite, dìonaich,
'S fagach do chuile 's gur fiarach.

Tha t-eideadh uil' air dhreach a chanaich,
Cirein do mhullaich cha chrannaich,
Far 'm bi' na feidh gu torrach,
'G eiridh farumach ma t-fhireach.

Sleamhuinn shìos-fhad do shìochd araich,
Gu'n an gart no'n cal mu t-ìosal,
Mannach, maghach, adhach, tearnach,
Graidheach, craiceach, fridhar frithe.

Neoineineach, gucagach, mealach,
Lonanach, lusnach, imeach,
'S boreach do ghorm luachair bhealaich,
Gu'n fhuachd ri doininn ach cidheach.

Seamragach, sealbhagach, duilleach,
Min-leach gorm-shleibhteach, gleannach
Biadhach, riabhach, riagach, luideach,
Le 'n diolta cuideachd gun cheannach.

'S cruiteal leam gabhail do bhraighe,
Biolaire t-uisge ma t-innsibh,
Miodar, maghach, enochdach cathair,
Gu breac blath-mhor an uchd min-rheoir.

Gu gormnach, tolmnach, aluinn,
Lochach, lachach, dosach, crai-ghia'ch,
Ga'harach, faghaidheach, braidheach,
G-iomain na h-eilde gu nambaid.

Baireineach, dubharach, bruachach,
Fradharach, croichd-cheannach, uallach,
Feoirneanach uisge nam fuaran,
Grad ghaisgeant' air ghasgan cruadhlaich.

Colg-shuileach, faileanta, biorach,
Spang-shronach, eangladhrach, corrach,
'S an anmoch is meanbh-luath sìreach,
Air mhìre a' dìreadh sa Choire.

'Sa mhadainn ag eiridh le'r miol-choin,
Gu muirneach, maisnach, gasda, gnìomhach
Lnbach, leacach glacach, sgiamhach,
Cracach, cabrach, cnagach, fiannach.

'N am da'n ghrein dol air a' uilinn,
Gu fuilteach, reubach, gleusda, gunnach,
Snappach, armach, calgach, ullamh,
Riachach, marbhach, tarbhach, giullach.

'N am dhuinn bhi' tearnadh gu d' reidhlean
Tinnteach, cainteach, cainnleach, ceireach,
Fionach, cornach, ceolar, teudach,
Ordail, eolach, 'g ol le reite

Sguiridh mi nis' dhìot a Choire,
O'n tha mi toilicht' dheth do seanachas,
Sguiridh mise shiubhal t-aonaich,
Gus an tig Mac-Aoidh do dh' Alba

Ach 's e mo dhurachd dhut a Choire,
O'n 's mor mo dhuil ri dol tharad,
O'n tha sinn tuisleach sa mhonadh,
Bì'dh' mid a' teannadh gu baile.

ALASDAIR MAC MHAIGHSTIR ALASDAIR.

ALEXANDER M'DONALD, commonly called *Alasdair Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair*, was born in the beginning of the eighteenth century. His father resided at Dalilea, in Moidart, and was Episcopalian clergyman at Ardnamurehan. He always travelled on foot, there being no roads in that rugged country, in his time, and returned the same day. He was a man of great bodily strength, which his weekly labours and travels required. His strength was, however, sometimes necessarily exerted on other occasions. In his time the people of Moidart and Suainart often met at interments in *Eilean-Fionain*, then the common burying-ground of both districts; and, as was the custom in former ages, consumed an anchor or two of whisky, and then fought. The presence of the clergyman was often required; and it was not seldom that his strength also was exhibited in parting the combatants. His character and prowess were so well-known that few men dared dispute his right as umpire. All were obliged to succumb to the pacificator; but the Suainart men alleged that he generally laid a heavy hand on them, the Moidart men being his own friends and relatives.

The Rev. gentleman had a large family of sons and daughters. The latter all died of the small-pox, after they had families of their own. An anecdote is still related concerning them. The small-pox raged in Moidart when his children were young, and Mr. McDonald removed with them to *Eilean-Fionain*, (not the burying-place but another island farther up in Loch-Sheil,) that they might escape the contagion that proved fatal to so many. And they did then escape. But nothing can more clearly evince our want of foresight and utter incompetency to judge of what is best than the result of the Rev. gentleman's care—that is, even taking it for granted that it was a consequence; for his daughters all died of the very malady from which he had been so anxious to guard them, and that at a time which to superficial thinkers would seem to have rendered the calamity awfully more distressing—when their death left several families of motherless children. The distress, we are but too apt to think, would have been greatly lessened if they had been taken away when their father consulted their safety by flight. But the ways of Providence are inscrutable to our dim vision!

Four of Mr. McDonald's sons lived to a good old age. Angus, the eldest, and his descendants, continued tacksmen of Dalilea for a century. Alexander, the subject of this memoir, was the second. His two younger brothers were settled in Uist as tacksmen.

The CLANRONALD of that day countenanced young men of merit. He wished young Alexander, of whom early hopes were entertained, to be educated for the bar. His father wished him to follow his own profession, and gave him a classical education. But our poet, like many a wayward genius, followed his own inclina-



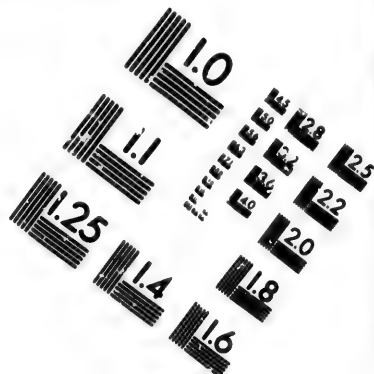
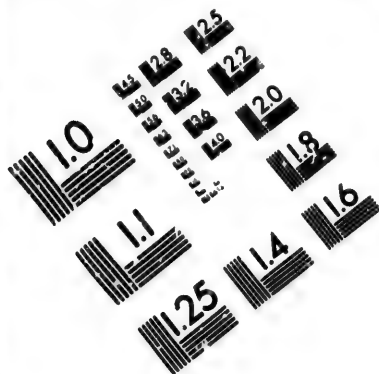
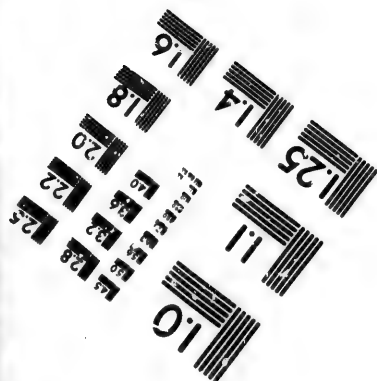
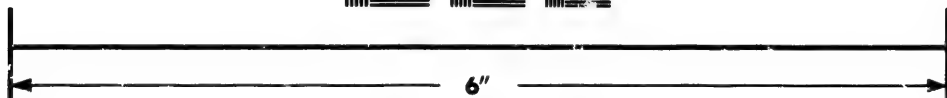
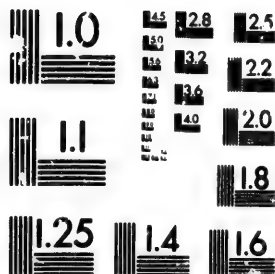


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tion—and disappointed both his chief and his father. His abilities and qualifications fitted him for any calling; yet there seems to be a kind of fatuity attending those who woo the Muses, which often prevents them from adopting the most prudent and advantageous pursuits.

When attending college, it is certain, however, that he did not neglect his studies, as he was a good classical scholar. His genius was not of that kind which too easily indulges in the indolence and inactivity of life. His powers were great; and his energy of mind adequate to any task in which his will inclined him to act. But he was inconsiderate, or improvident. He entered into the married state before he had finished his studies, and soon found it necessary to attend to other avocations.* His marriage gave rise to the vulgar error, that he was intended to have been made a priest; but that, disliking the office, he disqualified himself by that rash step; whereas, he was a protestant of the English church.

As teaching is the usual and most proper occupation of students who must do something towards their own support, the poet, whose studies had been interrupted by his marriage, betook himself to that most useful, but arduous labour. It is said that he was at first teacher to the Society for propagating Christian knowledge.

We find him afterwards parochial schoolmaster of Ardnamurchan, and an elder; consequently a presbyterian. He lived on the farm of Cori-Vullin, at the base of Ben-Shiante, the highest mountain in that part of the country, and adjacent to the noble ruins of Castle Mingarry, a romantic situation on the Sound of Mull, directly opposite to Tobermory, whose rural scenery aided the frequent inspirations of the bard; for, while he wielded the ferula, he neglected not the muses. There many a scene witnessed their delightful amours. He might have devoted more of his time to them than could be well spared from the labours of the farmer, and the duties of the instructor; yet the poet would have his own way, as well as please his own mind. As might have been expected, complaints were preferred against him; and the Presbytery appointed a committee to examine the school. His best friends must have allowed that there was just ground of complaint; yet, the examiners were not inclined to be rigorous. To give a specimen of the progress the scholars were making, the schoolmaster called up a little boy† who had entered the school at the preceding term, and then commenced to learn the alphabet. He read now the Scriptures fluently and intelligibly. The Reverend gentlemen were well pleased with the specimen, and gave a favourable report of the school.

A bard was, even in our poet's time, a conspicuous character, and that not only as the "man of song;" he was highly esteemed in war and in peace. He was

* "He was married to Jane M'Donald, of the family of *Dail-an-eas*, in Glenetive. He composed a song on her, which is not remarkable for tenderness or affection, but cold and artificial, when compared with his lofty and impassioned strains in praise of Morag."—*Memoir prefixed to the Glasgow edition of 1839.*

† Duncan M'Kenzie, Kilchoan, who lived to the great age of ninety-four; and, in 1828, communicated to us this information. He also told us that in the ensuing summer he was taken from school to attend cattle; and that some time thereafter Mr. M'Donald left his school and farm and joined the Prince. "Poor man," added he, "he lost his all." He also mentioned that the country was in an unsettled state for some time, and that he lost the opportunity of getting any more education.

first in council; consulted in all matters of importance as a man of acknowledged talent; as being shrewd, cautious, and intelligent. An anecdote will show the opinion entertained of our bard even in the eighteenth century. One day the clergyman and he met. They went to have a drink, and some conversation. "There is little public news, and what is the private?" enquired the clergyman. "Very little," was the answer. "Have you heard of any thing at all in my parish that is worth relating, or any thing the reverse?" "Nothing." "Then," said the minister, "I have a piece of news for you." "We shall hear it." "Yes; and it is, that one of my elders has got his nurse in the family way." "Is it possible?" "I understand that it is very true." The poet wondered that he had not heard of it. "How can any thing be known in the country, and I ignorant of it?" said he to himself. They parted. The poet felt chagrined; could not get over it. When he went home, he mentioned to Mrs. McDonald the piece of intelligence communicated by the minister, but could not think who the elder was. She smiled, and told him it was himself,—she being in the family way, and nursing.

Of the changes and troubles of the year 1745, our author had his share. He laid down the ferula and took up the sword; abandoned his farm, and lost his all, in a cause which to cool reflection must have appeared hopeless. Prince Charles must have esteemed him as a highly accomplished scholar and a soldier, enthusiastic in his cause, so much attached to his interest, but, above all, as a bard. He was the Tyrtæus of his army. His spirit-stirring and soul-inspiring strains roused and inflamed the breasts of his men. His warlike songs manifested how heartily he enlisted in, and how sanguine he was in the success of the undertaking. He received a commission.

He not only changed his profession, and put all he had on the chance of the Prince's success, but he also changed his religion: he became a Roman Catholic. We need not wonder at this, as he was now among his friends and countrymen of that persuasion,—especially as he was given to changes. He was brought up a member of the Church of England; he was a member of the Church of Scotland when parochial school master and elder; and he became a member of the Church of Rome among his own clan and relations. The Mull bard, his constant antagonist, hit upon the true cause of his last change when he says:—

"Cha be 'n creideamh ach am brosgul,
Chuir thu ghiulan crois a phapa."

After the year 1745, the bard and his elder brother, Angus, a man of a diminutive size, but of extraordinary strength,* escaped the pursuit of their enemies, and

* Some good anecdotes are still current in Moidart about this great little man. He is called *Aonghas beag Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair*. We deem the following worth preserving:—*Colla ban* McDonald, of Barasdale, came one day to a ford of the Lochie which he was meaning to cross, and found Angus sitting on a stone taking off his shoes and stockings preparatory to going over also. The river was considerably swollen at the time, and Barasdale, who was a strong and tall man, accosted Angus as follows:—"My little fellow, keep on your shoes and stockings, as they will make you wade the better, and make haste come over with me and keep in my wake; I will break the force of the stream, which will enable you to get over with the greater ease." Angus knew him, and thanked him for his goodness; he did also as he was bidden. When they were in the most rapid part of the stream, Barasdale was

concealed themselves in the wood and caves of Kinloch-na-nua, above Borradaie, in the district of Arisaig. Their local knowledge of the country, and the care and attention of friends, enabled them to elude all search, surmount difficulties, and endure privations to which many fell a sacrifice.

A well-authenticated anecdote of the poet and his brother demonstrate the courage of the soldier and the spirit of the times. One day, as they were removing from one place of concealment to another, Angus, observing that his brother's hair was grey, (the side of his head next the ground, cold and frozen, became quite grey the night before,) contemptuously declared him an old man. "I should not wonder," replied Alexander, "were it not a dwarf that called me 'a poor old man.' " Angus, turning instantly round, dared him to repeat his words. They were in imminent danger. The least noise or indication of persons concealing themselves might have betrayed the place of concealment, and it would not have been safe for them to remain any longer in that part of the country. Regardless of the situation and critical circumstances, the poet could not pass over an occasion of cracking a joke, and the spirit of the manikin was too high to suffer any contempt. The fear, however, of provoking the resentment of the redoubtable hero, made the bard observe silence.

After this eventful period, Alexander M'Donald lived poor. He was invited to Edinburgh by Jacobitical friends, residing in the metropolis, to take charge of the education of their children, and where he had a better opportunity of finishing the education of his own. From Edinburgh he returned to the Highlands, being disappointed of the expected encouragement, and took up his residence in Moidart. He and Mr. Harrison, the priest, lived not on the best terms, and therefore he removed to Knoydart, and resided at Inveraoi.* He latterly returned into Arisaig, and resided at Sandaig till his death. He died at a good old age, and was gathered to his fathers in *Eilean-Fionain*, in Loch-Sheil.

like to be overpowered by the current, and was for returning; which Angus dared him on his peril to do; and, placing himself between Coll and the stream, dragged him by sheer force to the other side. Then said Angus to him, "You called me '*little fellow*' on the opposite side of the water; who, think you, might with greater propriety be called '*little fellow*' on this side? Take advice: Never call any man *little* till you have proved him; and always try to form your estimate of a man's character by something more substantial than mere appearance. Remember, also, great as you are, that had it not been for a greater man than yourself you might have been meat for all the eels in the Lochie."

* He composed a number of songs after this: and one of them, entitled "*Iomraich Alasdair a Eigneig do dh' Inner-aoidh*," displaying curious traits of the irritable and discontented temper that embittered his life when in *Eigneig*. While there, he represents all things, animate and inanimate, rocks and thorns, thistles and wasps, ghosts and hobgoblins, combining to torment and persecute him. He speaks of Mr. Harrison as follows:—

....."Am fear
Dheanadh as-caoin-eaglais chruaidh orm,
Mu'n eirinneadh a chiuals tri chasaid."†

On the other hand he represents *Inveraoi*, in Knoydart, a place like paradise,—full of all good things, blooming with roses and lilies, and flowing with milk and honey,—free of ghosts, hobgoblins, and venomous reptiles. How long he remained in this rocky paradise is not known; but he appears to have lived some time in Morror, as he composed a very elegant song in praise of that country.

† For this song see the Glasgow edition of 1839, page 88.

Like most men of genius, who make some noise in the world, *Mac-Mhaighstir Alasdair* has been much lauded on the one side by the party whose cause he espoused, and as much vilified, and, in some instances, falsified, by the other party. Mr. Reid, in his book, "*Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica*," seems to have had his information from the last mentioned source. We have taken our account of him from undoubted authorities. We have seen individuals who knew and were intimate with him; and have been acquainted with many of his relatives, and some of his descendants. Let us now proceed to his works. The first given to the public was his "*Gaelic and English Vocabulary*," published under the patronage of the Society for propagating Christian knowledge in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland,—a work of acknowledged merit and great usefulness in the schools, and which is very creditable to the author. It appeared in 1741, and was the first Vocabulary or Dictionary of the language ever published in a separate form. It is not alphabetically arranged, but divided into subjects. His poems were first published at Edinburgh, in 1751, and but for their being in Gaelic must certainly have brought on their author the vengeance of the law agents of the crown, for it is scarcely possible to conceive of language more violent and rebellious than that of many of his pieces. The longest and most extraordinary of his poetical productions is his "*Birlinn Chlainn Raonuill*." "He has in his '*Birlinn*,'" says Mr. Reid, "presented us with a specimen of poetry which, for subject matter, language, harmony, and strength, is almost unequalled in any language." He must have had the greatest command of the Gaelic language to have composed on a subject that would exhaust the vocables of the most copious.

From 1725 to 1745 he composed his descriptive poems, &c. "*Alt-an t-Siuc-air*" is an ignoble stream passing between the farm he occupied and the next to it, which he immortalizes in flowing strains. As a descriptive poem, it is perhaps unequalled by any in the language. Every object which the scene affords is brought to bear upon, and harmonize with, and give effect to the picture with a skill and an adaptation which bespeak the master-mind of the artist. Nowhere does poetry seem more nearly allied to painting than in this admirable production of our bard. His "*Oran an t-Samhraidh*," or "*Ode to Summer*," in which he is said to be delightfully redundant in epithets, like the season in its productions which he describes, he composed at Glencribisdale, situated on the south side of Loch-Suainart, in the parish of Morven. He came there on a visit the last day of April; and rising early next morning, and viewing the picturesque scenes around, was powerfully impressed with the varied beauties of nature, displayed in such ample profusion. His "*Ode to Winter*" is longer, and indicative of even greater powers of genius. The reason why this poem is not so popular as the forementioned is probably because it contains so many recondite terms and allusions. If it were as generally understood it would doubtless be as well appreciated. It was composed in Ardnamurchan, as well as many others in which scenes and events have been described which enable us to point out the locality and relate the circumstances that gave occasion to them. But after leaving Ardnamurchan, a subject presented itself that required all his energy, exertion, and enthusiasm—and he was not wanting in

either of them. His powers, both bodily and mental, were roused to action. His soul was fired with the prospect in view. He invoked the Muse, and she was auspicious. The few that remain of his Jacobite poems and songs are known to excel all other productions of this mighty son of song. The "Lion's Eulogy" breathes Mars throughout: so does the Jacobite song, sung to the tune of "*Waulking o' the Fauld*," beginning "*A chomuinn rioghail runaich*." The song entitled "*Am Breacan Uallach*" is equally spirited and warlike.

We have good authority for saying that a tenth of these poems and songs have not been given to the world. His son Ronald had them all in manuscript; but having published a collection of Gaelic poetry, and not meeting with much encouragement for a second volume, he allowed his MS. to be destroyed. Dr. M'Eachen, a friend and connexion, had the mortification of seeing leaves of them used for various purposes through the house.

Mr. M'Donald could bear no rival. He often selected indifferent subjects to try his own powers. For instance, "The Dairy Maid," and "The Sugar Brook." But, while as a poet he merits the highest praise, he is not to be excused for his immoral pieces, which of course are excluded from the "BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY."

MOLADH AIR AN T-SEANA CHANAIN GHAEALACH.

Gur h-i 's crìoch araid
Do gach cainnt fo'n ghrein,
Gu ar smuaintean fhasmhor
A phairteachadh r'a cheil';
Ar n' intinnean a rusgadh,
Agus run ar ori,
Le 'r gnìomh, 's le 'r giulan,
Surd chuir air ar dìth.
'S gu laoidh ar beoil
A dh'ìobradh Dhia nan dul,
'S e h-ard chrìoch mhor,
Go bi toirt dosan cliu.
'S e'n duine fein,
'S aon chreutair reusant ann,
Gu'n tug toil De dh'a,
Gibht le bheul bhi cainnt:
Gu'n chum e so,
O'n-uile bhruid gu leir;
O ghìbht mhor phrìseil-s'
Dhealbh na ìomhaidh fein!
Na'm beirte balbh e,
'S a theanga marbh na cheann,
B'i n iarguin shearbh e,
B' fhearr bhi marbh no ann.

'S ge h-ìomadh canan,
O linn Bhabel fhuaire
A' sìochd sin Adhamh,
'S i Ghaelìg a thug buaidh.
Do'n labhradh dhaicheil,

An t-urram ard gun tuisims',
Gun mheang, gun fhàilinn,
Is urraian each a luaigh.
Bha Ghaelìg, ullamh,
Na glòir fìor ghuineach cruaidh,
Air feadh a chruinne
Ma'n thuilich an Tuil-ruadh.
Mhair i fos,
'S cha teid a glòir air chall
Dh'ain-deoin go,
A's mi-run mhor nan Gall.
'S i labhair Alba,
'S Galla-bhodaiche fein;
A' fìath, ar prìunnsai,
'S ar dìucannan gun eis.
An taigh-comhairl' an rìgh,
'Nuair shuidheadh air beinn a' chuir,
'S i Ghaelìg lìobhta,
'Dh' fhuasgladh snaim gach cuis.
'S i labhair Calum
Allail! a chinn-mhoir,
Gach mith, a's maith,
Bha 'n Alba beag a's mor.

'S i labhair Gaill, a's Gaeil,
Neo-chleirich, a's cleir
Gach fear a's bean,
A ghluaisadh teang' am beul.
'S i labhair Adhamh,
Ann a Parraìs fein,

'S bu shiubh'ach Gaelig
O bheul aluinn Eubh'.
Och tha bhuil ann!
'S uireasach gann fo dhith,
Gloir gach teanga
A labhras cainnt seach i.
Tha Laideann coimhliont',
Toirteach, teann ni's leoir;
Ach sgagalag thrailleil e
Do'n Ghaelg choir.
Sa'n Athen mhoir,
Bha Ghreuguis cor na tim,
Ach b'ion d' i h-ordag
Chuir fo h-or chrìos grinn.
'S ge min, slim, boidheach,
Cuirteil, ro bhog liobht',
An Fhraingeis loghmhor,
Am pailis mor gach rìgh;
Ma thagras each orr',
Pairt d'an ainbh'feich' fein,
'S ro bheag a dh' fhagas
Iad de dh-agh na cre.

'S i 'n aon chanan
Am beul nam bard 's nan e' g,
'S fearr gu caineadh,
O linn Bhabel fein.
'S i's fearr gu moladh
'S a's torrunnaiche gleus,
Gu rann no laoidh,
A tharruinn gaoth tro' bheul.
'S 's fearr gu comhairl',
'S gu gnodhach chuir gu feum,
Na aon teang' Eorpach.
Dh' ain-deoin bosd nan Greug.
'S 's fearr gu rosg,
'S air chosabh a chuir dhuan;
'S ri cruaidh uchd cosgair,
Bhrosnachadh an t-sluaigh.
Ma chionneamh bar,
'S i 's tabhachdaich bheir buaidh,
Gu toirt a bhais
Do 'n eucoir dhaicheil, chruaidh.
Cainnt laidir, ruithteach,
Is neo-liotach fuaim;
'S i seadhail, sliochdmhor,
Brìsg-ghloireach, mall, luath.
Cha'n fheum i iasad,
'S cha mho dh'iarras bhuath';
O 'n t-sean mhatthair chiatach,
Lan do chiadamh buaidh!
Tha i-fein daonnan,
Saibhir, maoineach, slan;
A taighean taisge.
Dh'fhaclan gasda lan.
A chanain, sgapach,
Thapaidh, bhlasda, ghrinn!
Thig le tartar,
Neartmhor, a beul cinn.
An labhairt shiolmhor,
Lionmhor, 's milteach buaidh.
Sultmhor, brìghor,
Fhìr-ghlan, chaoidh nach truail!
B' i 'n teanga mhilis,
Bhinn-fhaclach 's an dan;

Gu spreigeil, tioram,
Ioraltach, 's i lan
A chanain cheolmhor
Shoghmhor, 's glormhor blas,
A labhair mor-shliochd
Scota 's Ghaeil ghlais.
'S air reir Mhic-Comb,
An t-ughdar mor ri luaigh!
'S i's freumbach oir,
'S ciad *Ghràmair* gloir gach sluagh!

MOLADH MORAIG.

AIR Fonn—"Piobatreachd."

Urlar.

'S truagh gun mi 's a' choill
'N uair bha Morag ann,
Thilgeamaid na croinn
Co bu bhoich' againn?
Inghean a chuil duinn,
Air am beil a loinn,
Bhi'maid air ar broinn
Feadh na rosanan;
Bhreugamaid sinn-fhin,
Mìreag air ar blion,
A buain shobhrach min-bhui'
Nan cosagan:
Theannamaid ri stri
'S thaghlamaid san fhrith
'S chailleamaid sinn fhin
Feadh nan sroineagan.

Suil mar ghorm-dhearc driuchd
Ann an ceo-mhadainn;
Deirg' is gil' na d' ghnais
Mar bhla oirseidin.
Shuas cho min ri plùr:
Shìos garbh mo chulaidh-chiuil;
Grian nam planad curs,
A measg oigheannan;
Reulla ghlan gun smuir
Measg nan rionnag-iuil;
Sgathan mais' air fura
Na boichid thu;
Ailleagan glan ur,
A dhallas ruig gu'n eul;
Ma's ann de chriaghaich thu
'S aobhar mor-ionghnaidh.

O'n thainig gne de thur
O m' aois oige dhomh,
Nìr facas creutair dhu,
Ba cho glormhoire;
Bha Malli dearbha caoin,
'S a gruaidh air dhreach nan caor;
Ach caochlaidheach mar ghaoith,
'S i ro oransach;
Bha Pegi fad an aois,
Mar be sin b'i mo ghaol;
Bha Marsaili fir aodrum,
Lan neonachais;

Bha lill taitin rium,
Mar be a ruig bhí fionn;
Ach cha ba sha buirn ionnlaid,
Do'n Mhóraig-s' iad.

Siubhal.

O! 's coma leam, 's coma leam,
Uil' iad ach Morag;
Ribhinn dheas chulach
Gun uireasbhuidh foghlum;
Cha'n fhaighear a siunnailt,
Air mhaise no bhunailt,
No'm beusan neo-chumant',
Am Muile no'n Leoghas.
Gu geamnuilth, dens furanach.
Duineil gun mhor-chuis;
Air thaghadh na cumachd,
O mullach gu brogan;
A neul tha neo-churaidh,
'S a h-aghaidh ro lurach;
Go briodalach, cuireideach,
Urramach, seolta.

O guili-gag! guili-gag!
Guili-gag Morag!
Aice ta chulaidh
Cu cuireadh van oigear;
B' e'n t-aighear 'sa sulas,
Bhi sinte ri t-ulaidh,
Seach daonnan bhi fuireach
Ri munaran posaidh.
D'am phianadh, 's d'am ruagadh
Le busaireadh na feola;
Le aislingean-connain
Na colla d' am leonadh;
'Nuair chidh mi ma m' choinneamh,
A clochan le coinneil,
Theid m'aigneadh air bhoile,
'S na theine dearg solais.

O fair-a-gan! fair-a-gan,
Fair-a-gan! Morag!
Aice ta chroicag
Is toite san Eorpa;
A ciochan geal criostoil,
Na faice' tu stoit' iad,
Gu'n tairrneadh gu beag-nair',
Ceann-eaglais na Roimhe.
Air bhuigead 's air ghilead,
Mar lill nan lointean;
'Nuair dheana tu'n dinneadh,
Gu'n cinneadh tu deonagh;
An deirgead, an grinnead;
Am minead, 's an teinnead;
Gu'm b'asainn chur spionnaidh,
Agus spioraid am feoil iad.

Urlar.

Thogamaid ar fonn,
Anns an og-mhadainn;
'S *Phabus*' dath na'n tonn,
Air samh orensain;
Fa'r ceill cha bhiodh conn,
Ar sga' dhoir' a's thom,
Sinn air daradh trom

Le'r cuid gor-aileis;
Direach mar gu'm biodh
Maioseach's boc a frith,
Crom-ruaig a cheile dion
Timheall oganan;
Chailleamaid ar oll
A' gaireachdaich linn-fhin,
Le bras mhacnas dian sin
Na h-ogalachd.

Siubhal.

O dastram! dastram!
Dastram, Morag!
Ribhinn bhuidh bhastalach,
Leac-ruiteach rosach;
A gruidhean air lasadh,
Mar lasair-chlach dhaite,
'S a deud mar an sneachda,
Cruinn-shnait' an dlu ordugh.
Ri *Bhenus* cho tlachdmhor,
An taitneachdainn fheol'or;
Ri *Dido* cho maiseach,
Cho' snasmhor 's cho corr r'f;
'S e thionngan dhomb caitheamh,
'S a laodaich mo rathan,
A bhallag ghrinn laghach,
Chuir na gathan-sa m'fheol-sa.

'S mar bithinn fo ghlasaibh,
Cruaidh phaisgte le posadh,
Dh'ioibrainn eridhe mo phearsa,
Air an altair so Morag,
Gu'n liubhrainn gun airesneul,
Ag stolaibh a cas e;
'S mar gabhadh i tlachd dhìom,
Cha b' fhada sin beo mi.
O 'n t-urram! an t-urram!
An t-urram! do Mhòraig!
Cha mhor nach do chuir i;
M'fhuil uil' as a h-ordugh;
Gu'n d'rug orradh ceum-tuislidh,
Fo iomachd mo chuislean,
Le teas agus murtachd,
O mhoch-thra Di-domhnaich.

'S tu reulla nan cailin,
Lan lannir gun cheo ort;
Fìor chomhnart gun charraid,
Gun arral, gun bheolam;
Cho min ri cloidh-eala,
'S cho geal ris a ghailionn;
Do sheang shlios seamh fallain,
Thug barrachd air moran.
'S tu ban-righ nan ainnir,
Che sgallais an comhradh;
Ard foinnidh na d' ghallan,
Gun bhaileart, gun mhor-chuis;
Tha thu coimhliont' na d' bhallabh,
Gu h-innsgineach athlamh;
Caoin, meachair, farsad,
Gun fharum, gun ropal.

Urlar.

B'fhearr gu bithinn sgaoilt'
As na cordamhsa,

Thug mi tuil'le gaol
 A's bu choir dhomh dhut;
 Gu 'n tig fa dhuine taom,
 Gu droch ghniomh bhios clao,
 Cuireadh e cruaidh-shnuim
 Air o'n ghoraich sin:
 Ach thug i so mo chiall,
 Uile bhuam gu trian;
 Cha'n fhaca mi riamh
 Siunnalt Moraig-sa,
 Ghoid i bhuam mo chri,
 'S shlad i bhuam mo chli,
 'S cuiridh i 'san chill,
 Fo na fodaibh mi.

Siubhal.

Mo cheist agus m'ullaidh
 De'n chunnaic mi d' sheors thu,
 Le d' bhroilleach geal-thuraid,
 Nam mullaichean boidheach;
 Cha'n fhaigh mi de dh'fhuras,
 Na ni mionaid uat fùireach,
 Ge d' tha buarach na dunach
 D'am chumail o d' phosadh.
 Do bheul mar an t-sirist,
 'S e milis ri phogadh,
 Cho dearg ri *bhermillian*,
 Mar bhileagan rosar;
 Gu'n d'rinn thu mo mhilleadh,
 Le d' *Chupid* d'am bhioradh,
 'S le d'shaighdan caol, biorach,
 A rinn ciorram fa m' chota.

Tha mi lan mulsaid,
 O'n chunnaig mi Morag,
 Cho trom ri clach-mhuilinn,
 Air lunnan d'a seoladh:
 Mac-samhail na cruinneig,
 Cha'n eil anns a chruinne;
 Mo chri air a ghuin leat,
 O'n chunna' mi t-or-chul
 Na shlamagan bachallach.
 Casarlach, cornach;
 Gu faineagach, cleachdagach,
 Dreach-lubach, glormhor;
 Na reullagan cearelach;
 Mar usgraichean dreachmhor,
 Le fudar san fhasan
 Griann-lasda, ciabh or-bhuidh.

Do shlios mar an canach;
 Mar chainéal do phogan;
 Ri *Pheonix* cho aineamh;
 'S glan lannir do chota:
 Gu muirinneach banail,
 Gun ardan gun stannart;
 'S i corr ann an ceanal,
 Gun sinnis gun fhotus.
 Na faicte mo leannar
 'S a mhath-shluagh di-donaich,
 B'i coltas an aingeal,
 Na h-earradh's na comhradh;
 A pearsa gun talach
 Air a gibhtean tha barrachd;
 A'n, Ti dh' fhag thu gun aineamh,
 A rinn do thalamh rud boidheach.

Urlar.

Tha 'n saoghal lan de smaointeannan feolar,
 Mamon bidh 'g ar clao-nadh
 Le ghoisnichean;
 A choluinn buair oir'n gaol
 Ghabhail gu ro fhaoin.
 Air striopachas, air craos,
 Agus strothalachd:
 Ach cha do chreid mi riamh
 Gu'n do sheas air sliabh,
 Aon te bha cho ciatach
 Ri Moraig-sa;
 A subhaillean 's a ciall,
 Mar gu'm biodh ban-dia.
 Leugh an cri am chliamh
 Le cuid orrachan.

Siubhal.

Ar comhairle na ceilibh orm.
 Ciod eile their no ni mi?
 Ma'n ribhinn bu tearc ceileireadh,
 A sheinneadh air an fhideig:
 Cha'n fhaighear a lethid eile so,
 Air tir-mor no 'n eileanan;
 Cho lomlan, 's cho eireachdail.
 Cho teiridneach, 's cho biogail,
 'S ni cinnteach gur ni deireasach
 Mar ceileir so air Sine,
 Mi thuitem an gaol leath-phairteach,
 'S mo cherenion ga'n dhiobhail;
 Cha'n eil do bhurn a Seile sid,
 No shneachd an Cruachan eildeach
 Na bheir aon fhionnachd eiridneach
 Do'n teine th'ann am innsgin.

'Nuar chuala mi ceol leadanach
 An fheadain a bh'aig Morag,
 Rinn m'aigneachd damhsa' beadarach,
 'S e freagra dha le solas;
 Seamh urlar, sochrach, leadarra
 A puirt, 's a meoir a brenbadaich;
 B'e sid an or-fhead eagarra,
 Do bheus nan creaga' mora,
 Ochoin! am feadan bail-eughach,
 Cruaidh sgail-eughach, glan ceolmhor,
 Nam binn-phort stuirteil, trileanta,
 Ri min-dhionachd, bog ro-chaoin;
 A marsal comhnard staideil sin,
 'S e lughmhor grasmhor caisemachd;
 Fìor chrunluath, brig, spalpara,
 Fa clia-lu na bras-chaoin sporsail.

Chinn pois, is stuir, a's sprachealachd,
 Am ghnais 'n uair bheachdaich guamag,
 A seinn an fheadain ioraltaich,
 B'ard iolach ann am chluasan;
 A suain-cheol, sithe mir-anach;
 Mear stoirneil, pongail, mionaideach;
 Na b' fhoirmeile nach sireamaid,
 Air mhirid ri h-uchd tuasaid.
 O'n buille meoir bu lomarra,
 Gu pronnadh a phuirt uaimhrich!
 'S na h-uilt bu lughmhor cromainean
 Air thollaidh a chroinn bhudhaich!

Gun slao-d-mheoirich, gun ronnaireachd,
Brìsg, tioram, sochdair, colaideach;
Geal-ludag nan gearra-cholluinnan,
Na craplu, loinneil, guanach!

Urlar.

Chasgamaid ar n-iot
Le glan fhion an sin,
'S bhualamaid gu dian
Air glòir shiomhalta:
Tuille cha bhiodh ann,
Gus an tigeadh am,
A bhi cluich air dam,
Air na tiodhan sin;
Dh'olaimaid ar dram,
Dh'fhogradh uainn gun taing,
Gach ni chuireadh mail
Air bhi miog-chuiseach;
Maighdean nan clabh fann,
Shniamhanach nan clann,
Mala chaol, dhonn, cham,
Channach, fhinealta.

An crunluath.

Mo cheann tha lan de sheilleanaibh
O dhaileich mi ri d'bhriodal;
Mo s'ron tha stoip't a dh-elebor
Na deil, le teine dimbis;
Mo shuillean tha cho deireasach,
Nach faic mi gne gun telesgop,
'S ge d'bhiodh meudach beinn' ann,
'S ann theirinn gur h-e frid i.
Dh'fhalbh mo cheudfaidh corp'orra
Gu docharach le bruarad,
'N uair shaoil mi fortan thor chairt domh,
'S m' m thorroichim air mo chluasaig:
Air dusgadh as a chaitream sin
Cha d'fhuair mi ach aon fhailas d'i,
An ionad na maoin bearraideach
A mheal mi gu seachd uairean.

Aoh, cìod thug mi gu glan fhaireachadh,
Ach carachadh rinn clunnag:
'S co so, o thus, bha Mhorag ann,
Ach Sine an or-fhuil chualaich;
'Nuair thur i gu'n do lagaich mi,
'S gu feumainn rag chuir stalcidh ann,
Gu'n d'rinn i draoidheachd-chadail domh,
Rinn cruaidh fìor rag de m luaidhe.
Bha clensachd-sa cho innealta,
'S cho innleachdach ma'n cuairt d'i,
Nach faodainn fhin thaobh si-mhaltachd,
Gun dlighe crìon thoir uam dh'i;
Gu'n thiunnaidh mi gu h-ordail r'i;
'S gu'n shaoil mi gu'm b'i Morag i;
Gun d' aiseig mi mo phogan du,
'S cha robh d'a coir dad uaipe.

Note.—This is one of the finest productions of the Keltic muse. The bard appears to have been really enamoured and he pours forth his elegant, rapid, and impassioned strains in a torrent of poetry which has never been equalled by any of his contemporaries. Morag was a common country girl; and it is said that the poet's wife became

jealous of her rival. The bard had talked of the marriage ties with the greatest contempt, and regretted that he was fettered with the bonds of wedlock. This raised a storm, and the bard sacrificed the mistress to appease the wife, and composed his "*Mi-mholadh*." Here is an instance of his disregard to truth and common decency, as well as of moral and poetical justice. As the praise was exaggerated and extravagant, the censure was cruel, unmanly, and undeserved. He first raised the object of his admiration to the skies, with the most hyperbolic praise—and then, without any provocation, he suddenly wheels round and overwhelms his goddess with the most slanderous, foul-mouthed and unfeeling abuse. His "*Mi-mholadh Morag*" is printed in the *Glasgow complete edition of his works of 1839*.

ORAN AN T-SAMHRAIDH.

AIR FOKN—"Through the wood, laddie."

AN dèis dhomh dusgadh 's a'mhadainn,
'S an deat air a choill,
Ann a madainn ro shoilleir,
Ann a lagan beag doilleir,
Gu'n cuasas am feadan
Gu leadurra seinn;
'S mac-talla nan creagan
D'a fhreagairt bron bhinn.*

Bi'dh am beithe deagh-bholtrach,
Uraill dosrach nan carn,
R' maoth-bhlas driuchd ceitean,
Mar ri caoin-dhearsadh greine,
Bruchdadh barraich tro gheugan,
'S an mhios cheutach sa Mhaigh:
Am mìos breac-laoghach, buailteach;
Bhainneach, bhuaghaobh, gu dair!

Bi'dh gach doire dlu uaignidh
'S trusgan uain' ump a' fas;
Bi'dh an snothach a dìreadh
As gach frìamhach a's isle,
Tro 'na cuislinnean sniomhain,
Gu miadachadh bla:
Cuach, a's smeorach 's an fheasgar,
Seinn a leadainn 'n am barr.

* We have heard it broadly asserted, that the commencing stanza of this song is a mere translation of the first stanza of a certain song in "*Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany*." That there is a general similarity between these two stanzas, is admitted at once: and that M'Donald may have seen the "*Miscellany*," and also read the stanza in question, is likewise conceded. But that the similarity between the two is such as to warrant the conclusion that *he must have seen it*, we cannot allow. As to its being a translation, if our opinion were asked, we would say at once "*It is not*." But we subjoin the lines from the "*Miscellany*," that the reader may have the better opportunity of judging:—

"As early I wak'd,
On the first of sweet May,
Beneath a steep mountain,
Beside a clear fountain,
I heard a grave lute
Soft melody play,
While the echo resounded
The dolorous lay."

Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany, Vol. I.

A mios breac-uigheach, braonach,
Creannach, maoth-rosach, aith!
Chuireas sgeadas neo-thruaillidh,
Air gach aite d'a dhuichneachd;
A dh'fhogras sneachd le chuid fuachd,
O gheur-ghruaim nam beann ard;
'S aig meud eagail roí *Phæbus*,
Theid's na speuraibh 'na smal.

A mios lusannach, mealach,
Feurach, failcannach, blath;
'S e gu gaeagach, duilleach,
Luachrach, ditheannach, lurach,
Beachach, seilleannach, dearenach,
Ciurach, dealltach, trom, tha;
'S i mar chuirceanan daiméin,
Bhratach bhoisgeil air lar!

'S moch bhios *Phæbus* ag oradh
Ceap nam mor-oruach 's nam beann;
'S bi'dh 'san uair sin le solas,
Gach eun binn-fhaelach boidheach.
Ceumadh meur-buillean ceolar,
Feadh phres, ogan, a's ghleann;
A chorrull chuirteach gun sgreadan,
Aig por is beadarraich greann!

'S an am tighinn do'n fheasgar,
Co-fhreagradh aon am,
Ni iad co'-sheirm, sheimh, fhallain,
Gu bileach, binn-ghobach, allail,
A seinn gu lu-chleasach daigheann
A measg ur-mheaghain nan orann;
'S iad fein a beuceil gu foirmeil,
Le toirm nan organ gun mheang.

Bi'dh gach creutair do laigid
Dol le suigear do'n choill;
Bi'dh an dreadhan ga balcant',
Foirmeil, talcorra, bagant',
Sir chuir failt air a mhadainn,
Le rifeid mhaisich, bhuig, bhinn;
Agus *Robin* d'a bheusadh
Air a gheig os a chinn.

Gur glan gall-fheadan *Richard*
A seinn na'n cuisinnin grinn,
Am barr nam billichean blathor,
'S an dos na lom-dharag arda,
Bhiodh 's na glacagan fasaich
As cubhraidh faile na'm fion;
Le phuirt thrilanta shiubhlach
Phronnair lughor le dion.

Sid na puirt a's glan gearradh,
'S a's ro ealand roinn;
Chuireadh m'inntinn gu beadrach,
Clia-lu t-fheadain ma'n eadrach,
'N am do'n chroth bhi g'an leigeadh,
An innis bheir's a' choill;
'S tu d' leig air baidel ri cionthar,
An grianan aon-chasach croinn.

'S bi'dh bradan seang-mhear an fhiar-uig',
Gu brieg, slián-leumannach, luath;

Nam bhuidhnean tarra-ghealach, lannach,
Gu h-iteach, dearg-bhallach, earrach,
Le shoillesean airgeid d'a earradh,
'S min-bhreac lainnireach tuar;
'S e-fein gu crom-ghobach allamh,
Ceapadh chuileag le cluain.

A bhealltuinn bhog-bhailceach, ghrianach,
Lonach, lianach, mo ghraidh,
Bhainneach, fhionr-mheagach, uachdrach,
Omhanach, loinideach, chuachach,
Ghruthach, shlamannach, mhiosrach,
Mhiodrach, mhiosganach lan,
Uannach, mheannanach, mhaoiniach,
Bhocach, mhaoiseach, lan ail!

O! 's fíor eibhinn r'a chluinntinn,
Fann-gheum laoiigh anns a chro
Gu h-ural, min-bhallach, aluinn;
Druim-fhionn, gearr-fhionnach, faili,
Ceann-fhionn, colg-rasgach, cluas-dearg,
Tarra-gheal, guaineisich, og,
Gu moagach, bog-ladhrach, fasor,
'S e leum ri baraich nam bo!

A shobhrach gheala-bhui' nam bruachag,
Gur fanna-gheal, snuaghar, do ghnuis!
Chinnas badanach, cluasach,
Maoth-mhin, baganta luaineach;
Gur tu ros is fearr cruadal
A ni gluasad a h-uir;
Bi'dh tu t-eideadh as t-earrach
'S cach ri falach an sul.

'S curaidh faileadh do mhuineil,
A chrios-Cho-chulainn nan earn!
Na d' chruinn bhaisidean riabhach,
Loiniach, fhad-luirgneach, sgiamhach,
Na d' thuin ghiobagach, dreach-mhin,
Bharr-bhuidh, chasurlich, aird;
Timcheall thulmanan diamhair
Ma'm bi'm biadh-ianain a fas.

'S gu'm bi froineisean boisgeil
A thilgeas foineal ni's leoir,
Ar gach lu-ghart de neoinein,
'S do bharraibh sheamragan lomhar;
Mar sin is leasachan soilleir,
De dh-fheada-coille nan cos,
Timcheall bhoganan loinneal,
A's tric an eilid d'an coir.

'Nis treigidh coileach a ghucag,
'S caitean brucach nan crabh,
'S theid gu mullach nan sliabh-chnoc',
Le chirc ghearr-ghobaich riabhaich,
'S bi'dh ga suiridh gu cuirteil
Am pillein cúl-gorma fraoich:
'S ise freagra le tuchan:—
"Pi hu-hu tha thu faoin."

A choilich chraobhaich nan gearr-sgiath,
'S na falluine d'í,
Tha dubh a's gear air am miosgadh,
Go ro oirdheire na t-itich;

Muineal lannireach, sgipl,
Uaine, slis-mhìn, 's tric crom!
Gob na'n pongannan millis
Nach faict' a sìleadh nan ronn!

Sid an turarach ghlan, linnéal,
A's arl coileag air tom,
'S iad ri bu-ra-rus seamh, ceutach
Ann a feasgar bog ceitean;
Am bannal geal-sgirtach, uchd-ruadh;
Mala ruiteach, chaol, chróm;
'S iad gu h-uchd-ardach, earra-gheal,
Ghrìan-thearsgnaidh, dhruim-dhonn.

Note.—The poet here uses a redundancy of adjectives, epithets and alliterations, with more pedantry than becomes pastoral poetry: but, with all its faults, the poem contains many beautiful passages. The address to the primrose is peculiarly elegant and happy—the description of the love of the grouse is also very good—and the address to the black cock is lively and graphic, though it ends with an unlucky and far-fetched conceit.

ORAN A GHEAMHRAIDH.

AIR Fonn—"Tweedside."

Tharruinn grian rìgh nam planad 's nan reull,
Gu sign *Chancer* di-ciadain gu beachd,
A riaghlas cothrom ma'n eriochnaich e thriall,
Da mhios-deug na bliadhna ma seach;
Ach gur h-e 'n dars, di-sathuirn' na dheigh,
A ghrian-stad-shamraidh, aon-deug, an la's fàid;
'S a sin tiuntaidh e chursa gu seimh,
Gu seas-ghrian a gheamhraidh gun stad.

'S'o dh'imich e 'nis uainn m'an cuairt,
Gu'm bi fuachd oir'n gu'm pill e air ais,
B'ìdh gach la dol an giorrad gu feum,
'S gach oidheche do reir dol am fad:
Sruthaidh luibhean, a's coill, agus fear,
Na fas-bheodha orion-cugaidh iad as;
Teichidh snodhach gu friamhach nan crann,
Suighidh glaoghan an sugh-bheath' a steach.

Seachdaidh geugan glan cubhraidh nan crann,

Bha's an t-samhradh trom-strac-te le meas,
Gu'n torr-leum an toradh gu iar,
Gu'n agriosair am barr far gach lios.
Guillidh feadain a's creachainn nam beann,
Sruthain chrìostail nan gleann le trom sprochd,
Caoidh nam fuaran ri meacuinn gu'n cluinn,
Deoch-shunnta nam maciseach 's nam boc.

Laidhidh bròn air an talamh gu leir,
Gu'n aognaich na sleibhteann's na cnuic;
Grad dubhaidh caoin uchdar nam blar,
Fal-ruisgte, 's iad faillinneach bochd
Na h-eoin bhuchallach, bhreac-iteach, ghrinn,
Sheinneadh basganta, binn, am barr dhos,

Gu'n teid a ghlas-ghuib ar am beul,
Gun bhodha, gun teud, 's iad nan tost.

Sgùiridh buirdisich sglathach nan spur,
D'an cèileiribh grìanach car greis,
Cha seinn iad a' maidnean gu h-ard,
No feasgaran chrabhach 's a' phreas;
Cadal cluthor gu'n dean anns gach cos,
Gabhail fasgaidh am frogan'n nan creag;
'S iad ag ionndrainn nan gathanan blath,
Bhiodh ri dealradh o sgaile do theas.

Cuirear daltachan srian-bhuidh nan res
Bharr mhìn-chìoch nan or-dhithean beag,
'S inghean guagach lili nan lon,
Nam fluran, 's gheal noinein nan eug;
Cha deogh'air le beachan nam bruach,
Crodhaidh fuaraidh car cuairt iad na sgeap;
'S cha mho chruinneachas seillein a mhal,
'S thar gheal-ur-ros chroinn garaidh cha streap.

Tearnaidh bradan, a's sgadan, 's gach iasg,
O t-larguinn gu fìs-ghrunnd nan loch;
'S gu fan air an aigein du-dhonn,
Ann an doimhneachd nam fonn a's nan slochd.
Na brie tharra-ghealach, earra-ghobhlach
shliom,
Leumadh mearagant', ri usgràichean chop,
Nan cairtealan geamhraidh gu'n tamh,
Meirbh, samhach, o thamh thu fo'n ghlob.

Chas a's ghreannaich gach tulach, 's gach tom,
'S doite lom chian gach fireach, 's gach glac;
Gu'n d' obhreach na sìtheanan feoir,
Bu lusanach, feirneanach brat;
Thiormach monaiean, 's ruadhaich gach fonn;
Bheuchd an fhaige 's ro thonn-ghreannach gart;
'S gu'n sgreitich an dulachd gach long,
'S theid an cabhlach na long-phort a steachd.

Neulach paircean a's miodair gu bas,
Thuit gach fasach, 's gach aite fo bhruid;
Ch'araich monadh nan iosal 's nan ard;
Theirig dathanan grasmhor gach luig;
Dh-fhalbh am faileadh, am *muag*, a's am fonn;
Dh-fhalbh am maise bharr lombar gach buig;
Chaidh an eunaidh gu caoidhearan truagh,
Uiseag, smeorach, a's cuach, agus druid.

A fhraoich bhadanaich, ghaganaich, uir,
D'am b'ola's d'am b'fhudar a mhill,
B'i bhlath ghrian do bhalet's gach uair,
Gu giullachd do ghrunige le sgil;
'S a mhadain iuchair 'nuair bhoisgeadh a ghnais,

Air bhuidhinnin driuchdach nan dril,
B'fhior chubhraidh 's gu'm b'eibhinn an smuid
So dh'eireadh bharr chuirnein gach bil.

Gu'n theirig suth-talmhuinn nam bruach;
Dh-fhalbh an cnuasach le'n trop-lubadh alat,

Thuit an t-ubhall, an t-siris, 's a pheur,
Chuireadh bodha air a gheig anns a bhad.
Dh-fhalbh am bainne bho'n eallach air chul,
Ma'm bi leanaba bi ciucharan bochd;
'S gu'm pill a grian gu sign *Thaurus* nam
buaith,
'S treun a bhuadhaicheas, fuaichd, agus gort.

Theid a ghrian air a thurus man cuairt,
Do *thropic Chapricorn* ghruamach gun stad,
O'n tig fearthuinn chruinn, mh-allanach, luath,
Bheir air mullaich nan cuairteagan sad;
Thig tein'-adhair, thig torunn na dheigh,
Thig gaillonn, thig eireadh nach lag,
'S cinnidh uisge na ghlaimeachan cruaidh,
'S na ghlas-leugaibh, min, fuar-lieneach rag.

A mios nuarranda, garbh-fhrasach dorch',
Shneachdach, choigarra, stoirm-shionach bith;
Dhisleach, dhall-churach, chathach, fhliuch,
chruai,
Bhiorach, bhuagharra, 's tuath-ghaothach oith;
Dheibheach, lia-rotach, ghlab-shleamhain
gharbh,
Chuireas sgiobairean fairge nan ruith;
Fhliuchach, fhuntuinneach, ghuineach gun tlas
Cuiridh t-anail gach caileachd air chrith.

A mios cratanach, casdach, lom,
A bhios trom air an t-sonn-bhrochan dubh;
Churraiceach, chasagach, lechdunn a's dhonn,
Bhrisneach, stocainneach, chom-chochlach,
thiugh,
Bhrogach, mhiotagach, pheiteagach bhan,
Imeach, aranach, chaiseach, gun ghruth;
Le miann bruthaiste, mairt-fheoil a's cal;
'S ma bhios blath nach dean tair air gne stuth.

A mios brotagach, toiteanach soigh
Ghionach, stroitheal, fhiar gheocach gu muic;
Litench, laghanach, chabaisteach chorr,
Phoiteach, romasach, roiceil, gu sult;
'S an taobh-muigh ge do thugh sinn ar com,
Air an fhaille gheur-tholltach gun tlas,
'S feudar dram ol mar linnigeadh cleibh,
A ghrad fhadas tein'-eibhinn 's an uchd.

Bi'dh grean'-dubh air cuid mor de'n Roin-
neerp,
O lagaich ageamh ordha do theas,
Do sholas bu sholas ro mhor,
Ar fragharo a's ar lochran geal deas;
Ach 'nuair thig e gu *Gemini* a ris,
'S a lannir 's gach righeachd gu'n cuir,
'S buidh soillesein nan coirean's nam meall,
'S riochdail fiamh nan or-mheall air a mhuir.

'S theid gach salmair ball-mhaiseach ur,
Ann an crannaig chraobh-dhlu-dhuilich chais,
Le 'n seol fein a sheinn laoidh 's a thoirt oiliu,
Chiunn a *phlanaid*-s a chursadh air ais;
Gu'm bi coisir air leth anns gach geig,
An *dasgaibh* eibhinn air-reidh-shlios nan slat,
A toirt lag lobairt le'n ceileir d'an Triath,
Air chaol chorraibh an sgiath anns gach glaic.

Cha bh' creutair fo chupan nan speur,
'N shu nach tiundaidh ri 'n speurad's ri'n
dreach,
'S gu'n toir *Phæbus* le buadhan a bhlaiss,
Anam-fas daibh a's caileachdain ceart
Ni iad ais-eiridh choitheann on uaigh,
Far na mhiataibh am fuaichd iad a stench,
'S their iad:—*guileag-doro-hidola-havn*,
Dh-fhalbh an geamhra 's tha'n samhradh air
teachd.

ORAN NAM FINEACHAN GAELACH.

A CHOMUINN rioghail ruineich,
Sar umhlachd thugaibh uaibh,
Biodh 'ur ruisg gun smuirnean,
'S gach cri gur treas gun lub ann;
Deoch-slaime Sheumais Stiubhairt,
Gu muirneach cuir ma'n cuairt!
Ach ma ta gionh air bith 'n 'u' tamaig,
A chailleis naomh' na truaill.

Lion deoch-slaime Thearlach
A mheirlich! straic a chuach;
B'i sid an ioc-shilant' aluinn,
Dhuth-bheothaicheadh mo chailleachd
Ge d'a bhiodh am bas orm,
Gun neart, gun adh, gun tuar.
A Rìgh nan dul a chuir do chabhlach,
Oirn thar sail' le luathas.

O! tog do bhaideil arda,
Chaol, dhionach, shar-gheal nuadh,
Ri d'crannaidh bi-dhearg, laidir,
Gu taisdeal nan tonn gaireach;
Tha *Aeolus* ag raitinn
Gu 'seid e rap-ghaoth chruaidh,
O'n aird an ear; 's tha *Neptun* dileas,
Gu mineachadh a chuain.

'S bochd ata do chairdean
Aig ro mhead t-fhardail uain;
Maralach mhaoth gun mhatthair;
No beachainn breac a gharnidh,
Ag sionnach 'n deis a fasachd,
Air failinn feadh nan bruach.
Aisig cabhagach le d' chabhlach,
'S leighis plaidh do shluagh.

Tha na dee ann an deagh run dut;
Greas-ort le surd neo-mharbh,
Tha dhronnaig nan tonn du-ghorm,
Dhruim-robach, bharr-chas, shiubhlach,
Ghleann-chlaghach, cheann-gheal, shu'-dhlu
Na mothar chul-ghlas, ghairbh;
Na cuan-choirean, greannach, stuidh-thor-
thach,
'S crom-bhileach, molach, falbh.

Tha muir a's tir cho-reidh dhut,
Mar deann thu fein 's searg;
Doirtidh iad na'n ceadan,
Nan laomabh tiugha, trouinna,
A Breatunn a's a Eirinn,
Ma d'standard breid'gheal dearg;
A ghasraidh sgaitheach, ghluineach, rioghail;
Chreuchdach, fhior-luath, gharg!

Thig do chinneadh fein ort,
Na treun-fhir laomsgair gharbh,
Na'm beitheiribh gu reubadh;
Na'n leoghannaibh gu creuchdadh;
Na'n nathraichean grad-iuimeach,
A lotas geur le 'n calg,
Le'n gathan faobharach, riun-bheurra
Nì mor euchd le'n arm.

'N am bhrataichean lan-eideadh,
Le deulas geur gun chealg,
Thig Domhnallaich, nan deigh sin;
Cho dileas dut ri d'leine;
Mar choin air fasdadh eile;
Air chath-chridh geur gu sealg;
'S mairg namhaid do'n nochd iad fraoch,
Long, le ... , craobh, 's laimh-dhearg.

Gu neartaich iad do champa
Na Caim-beulaich gu dearbh,
An Diuc Earraghalach mar cheann orr',
Gu morghalach mear prionnsail;
Ge b'e bheir air iunsaidh,
B'e sid ar tionsgnadh searbh,
Le lannan lotach, du-ghorm, toirteil,
Sgoltadh chorp gu'm balg.

Gu tarbartach, glan, caiseamachd,
Fior thartarach na'n rane,
Thig Cinuaidh le chuid Pearsanach,
Gu cuannda gleusda grad-bheirteach;
Le spaintichean teann-bheirteach
'S cruaidh fead ri sgailceadh cheann;
Bi'dh f'oil d'a dortadh, 's smuais d'aspealtadh,
Le sgealpaireachd 'ur lann.

Druididh suas ri d' mheirghe,
Nach meirbh an am an air,
Clann Illeoin* nach meirgich
Airm ri uchd do sheirbheis;
Le'm brataichean 's snuadh feirg orra,
'S an leirg mar thairbh gun sgath;
A foirne, ferrail, nimheal, arrail,
'S builleach, allamh lamh!

Gun thig na flurain Leodach ort,
Mar sheochdain 's eoin fo spaig;
Na'n tuireamh lann-ghorm, thinnisneach;
Air chorra-ghleus streup gun tiomachas;
An reiseamaid fior ionnaita,
'S fath gioraig dol na Gall;
An bi iomadh boc 'an fuilteach, foirmeil,
Theid le stoirm gu bas.

* Clann 'Illeoin.

Thig curaidhean Chlann-cham-shroin ort
Theid meanmnach sìos na d' spairn;
An fhoireann ghluineach, chaithreamach,
'S neo-f hiambach an am taruinn;
An lann ghlas mar lasair dealanaich,
Gu gearradh cheann, a's lamh;
'S mar luthas na dreige, 's cruthas na creige,
Chluinnte sgread nan cnamh.

Gur cinnteach dhuibh d'ar coinneachadh,
Mac-Choinnich mor Chinn-Taille:
Fir laidir, dhana choimhneala,
Do'n fhior-chruaidh air a foinneachadh,
Nach gabh flamh no somultachd,
No sgreamh ro' theine bhlar;
'S iad gu narach, fuileach, foinnidh,
Air bhoil gu dhol na d'chas.

Gur foirmeil, priseil, ordail,
Thig Toisichean nan rane,
Am marsail statoil, combharr;
Gu piobach, bratach, srol-bhui;
Tha rioghalachd a's morehuis,
Gu'n soradh ranns 'n dream;
Daoine laidir, neartmhor, crodha,
'S iad gun gho, gun mheang!

Thig Granndaich gu ro thartarach,
Neo fhed-bheirteach do d' champ
Air phrioblosgradh gu cruadal,
Gu snaidheadh, cheann, is chluas diu;
Cho nimheil ris na tigeribh
Le feachdraidh dian-mhear, dan',
Chuireas iomad fear le sgreadail,
'S a bhreabadaich gr' lar.

Thig a ris na Frisealaich,
Gu sgipi le neart garbh;
Na seochdaibh fior-ghlan, togarrach,
Le fuathas bhlar nach bogachear;
An comhlan fearradha, cosgurach,
'S mairg neach do nochd iad fearg;
A spuir ghlas aig dlus an deirich
Bi'dh nan eilean dearg.

Nan gasraidh ghaisgeil, lasgurra,
Thig Lachunnaich gun chaird;
Na saighdean dearga puiseanda;
Gu claidheach, sgiathach, cuimsearach;
Gu gunnach dagach, ionnsaichte,
Gun chunntais ac' air ar;
Dol nan deannamh 'n aodainn phelleir,
Teachd o theine chaich.

Gabhaid pairt do t-iorghaills',
Clann-Iomhuinn's oirdbeire cail;
Mar thuinn ri tir a sior-bhualladh;
No bile lasrach dian-loisgeach;
Nan treudan luatha, fior-chonfach,
Thoirg griosalach air an namh;
An dream chathach, Mhuileach, Shrathach,
'S math gu sgathadh chnamh.

'S mor a bhio's ri corp-rusgadh,
Na'n ciosaichean's a bhlair,
Fithich ann's a rocadaich
Ag itealaich, 's a cnocaireachd;
Clocras air na cosgaraich,
Ag ol's ag ith an sath.
Och's tursach fann a chluinntir moch-thra,
Ochanaich nan ar!

Bi'dh fuil is gaor d'a shuidreadh ann,
Le lu-chleasan 'ur lamh;
Meangar cinn, a's duirn dhiu;
Gearrar uilt le smuaisridh;
Ciosnaichear am biuidh,
D'an du-losgaidh, 's d'an cnemh;
Cruair le poimp Tearlach Stiubhart;
'S Frederic Prionns fo shail.

Note.— This address to the Highland clans is a stately & stirring martial poem, where the bard describes the various Jacobite clans coming forward in warlike array to place Charles on the throne, and leave the Hanoverians under his feet. The satirist (*Aireach Mhuille*) represents the poet travelling through the country to excite the Highlanders to arms, and it is probable that this song was composed on that occasion. It was well calculated to rouse the warlike clans to the approaching conflict.

O R A N .

AIR FOMN—"Cille-chragaidh."

Tha deagh shoisgeul feadh nan garbh-chrioch,
Surd air armaibh comhraig;
Uird ri dararaich deanamh thargaid
Nan dual ball-chruinn boidheach;
Chaidh ar seargadh le cam earraghloir
Sluaigh fìor chealgach Shorais,
O's seul dearbhta thig thar fairge,
Neart ro gharbh d' ar foirinn.

Thig thar lear le gaoith an ear oirn,
Terach deal ar dechais,
Le mhlte fear, 's le armaibh geal,
Prionns ullamh, mear, 's e do-chaisgt;
Mac Rìgh Seumas, Tearlach Stiubhart,
Oighre chruin th'air fogar,
Gu'n dean gach Breatuineach lan umhlachd
Air an glun' d'a mhorachd.

Ni na Gaeil bheodha, ghasda,
Eiridh bhras le srolamh;
Iad nan ciadan uim' ag iathadh,
'S coltas dian cuir gleois orr';
Gu'n fhiamh 's iad fìata, claidheach, sgia-
thach,
Gunnach, riaslach, stroiceach,
Mar chonfadh leoghannaibh fìadhaich,
'S acras dian gu feoil orr'.

Deanamh ullamh chum ar turuis,
'S bithibh guineach, deonach;
So an cumasg, am bi na builean,
An deantar fuil a dhorthadh;
Och a dhuin' is lionmhòr curaidh
Is fìor sturraill co-stri,
A leigir fear eile mar chuideann,
Dh' fhaotainn fuil aig Sebras!

'S iomadh neach a theid air ghaisge,
Tha fìor lag na dhochus,
Gus a nochdar *standard* brat-dhearg,
An rìgh cheart-s' tha oirne,
Ge do bhiodh e na fìor ghealtair,
Gur cruaidh rag gu bhroig e,
Ceart cho gairge ris an lasair,
A losgadh asbhuan eorna.

Mhoir is sgairteil, foirmeil, bagant,
Gaeil ghasda, chrodha;
Gach aon bhratach sìos do'n bhaiteal
Le 'n gruaidh laide rosg-dearg;
Iad gun fhiamh, gun fheall, gun ghaiseadh;
Rìoghail, beachd-bhorb, proiseat;
Gu no-lapach ri linn gaisge,
Spainnteach ghlas nan dornaibh.

'S bian linn lapraich nam bhratach,
Srannraich bras ri mor-ghaoith,
An glachdaibh gaisgeil nan ceum staitteil,
Is stuirteil, sgairteil, *moirion*;
'S lann ghorm sgaitteach, do shar-shlacan
Geur gu srachdadh shron' aige,
Air bac cruachain an fhir bhrataich,
Gu cuir tais air fogradh.

'S furbaidh tailceant, 's cumta pearsa,
Treun-laoch spraceal, doid-gheal;
Pìob d' a spalpadh, suas na achlais,
Mhosglas 'asan gleois duinn;
Caismeachd bhras bhinn, bhrodadh aigne,
Gu dian chasgairt sloigh leis;
Chuireadh torman a phuirt bhaigheil,
Spioraid bhras 'n 'ar poraibh.

Bithibh sunndach, lughor, beumach,
Sgrìosach, geur, gu feolach,
'S bi'dh *Mars* creuchdadh, cogach, *reudach*,
Anns 'na speur d' ar seoladh;
Soirbhichidh gach ni gu leir libh,
Ach sibh-fein bhi deonach;
Marsailibh gun dail, gu'n eislein,
Lughor, eudrom, cool-mhor.

Marsailibh, gun fheall, gun aiseunil,
Gach aon bhratach bhoidheach;
Cuideachd shualcheanta nam breacan,
'S math gu casg na toireachd;
'Nuair a rìsgens sibh na claisich
Bi'dh smuis bhreac feadh feoir libh;
Gaor a's eanachuinn na spadul,
'S na lath-shad feadh mhointich.

Slìocrach, slacraich, nan cruaidh shlacan,
Freagra lasgur sheannsair;

'Nuair a theid a ruaig gun stad libh
(ar ro fad a chluinntear,
Feadraich bhuillean, sgoltadh mhullach,
Sios gu bun an rumpuill;
Ruaig orr' uile mar mhoim tuile;
Chaidh cha 'n urr' iad tinntadh.

'S iomadh fear a dh' oladh lionta,
Slainte an righ-s' tha oirne,
Spealgadh ghlaimeachan aig griosaich,
'S e cur beinn air Seoras;
Ach 's onaraiche anis an gnìomh,
Na cuig-ceud mìle bola;
'S fearr aon siola a dh'fhuil 's an fhrith
No galoin fhion air bhordaibh.

Dearbhaidh beachdaidh sibh bhi ceart d'a,
Eirdh grad le 'r sloghaibh;
Gu'n 'ur mnathan, clann, no beirteas,
Chuir stad-feachd 'n 'ur dochus;
Ach gluasad inntinneach, luath, cinnteach,
Rioghail, liont' de mhor-chuis;
Mar an raineach a dol sìos duibh,
Sgriosadh dian luchd cleochdan.

'Ur ceathairne ghrumach, nimheil,
Lan do mhìre cruadail;
'S misg dhearg chatha, gu barr rath orr',
'S craobh dhearg dhath nan gruidhean;
Iad gun athadh sìos le 'n claidhean
Ri sior sgathadh chnuachdan;
Lotar dearganaich le 'r gathan,
'S le'r fìor chrathadh cruadhach.

'S beagan sluagh, a 's tric thug buaidh,
An iomairt chruidh a chomhraig;
Deanamaid gluasad gu 'n dad uamhuinn,
'S na biodh fuathas oirne;
Doirtidh uaislean an taobh-tuath,
Mac Shim nan ruag, 's Diuc-Gordon;
Le mharc-shluagh is nuarrant gruaim;
'S ruaim aimbi fhuar nam poramh.

ORAN RIOGHAL A BHOTAIL.

AIR FORN—"Let us be jovial, fill our glasses."

BODHMAID subhach, 's olar deoch linn,
Oanaich 'n ar fochar cha tamh,
Na smaointicheamaid ar bochdainn,
Fhad 's a bios an copan lan.

LUINNEAG.

*Ho-ro air falldar-araidh
Ho air m'alldar-raraidh ro,
Ho-ro air m'alldar-raraidh
Falldar, ralldar, raraidh ho.*

Olamaid glainneachan lan',
Air slainte an t-Seumais ata uainn!
Cuireamaid da shlaint' an caraaid,
Tosda Thearlaich straic a chùach.
Ho-ro, &c.

Ma ta stamach anns a chuideachd,
Nach dean a chuidsa d' ar miann,
Siapaidh e 'mach as ar carabh,
Mar an carran as an t-shiul.
Ho-ro, &c.

Cuireadh ar cupachan tharsta;
Aisig cas an corn m'an cuairt;
Faicear cìbhinneachd air lasadh,
Le fìor sgairt 'n a' beachd, 's 'n ar gruidh.
Ho-ro, &c.

Biodh ar cridhachan a damhsa,
Linn an drams' a dhol na thruaill,
Mar gu 'm biodhmaid 's a cheart am-sa,
Dol do 'n champ a dh'fhaotainn buaidh.
Ho-ro, &c.

De'n dibh' bhrìdhear neartar bhlada,
'S mìse no mìl bheach gu poit,
Lion an soitheach sin amach d' uinn,
De 'n stuth bhladar ud 'san stop.
Ho-ro, &c.

'S-ioma fearsta, falachaidh, tlachdmhor,
Tha 'm mac-na-bracha r'a luagh;
Rinn sin e na leannan do mhiltean,
'S na mìlseis prìseil do'n t-sluagh.
Ho-ro, &c.

Sgaolaidh e ghruidh far a mhuigein;
Ni e fìughantach fear cruaidh;
Ni e cruadalach fear gealtach,
Gus an teid e feachd ro 'n ruaig.
Ho-ro, &c.

Ni e cainnteach am fear tostach;
Ni e brosgalach fear dur;
Ni e suireach am fear narach;
'S fagaich e dan' am fear diuid.
Ho-ro, &c.

Ni e pogach am fear ailleant
Nach fuilgeadh cailin 'na choir;
Sparraidh e damhs' anns na casan,
Nach d' rinn riamh aon char d' an deoin.
Ho-ro, &c.

Fagaich e neo shanntach acrach;
Toinnidh se cas am fear slion;
Bheir e caitean air fear sleamhainn;
'S ni e spreadhail am fear tiom.
Ho-ro, &c.

An t-airgead a bha d'a sticleadh,
An sporan nan chrìpleach riamh,
Bheir e furtachd dha a prìosan,
Le fuasgladh cruaidh-shnaim nan iall.
Ho-ro, &c.

Ni e aoigheal am fear doichleach;
Ni e socharach fear teann;
Ni e duin' uasal do'n bhalach;
Ni e fathrumach fear fann.
Ho-ro, &c.

Ni e saor chridheach fear duinte,
'S faoisididh e run a chri ;
Saoilidh an lag gur h-e 'n laidir,
Gus an dearbh e chadl 'san stri.
Ho-ro, &c.

Tairrnidh e mulad gu aiteas ;
Tiunnaidh e airtsneul gu fonn ;
Mionach nan sporan gu spiol e
Le ghob biorach chrìomas lom.
Ho-ro, &c.

Thigeadh meanmna, 's falbhaidh airtsneul
Air chairsteanan uainn do'n Roimh ;
Seinneam orain cheolmor, ghasda,
Shunndach, bhras, nach lapach gloir.
Ho-ro, &c.

'Nuair bheirear botul a stapul,
'S a chromar ri cap a cluas ;
'S cibhinn a ghogail la earraich,
Cogair searraig ris a chuaich !
Ho-ro, &c.

'S mìlse no ceilearadh smeoraich,
Le luinneag ceolmhor air geig,
Creatraich shrideagach do sgornain ;
Cratan 's boiche fo 'na ghrein !
Ho-ro, &c.

'S binne na luinneag coin-buchainn,
Bhiodh ri tuchan am barr thonn,
Guileag do mhuineil a's giug ort ;
Cuisle-chiuil a dhuiseagadh fonn.
Ho-ro, &c.

'S binne no cluig-chiuil an Ghlascho,
T-fhuaim le bastul dol 'a a chorn ;
Sid an fhailt a ghleusadh m' aigne,
Mac-na-brach a teachd le poig.
Ho-ro, &c.

Lion-domh suas an t-slige-chreachainn ;
Cha 'n ion a seachnadh gu dram ;
'S math Ghaelig oirr' an creathann ;
An t-slig' a chreach sinne a t' ann.
Ho-ro, &c.

'S binne no ceol coilich choille,
Bhiodh ri coilleig air an tom,
Durdail a bhotail ri glainne ;
Cronan loinntean thoilleadh bonn !
Ho-ro, &c.

Teicheadh liun-dubh as 'ur comunn ;
Falbhaidh gainne ; 's pailt 'ur n-or ;
N'a b'iodh speuclair oirbh gu ganntar,
Fheadh 's a bhio's an dram 'n 'ur sroin.
Ho-ro, &c.

Biodh 'ur ceanna-agaidd uile 'n ceart uair,
Cho ruiteach ri dreach nan ros,
'Nuair a theid 'ur fuil air ghabhail,
Le beirm laghach Mhic-an-Tois.
Ho-ro, &c.

Gur dìonnasaireach, spinnsarach, t-fhallcadh
'S teas-ghradhach do shnag tro' m' chliabh
Fadadh blais air feadh mo mhìonaich ;
Gur ro mhìoragach do thriall !
Ho-ro, &c.

Gur gucagach, coilleagach, briag-gheal,
Bruicheal, neo-mhìsgeach do thuair,
'N a d' shlabhradhean crìostail a dortadh,
Ri binn-chronanaich am chluais.
Ho-ro, &c.

Sgaoileamaid o altair *Bhachuis* :
A chleirich taisg a chailis uat ;
Dh-fhalbh ar fuachd ; 's cìod 'ta dhi oirn ?
'Thagannaid baig' crìon do 'n t-suain.
Ho-ro, &c.

Ach freasdal sinn air ghairm na maidne,
Le t-loc-shlaint aghmhor lan bhuadh,
'S thoir dhuinn aon ghloic-nid 'n ar leabaidh
A bheir crith-chlaiginn oirn m'an cuairt !
Ho-ro, &c.

ALLT-AN-T-SIUCAIR.

AIR Fonn—"The Lass of Patie's Mill."

A dol thar Allt-an-t-siucair,
A' madainn chubhradh Cheit,
'S paideirean geal dlu chnap,
De 'n driuchd ghorm air an fheur,
Bha *Richard's robin*, bru-dhearg
Ri seinn, 's fear dhiu na bheus ;
'S goic moit air euthaig chul-ghuirm,
'S *gug-gug aie'* air a gheig.

Bha smeorach cur na smuid dh'i
Air bacan cuil le' fein ;
An dreadhann-donn gu surdail,
'S a rifeid chiuil na bheul ;
Am breacan-beith' a's lub air,
'S e 'gleusadh lugh a theud ;
An coileach-dubh ri durdan ;
'S a chearc ri tuchan reidh.

N'a bric a geafradh shurdag,
Ri pìebraich dhlù le' cheil',
Tacoh-leumnaich mear le lu chleas,
'S a bhurn, le muirn ri g'ein ;
Ri ceapadh chuireag siubhlach,
Le 'm briseadh lughor fein ;
Druim-lann-ghorm, 's ball-bhreac giuran ;
'S an lannir-chuil mar leig.

Mil-dheocla sheillein strìanach,
Le cronan 's fiata srann,
'N an dìtluibh baglach, riabhach,
Ma d' bhlathaibh grìanach chrann ;
Sraibh-dhriucain dhonna, thiachdadh,
Fo shinean cìochan t-fheoir,
Gun theachd-an-tir no bhiadh ac',
Ach failleadh ciatach ros.

Gur milis, brisg-gheal, burn-ghlan,
Meall-chuirneanach, 's binn fuaim,
Bras-shruthain Uilt-an-t-siucair,
Ri torman siubhlach luath ;
Gach biolair, 's luibh le 'n ur-ros'
A cintinn dlu ma bhruaich ;
'S e toirt dhailbh bhuadan sughor,
Ga 'n sui bheathacha m'an cuairt.

Burn tana, glan, gun ruadhan,
Gun deathach, ruaim, no ceo,
Bheir anam-fas, a's gluasaid,
D'a chluanagan ma bhord.
Gaoir bheachainn bhuil' 's ruadha,
Ri diogladh chluaran oir,
'S ceir mheala d' a chuir suas leo,
An ceir-chuachagan 'nan stor.

Gur solas an ceol-cluaise,
Ard-bhairich buar ma d' chro ;
Laoigh cheann-fhionn, bhreaca, ghuanach
Ri freagra' nuallan bho ;
A bhanareach le buaraich,
'S am buachaille fa coir,
Gu bleothan a chruidh ghuailinn,
Air cuais a thogas croic.

Bi'dh lochairinn mheal' a lubadh
Nan srabh, 's bru air gach geig,
Do mheasan milis cubhraidh,
Nan ubhlan 's nam peur ;
Na duilleagan a liugadh,
A's fallas cuil diu fein ;
'S clann bheag a' gabhail' fuchaidh,
D' an imlich dlu le 'm beul.

B' e cronan t-easan srulaich,
An durdail mhuirneach Mhaigh ;
'S do bhoirichibh daite, sgum-gheal,
Tiugh, fiuranach, dlu, tla ;
Le d' *mhantul* do dhealt ur-mhin,
Mar dhura cuil ma d' bhla ;
S air càlg gach feoirnein duir-fheoir,
Gorm neamhnad dhriuchd a fas.

Do bhrat lan shradag daoimein,
De bhraon ni soills' air lar ;
A *chapel* 's gasda foineal,
Gun cho-fine ann a *Whitehall* ;
Ma d' bhearra gorm-bhreac coillteach,
Ann chinn a loinn le h-al,
Na sobhraichean mar choillean,
Na 'n coilleiribh na d' sgath.

Bi'dh guileag eala tuchan,
'S eoin bhuchuin ann barr thonn,
Ag inbhear Uilt-an-t-siucair,
Snamh lu-chleasach le fonn ;
Ri seinn gu moiteil, cuirteil,
Le muinell-chiuil, 's iad crom,
Mar mhala piob a's lub air ;
Ceol tiamhaidh ciuin, nach trom.

O ! 's grinn an obhair ghrabhail,
Rinn nadur air do bhrusaich,

Le d' lurachain chreabhach, fhasor,
'S am buicein bhan orr' shuas ;
Gach saimeir, neoinean, 's masag,
Min-bhreacadh air lar do chluain ;
Mar reultan reot an dearsadh,
Na spangan aluinn nuadh.

Bi'dh cruinn, 's am barr mar sgarlaid,
Do chaorran aluinn ann ;
'S craobhan bachlach, arbhuiddh,
A faoisgneadh ard ma d' cheann ;
Bi'dh dearcann, 's suithean sughor,
Trom lubadh an luis fein,
Caoin, seachdai, blasdadh, cubhraidh,
A call an druis ri grein.

'S co lan mo lios ri Pharrais,
De gach cnuas a 's fearr an coill ;
Na reidhlich arbhar fasaiddh,
Bheir piseach ard 's sgoiun ;
Por reachdmhor, minear, fàsor,
Nach cinn gu fas na laom ;
'S co reamhar, luchdmhor caileachd,
'S gu sgain a ghiran o dhruim !

Do thachdar mar' a's tìr,
Bu theachd-an-tìr leis fein ;
Na 'n treudan feidh 'n a d' fhrithean ;
'S na d' chladach 's miltean eisg ;
Na d' thraigh tha maorach lionmhor ;
'S air t-uisge 's fìor-bhras leus,
Aig oganachaibh rimheach,
Le morgha' fìor-chruaidh geur.

Gur h-uroil, sliochdor, cuanda,
Greidh-each air t-fhuarain ghorm,
Le 'n iotadh tarrauin suas riut,
Le cluinntinn nuall do thoirm ;
Bi'dh buicein binneach 's ruadhag,
'S minn-mheanbh-bhreac, cluais-dearg, og
Ri h-ionaltradh gu h-uaigneach,
'S ri ruideis luath ma d' lon.

Gur damhach, adhach, laoghach,
Mangach, maoiseach, t-fhonn ;
Do ghlinn le seilg air laomadh,
Do gharbhach-chraobh 's do lom ;
Gur h-aluinn barr-fhionn, braonach,
Do chanach caoin-gheal thom,
Na mhaibenibh caoin, mao-mhin ;
Na d' mhointich sgaath-chearc donn.

B' e sid an sealladh eibhinn,
Do bhruchan gle-dhearg ros,
S iad daite le gath greine,
Mar bhoisgnich leug-bhui' oir ;
B' iad sid an geiltre gle ghrinn,
Cinn deideagan meag feoir,
De bharruibh luibhean ceutach ;
'S foirm bhinn aig teud gach eoin.

O lili rìgh nam fiuran !
Thug barr mais air ur-ros gheug,
Na bhabagan cruinn, pluir mhin,
'S a chrun geal, ur mar ghrèin ;

Do'n uisge ud Allt-an-t-siucair,
'S e cubhraidh d'a o bheud
Na rionnagan ma lubaibh,
Mar reullan-iuil na speur.

Do shealbhadh ghlan 's do luachair
A borcaidh suas na d' choir;
Do dhithein lurach, luaineach,
Mar thuairneagan de'n or;
Do phreis lan nenda cnachach,
Cruinn, cuairteagach, aig t-coin;
Barr bhraonan 's an t-sail-chunchaig,
Na'n dos an uachdar t-fheoir.

B' e sid an leughas leirsinn,
De luingeas breid-gheal, luath,
Na 'n sgudronaibh seoil-bhreid-chrom,
A bordadh geur ri d' chluais;
Nan giubhsaichibh beo ghleusda,
'S an cainn gu leir ri shuas;
'S Caol-Muille fuar d'a reubadh,
Le anail speur bho thuath.

'S cruaidh a bhairlinn muair mi,
O'n fhuaran 's blaada gloir,
An caochan 's mo buadhan,
Ata fo thuath 's an Eorp;
Lion ach am bola suas deth,
'S do bhrannaidh fhuair ni's coir;
Am puinse millis, guanach,
A thairtneas sluagh ga ceol!

Muim' altrom gach por uasail
Nach meith le fuachd nan speur,
Tha sgiath fo 'n airde tuath oirr;
Dh'fhag math a buar, 's a feur;
Fonn deas-oireach, fionn uail-hreach,
Na speucdar buan do'n ghrein;
Le spreidh theid duine suas ann,
Cho luath ri each na leum!

'S aol is grunn d'a dhailibh,
Dh-fhag nadur tarbhach iad;
Air a meinn gu'n toir iad arbharr,
'S tiugh, starbhanach ni fas;
Bi'dh dearsanaich shearr-fhiaclach,
D' a lannadhl sios am boinn,
Le luinneagan linn nionag,
An ceol a 's mi-le, roinn!

An Coir' is fearr 's an duthaich,
An Coir' is sughor fonn;
'S e Coirean Uillt-an-t-siucair,
An Coirean runach lom;
'S ge lona, gur molach, urail,
Bog miadar dlu a thom,
'M beil mil is bairn' a bruchdadh,
'S uisge' ruith air siucar pronn.

An Coire searrachach, uanach,
Meannach, uaigneach aigh;
An Coire gleannach, uaine,
Bhllochdach, luath gu dair;

An Coire coillteach, laachrach,
An goir a chuach 's a Mhart;
An Coir' a faigh duin-uasal,
Biaist-dubh, a's ruadh 'na charn!

An Coire brocach, taobh-ghorm;
Toreach, faoilidh blath;
An Coire lonach, naosgach,
Ceareach, craobhach, graidh;
Gu bainneach, bailceach, braonach,
Breacach, laoghach, blar;
An sultor mart, a's caora,
'S a 's torach laomsgair barr!

An Coire am bi na caoirich
Na 'n caogadaibh, le 'n al;
Le 'n reamhad 'g gabhail faoisgnidh,
A 'n craicnibh maoth-gheal tla;
B' iad sid am biadh, 's an t-aodach,
Na t-fhaoin-ghleannaibh 's na t-ard;
An Coire luideach, gaolach,
'S e lan do mhaoinibh grais!

An Coire lachach, dracach
'M bi guillneich 's traigh-gheoidh og;
An Coire coileachach, lan-damhach,
'S moch, 's is an-moch spors;
'S tim dhomh sgur d' an aireamh,
An Coire 's fador por
Gu h-innseach, doireach, blarach,
'S imeacach, caiseach bo!

Note.—This piece is an animated and faithful description of a beautiful scene in the country, on a summer morning. The bard walks abroad and sees the dew glittering on every leaf and flower—the birds warbling their songs—the animals grazing, and the bees collecting their stores—the fishes are leaping out of the water, and all nature rejoicing in the return of spring, or the luxuriance of summer! The very rivulet seems to partake of the common joy, and murmurs a more agreeable sound—the cows low aloud, and the calves answer responsive—while the dairy-maid is busily engaged at her task. The ground is bespangled with flowers of richer hues than the most costly gems. The horses gather together in groups to drink of the streamlet, and the kids are sporting and dancing about its banks. The ships, with all their white sails bent to the gentle breeze, are passing slowly along the Sound of Mull. The poet selects the most natural, lively, and agreeable images in the rural scene. All good judges admit that there is not a descriptive poem, in Gaelic or English, fit to be compared with this exquisite production.

ORAN LUAIGHE NO FUCAIDH.

LUINNEAG.

*Agus ho Mhorag, no ho-ro,
'S no ho-re-ghealladh.*

A MHORAG chiatnach a chuil dualaich,
Gur h-e do luaigh a th' air m'aire.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S ma dh'imich thu null thar chuain uainn',
Gu ma luath a thig thu thairis.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S cuimhnich thoir leat bannal ghrugach,
A luaigheas gu clo ruadh gu dainghean.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

O! cha leiginn thu do'n bhuala,
Ma salaich am buachar t-anart.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

De cha leiginn thu gu cualach;
Obair thruaillidh sin nan caileag.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Gur h-i Morag ghrinn mo ghuanag,
Aig am beil an cuaille barr-fhionn.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S gaganach, bachlagach, cuachach,
Ciabhag na gruagaiche glaine.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Do chul peuchdach sios na dhualaibh
Dh'illadh e uailean le lainnir:
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Sios na fheoirneinan ma d' ghuailllean,
Leadan cuachagach na h-ainnir:
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Do chul peurlach, or-bhui, luachach,
Tìmeheall do chluasan na chlanailbh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

A, Mhorag! gu beil do chuaille
Ormsa na bhuaireadh gu'n sgainnear.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S ge nach iarr mi thu ri d' phusadh,
Gu'm b' e mo ruin a bhi mar riut.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S ma thig thu a rithist am lùbaibh,
'S e 'n t-eug a ruin ni ar sgaradh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Leannidh mi cho-dlu ri d' shailean,
'S a ni bairneach ri sgeir mhara.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Shiubhail mi cian leat air m' eolas,
Agus spailp de 'n stroichd ar m' ain-eol.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Gu leanainn thu feadh an t-saoghall,
Ach thusa ghaoil theachd am fharraid.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Gu'n chuireadh air mhisg le d' ghaol mi;
'S mear aodrum a ghaoir ta m' bhallaibh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S a Mhorag 'g am beil a ghruaidh chiatach:
'S glan a fìradh thar do mhala.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Do shuil shuilbhear, shoehdrach, mhodhar,
Mhìreagach, chomhnart, 's i meallach.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Deud cailce shnada na ribhinn,
Snaite nar dhìsn' air a gearradh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Maighdean bhoidheach, na 'm bos caoine,
'S iad cho maoth ri clòidh na h-eala.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Ciochan leaganach nan gucag,
'S failleadh a mhuga d' a h-anail.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S iomadh oigear a ghabh tìachd dhiot,
Eadar Mor-thìr agus Mannuinn.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S iomadh gaisgeach do ghael,
Nach obadh le m' ghradh-sa tarraunn:
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

A reachadh le sgiath, 's le claidheamh,
Air bheag sga gu bial nan cannon:
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Chunnardaicheadh dol nan ordaibh,
Thoir do chorach, 'mach a dh' ain-deoin.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S iomadh armunn lasdail, treubhach,
Ann an Dun-eideann, am barail.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Na faiceadh iad gne do dhuais ort,
Dheanadh tarraunn suas ri d' charraid.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Mo chionn gu'n dheanadh leat eridh,
Do Chaiphtin fein Mac-'Ic-Ailein:
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Gu'n theann e roi' ro chach riut,
'S ni e fàsd e, ach thig thairis:
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Gach duine, tha 'n Uidhist a Muideart,
'S an Arasaig dhu-ghorm a bharrach;
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

An Cana, an Eige, 's am Morror;*
Reiseamaid chorr ud Shìol-Ailein!
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'N am Alasdair,† a's Mhontros',
Gu 'm bu bhoehdain iad air Ghallaibh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

* Mor-Thìr. † Alasdair Mac Cholla.

Gu'n d' fhairich la Inbher-Lochaidh,
Co bu stroiceigh ann le lannaibh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Am Peairt, an Cill-Saoidh,* 's an Allt-Eire-
ann,
Dh-fhag iad Reubalaich gu'n anam.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Alasdair mor Ghlinne-Cothann,
'S bragad coimheach Ghlinne-garadh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Mar sin is an t-Armu... Sleibhteach,
Ge d' a tha e-fein na leanamh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Dh'eiridh leat a nall o'n Rudha,
Antrum lu'chleasach nan seang-each.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Dhruideadh, na Gael gu leir riut,
Ge b' e dh'eireadh leat no dh'fhanadh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Shuath, deich mìle dhiu air cle dhuibh,
An cogadh ri Seurlus nach maireann.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S iomadh clò air 'n tug iad caitean,
Eadar Cat-taobh agus Anuinn.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Bha each diultadh teachd a luagh dhuibh,
'S chruinnich iad-san sluagh am bannail.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

A ri! bu mhath 's an luagh-lamh iad,
'Nuair a thairrreadh iad na lannan!
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

H-uile clo a luaigh iad riamh dhuibh,
Dh-fhag iad o gu ciatach daingheann;
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Teann, tiugh, daingheann, fite, luaite,
Daite ruadh, air thuar na fala.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Greas thairis le d' mhnathan luaighe,
'S theid na gruagaichean-sa mar riu.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Note.—This song has been always highly popular, and is certainly the most spirited and elegant of all our Jacobite songs. Charles is represented under the similitude of Morag—a young girl with flowing locks of yellow hair waving on her shoulders. She had gone away over the seas, and the bard invokes her to return with a party of maidens (i. e. soldiers) to dress the red cloth, in other words to beat the English red coats. The allegory is kept with elegance and spirit, and the poet introduces himself as one who had followed Morag in lands known and unknown, and was still ready to follow her over the world if required.

* Kilsyth

SMEORACH CHLOINN-RAONUILL.

LUINNEAG.

*Holaibh o iriag horall o,
Hoiabh o iriag horo i,
Hoiabh o iriag horall o,
Smeorach le Clann-Raonull mi.*

Gun h-e mis' an smeorach chreagach,
An deis leum bharr chualch mo nidein,
Sholar bidh do'm lannabh beaga,
Sheinneam ceol air bharr gach bidein.
Hoiabh o iriag, &c.

Smeorach mise do Chlann-Dhomhnuill,
Dream a dhithicheadh, 's a leonadh,
'S chuireadh mis' an riochd na smeoraich
Gu bhi seinn, 'sa cuir ri ceol daibh.
Hoiabh o iriag, &c.

Sa chreig ghuirn a thogadh mise
An sgìreachd Chaisteil duibh nan clair
Tir tha daonnan a' cuir thairis
Le tuil bhainne, meal', a's fion.
Hoiabh o iriag, &c.

Sliochd nan Eun o'n Chaisteil-thiream,
'S o Eilean-Fhianain nan gallan,
Moch, a's fensgar togar m'iolach,
Seinn gu bileach, milis, mealach.
Hoiabh o iriag, &c.

Tha mi de'n ghur rioghail, luachach,
'S math eun fhaotainn a nead, uasal,
Ghineadh mi gun chol, gun truailleadh,
Fo sgiathaibh Ailein mhic Ruairidh.
Hoiabh o iriag, &c.

Cinneadh, glan gun smur, gun smodan,
Gun smal gun luath ruaidh, no ghrodan,
'S iad gun ghìomh, gun fheall, gun sodan,
'S troam am buill' an tiugh nan trodan.
Hoiabh o iriag, &c.

Cinneadh rioghail, th'air am buaineadh,
A meribh meara na cruadhach,
'S daoimein iad gun spar gun truailleadh,
Nach gabh stur, gne, smal, no ruadh-mheirg.
Hoiabh o iriag, &c.

Cinneadh mor gun bhosd gun sparann,
Suairce, sìobhalta, gun rapal,
Caomhail, cineadail ri'n cairdean,
Fuilteach, faobharach, ri namhaid.
Hoiabh o iriag, &c.

Raonullaich nan or chrios taghach,
Nan luireach, nan sgiath, 's nan clogaid,
A theid sìos gu gunnach, dagach,
Nu fir ghasda shunndach, chogach.
Hoiabh o iriag, &c.

Sud na h-aon daoine th'air m'aire,
Nach dianadh air spulleadh cromadh,
Dhianadh anns an arsaich gearradh
Cinn ga'n sgaradh, cuirp ga'm pronnadh.
Holaibh o triag, &c.

Ach mur tig mo rìgh-sa dhachaigh
Triallaidh mi do dh-uamhaig shlocach,
'S bithidh m'ìn sin ri caoidh, 's ri basraich,
Gus am faigh mi bas le osnaich.
Holaibh o triag, &c.

Ach ma thig mo phriunnas thairis
Cuirear mis' an eilabhan lurach,
'S bithidh mi canntaireachd gu buileach
'S ann 'san a'ois ni mi fuireach.
Holaibh o triag, &c.

Madainn chellean am barr gach badain
Sgaolleadh eull o ghlaic mo ghutbein,
'S sluinn mo chruteach, 's mo ghlagan,
Stalleadh mo dha buinn air stuibein.
Holaibh o triag, &c.

Gur e mise cruit nan chnocan,
Sgaol mo leadain air gach bacan,
'S mo chearc fein gan' bheus air stocan,
'S glan ar glocan air gach stacan.
Holaibh o triag, &c.

Crith chiuil air m'ugan da bhogadh,
'S mo chom tur uile lan beadruidh,
Tein-eibhinn am uchd air fadadh,
'S mi air fad gu damhs' air leagail.
Holaibh o triag, &c.

Nuair chuirean goic air mo ghogan,
'S thogain mo shailm air chreagan,
Sann orm fein a bhiodh am frogan,
Ceol ga thogail, 's bron ga leagail.
Holaibh o triag, &c.

Eoin bhuchalach bhreac na coille,
Le'n organaibh ordail mar rinn,
'S feadag ghlan am beul gach coille,
'S binn fead-ghuill air gheugaibh baraich.
Holaibh o triag, &c.

'S mis an t-unnan beag le m'fheadan,
Am madainn dhriuchd am barr gach badain,
Sheinneadh na puirt ghrinn gu' spreadan,
'S ionmhuinn m'fheadag feadh gach lagain.
Holaibh o triag, &c.

Togamaid deoch-slaime na h-armailt,
Dh-eirich le Tearlach o'n gharbhlaich,
Na fir ghasda dheanadh fearr-bhuain
Air feol 's enaimhean nan dearg chot.
Holaibh o triag, &c.

Olamaid sluchadh ar slugain,
'S cuireamaid mu'n eairt lan nogain,
'Slaime Sheumais suas le suigeart,
Tosta Thearlaich sìos le eogan.
Holaibh o triag, &c.

Slaime an t-eighlaich rìoghail Inbheich
Olamaid gu sunndach, geannail,
'S nigheamaid ar sgornain ghlonach
Le dràm millis, suileach, glaineach.
Holaibh o triag, &c.

Cuireamaid sìos feadh ar mionaich
Tosta nan curaidhnean clannach,
Nan colg gasda, sgalteneach, biorach,
'S ro mhòr agil air comhrag lannach.
Holaibh o triag, &c.

O tha mi toannadh gu eir-thir,
Ullaichean m'acair gu eala,
Tosta Mhuideirt ceann nan Seileach,
'S an t-slaime ell' ud triath nan Garrach.
Holaibh o triag, &c.

Lionaibh suas a's olaibh bras i,
Slaime Raonull oig o's deas i,
Sguiribh dh'amharc thugaibh as i,
Slabaibh leibh i as a teas i.
Holaibh o triag, &c.

Strac suas a ghlaime cheudna,
Cuiridheamaid slaime an t-Steibhtich
Ridir og gasda na eireadh,
Dol le sgairt a shracadh bheiltean.
Holaibh o triag, &c.

Slaime Iarl Antrum a' tosta prìseil,
'S na tha 'n Eirinn chlan-naibh Milidh,
Tha mo shìle bathadh m'iatuidh
Chionn gu'm beil mo bheul lan misleil.
Holaibh o triag, &c.

Diolamaid gu foirmeil, frasach,
Slaime Bhaosadail mu'n stad sinn,
Laoch treun a dh'eireadh sgairtall,
Chuir retreat air bheiltean Shasuinn.
Holaibh o triag, &c.

Lion suas duinn glaine do'n Deasach,
Learganach nan gorm lann claiseach,
Laochraidh sgathadh cheann, a's leasraidh,
Na suinn sheasmhach, shundach, mhaiseach.
Holaibh o triag, &c.

Co namhaid sin riu sheasadh,
'S cruaidh ruistge nan duirn gu slaiseadh?
Anns an ruaig nuair ghabhadh teas iad,
Le lu-chleasan bhualadh shaisean.
Holaibh o triag, &c.

Greasam gu fìnid gun stopadh,
Ach cha mhiann leam a bhi bacach,
Puirt chiuil na smearach dosaich,
Tostam fìor sheobhae na Ceapaich.
Holaibh o triag, &c.

Togamaid slaime nan Gleannach,
O chothann nan bradan carraich
Bheireadh air bocanaibh pilleadh,
Cha bu ghiorrach iad air bealach.
Holaibh o triag, &c.

Cuireamaid mu'n cuairt gu toilleach,
Slainte Mhìle Dhughall o'n Bharralach,
Cridhe rìoghail, reamhar, solais,
Tha na bhroilleach shìos an falach.
Holaidh o iriag, &c.

Chulmhnicheam Iain Clar a Lathuirn,
Aig nach robh an stoidhle cumhann,
Gheibh e muirn, a's onair fhathach,
A's caithheadh drats mar as cubhaidh.
Holaidh o iriag, &c.

Clod am fath dhalbh bhi gu'r tagradh?
'S nach urr' iad chiur rinn cluigean,
Sgùiribh de'r bollich 's de'r splanain,
'N rud tha againn, 's Dia thug dhuinne.
Holaidh o iriag, &c.

ORAN DO PHRIONNSA TEARLACH.

LUINNAG.

*O hi-ri-ri tha e tighinn,
O hi-ri-ri, 'n rìgh tha uainn,
Gheibheamaid ar n'airm 's ar n'eideadh
'S breacan-an-fhèidh an cuaich!*

'S NIGHINN lean fhin tha e tighinn,
Mac an rìgh dhligich tha uainn,
Sìos mor rìoghail d'an tig armachd,
Claidheamh a's targaid nan dual.
O hi-ri-ri, &c.

'S ann a tighinn thar an t-shaile,
Tha 'm fear ard a's aille snuadh,
Marcaiche sunnach nan steud-each,
Rachadh gu h-eutrom san ruaig.
O hi-ri-ri, &c.

Samhuilt an fhaollich a choltas,
Fuaradh froise 's fada-ornaidh,
Lann thana 'na 'laign gu coisgairt,
Sgoltadh chorp mar choire' air clusain.
O hi-ri-ri, &c.

Torman do phloba 's do bhrataich,
Chuireadh spiorad bras an t-sluagh,
Dheireadh ar n-ardan 's ar n-aighe,
'S chuir' air a phrasgan ruaig!
O hi-ri-ri, &c.

Tairneanach a bhombh 's a channain,
Sgoilteadh e'n talamh le' chru'as,
Fhreagrach dha gach beinn a's beallach,
'S bhodhradh 's mhac-tall ar cluas!
O hi-ri-ri, &c.

Gur maing d'an eideadh san la sin,
Cota granda 'n mhadar ruadh,
Ad bhileach dhubh a's coe-ard innt',
Sgoilteas mar an chal ro'n chruaidh.
O hi-ri-ri, &c.

ORAN EILE.

DO PHRIONNSA TEARLACH.

LUINNAG.

*Thug ho-o, laill ho-o,
Thug o-ho-ro 'n aill leibh,
Thug ho-o, laill ho-o,
Seinn o-ho-ro 'n aill leibh.*

MOCH 's mhadaidn 's mi d'usgadh,
'S mor mo shuand 's mo cheol-gaire;
O'n a chuala mi 'm prionnsa,
Thigh'n do dhuthaich Chlann-Ra'ill.
Thug ho-o, &c.

O'n a chuala mi 'm prionnsa,
Thigh'n do dhuthaich Chlann-Ra'ill;
Grainne mullaich gach rìgh thu,
Slan gu'm pill thusa Tearlach.
Thug ho-o, &c.

Grainne mullaich gach rìgh thu,
Slan gu'm pill thusa Tearlach;
'S ann tha 'n fhoir-fhuil gun truaillleadh,
Anns a ghruaidh is mor nàire.
Thug ho-o, &c.

'S ann tha 'n fhoir-fhuil gun truaillleadh,
Anns a ghruaidh is mor nàire;
Mar ri barrachd na h-uaisle,
'G eiridh suas le deagh nadur.
Thug ho-o, &c.

Mar ri barrachd na h-uaisle,
'G eiridh suas le deagh nadur;
'S na 'n tigeadh tu rithid,
Bhiodh gach Tighearn' na 'n aile,
Thug ho-o, &c.

'S na 'n tigeadh tu rithid,
Bhiodh gach Tighearn' na 'n aile;
'S na 'n caraicht' an crùn ort,
Bu mhuirneach do chairdean.
Thug ho-o, &c.

'S na 'n caraicht' an crùn ort,
Bu mhuirneach do chairdean;
'S bhiodh Loch-Iall mar bu choir dha,
Cuir an ordugh nan Gael.
Thug ho-o, &c.

'S bhiodh Loch-Iall mar bu choir dha,
Cuir an ordugh nan Gael;
A's Clann-Domhnuill a chruaidh,
Choisinn buaidh anns na blaraibh.
Thug ho-o, &c.

A's Clann-Domhnuill a chruaidh,
Choisinn buaidh anns na blaraibh;
'S iad gu 'n cumadh a cho-stri,
Ri luchd chotalaichean madair.
Thug ho-o, &c.

'S iad gu 'n cumadh a cho-stri,
Ri luchd chotaichean madair ;
Sud a chuideachd bhiodh foirmeil,
Boinneid ghorm a's coe-ard orr'.
Thug ho-o, &c.

Sud a chuideachd bhiodh foirmeil,
Boinneid ghorm a's coe-ard orr' ;
'S bhiodh am feileadh 'sa'n fhasan,
Mar ri gartanan sgarlaid.
Thug ho-o, &c.

'S bhiodh am feileadh 'sa'n fhasan,
Mar ri gartanan sgarlaid ;
Eile cuailch air bhachd easgaid,
Paidhir phlostal 's lann Spainnteach.
Thug ho-o, &c.

Elle cuailch air bhachd easgaid,
Paidhir phlostal 's lann Spainnteach
'S na 'm faighinn mo dhurachd,
Bhiodh an diuc air dhroch caradh.
Thug ho-o, &c.

'S na 'm faighinn mo dhurachd,
Bhiodh an diuc air dhroch caradh ;
Gu 'm biodh buidsear na feola,
Agus corrach m'a bhraghad !
Thug ho-o, &c.

Gu 'm biodh buidsear na feola,
Agus corrach m'a bhraghad ;
'S gu'n gibhtinn a mhaighdeann,
Mar oighreachd d'a bhrathair.
Thug ho-o, &c.

'S gu 'n gibhtinn a mhaighdeann,
Mar oighreachd d'a bhrathair—
Ach slan gu'n tig thu 's gu 'n ruig thu,
Slan gu'n tig thusa Thearlaich.
Thug ho-o, &c.

FAILTE NA MOR-THIR.

LWINNEAG.

*H-eitirin aitrinn uirinn oth-h-o-ro,
H-eitirin aitrinn h-o-ro.*

FAILT' ort fein a mhor-thir bhoidheach,
Anns an og-mhios bhealltainn.
H-eitirin, &c.

Grian-thir or-bhuidh, 's uaine cota,
'S frolidh ros ri h-altaibh.
H-eitirin, &c.

Le biadh 's le dibh a' cuir thairis,
Cha teid Earrach teann orr'.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S ianach, lurach, sllos a tulaich,
'S duil-each 'mullach chrann innt.
H-eitirin, &c.

A choill gu h-ullo fo lan-duilleach,
'S i na culaidh-bainnse.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S bainneach, bailceach, braonach glacach,
Bruachan tachdrach, Ailleart.
H-eitirin, &c.

Uisge fallain nan clach geala,
Na do bhaile Gearmhraidh.
H-eitirin, &c.

'Slionnach, slatach, cuibhleach, breacach,
Seile ghlas nan samhnan.
H-eitirin, &c.

Mor-thir ghlan nam bradan tarra-gheal,
'S airgeadach-cuir lann orr'.
H-eitirin, &c.

Tir lan sonais, saor o dhonus,
Gun dad coais drannadain.
H-eitirin, &c.

Seirceach, caldreach, gun dad sladachd,
Saor o bhraid, 's o anntlachd.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S aluinn a beinnean, 'sa sraithean,
'S eibhinn dath a gleanntan.
H-eitirin, &c.

Greidhean dhearg a' tamh mu fireach,
Eilid bhiorach, 's mang aic.
H-eitirin, &c.

Boc air daradh timcheall daraig,
'N deigh a leannain cheann-deirg.
H-eitirin, &c.

Searrach bhuitin anns an ruicil,
'S e sior chruiteil dhamhsaidh.
H-eitirin, &c.

Na meinn bheaga 's iad ri beadrach,
Anns na creagan teann air.
H-eitirin, &c.

Coilich choille, 's iad ri coilleig,
Anns an doire chrannail.
H-eitirin, &c.

Cnothach, caorach, dearcach, braonach,
Glasrach, raonach, aibhneach.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S deiltreach, laomach, meiltreach, caointeach,
A fulun inhaoinach, leamhnach.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S eubhraidh 'suthan, 's badach luibhean,
Ris a bhruthainn ann-teas.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S feurach, craobhach, luideach, gaolach,
An tìr fhaoilidh sheannail.
H-eitirin, &c.

Orian ag eiridh 'goradh sleibhe,
'S beachan gheug ri srannraich.
H-eitirin, &c.

Seillein ruadha diogladh chluaran,
'S mìl ga buain le drannan.
H-eitirin, &c.

Breac le sulas leum a bhuinne,
Ruidd nan cuileag greannar.
H-eitirin, &c.

Barr gach tolmair fo bhrat gorm-dhearc,
Air gach borrhachan alltain.
H-eitirin, &c.

Lusan eubhraidh mach a' bruchdadh,
'S cuid dlùbh eul-ghorm bainn-dearg.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S ceolar, eibhinn, barr gach geige,
'S an eòin fein a damhs' orr'.
H-eitirin, &c.

Croth air dair am barr an fhasaich,
'N fheoir nach d'fhas gu orainntidh.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S iad air theas a' ruith le 'm buaraich,
'S te le cuaisich gan teann-ruith.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S miosrach, cuachach, leabach, luachrach,
Dol gu buaile 's t-samhradh.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S omhnach, uachdrach, blathach, onuachdach,
Lon nam buachaill anna.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S imeach, gruthach, meogach, sruthach,
An imirich shubhach, ahlambach.
H-eitirin, &c.

Decch gun tomhas dol far comhair,
Gun aon ghlothar gainntir.
H-eitirin, &c.

I ORRAM CUAIN.

Gun neo-aidheil turas faoillich,
Ge d' bhiodh na daoine tabhachdach.

*Tha m' fhearann saibhir ho-a ho,
Ho-ri hi-ro na b' aile leat mi:
Tha m' fhearann saibhir ho-a ho.*

An fhairge molach, bronnach, torrach,
Giobhach, corrach, rapalach.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S crunkidh ri stiùireadh bial-mhuir duldaidh,
Teachd le bruchdail chàrsanach.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Clagh a chulain cha b'e 'n sugradh,
'S e ri buirleir baidhach.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

An culanach fein cha n e 's fasadh,
Agus a' an ardain air.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Teachd gu dlu n deighe cheile,
Agus geumalach dair' brru.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

An fhairge phaitheach, 'sa bial farsuinn,
Agus a' a' araidh oirr'.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S mairg a choimeas muir ri mointich,
Ge d' bhiodh mor-shneachd atrachd orra.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Neoil a' gealadh oidhche shalach,
Gun aon chala tabhailte.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Dubh-ra-dorcha gun dad ghealach,
Oir-thir ain-eoil' ard-chreagach.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Gaoth a' seideadh, muir ag eiridh,
'S fear ag eubhach ard ghuthach:—
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

"Sud e' tidhinn 's cha n'ann ruighinn,
Croc-mhuir, friothar, basanach."
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

"Cum ceann caol a fiodha dìreach,
Ri muir diolain, dasunnach."
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Ach dh'aithnich sinn gun sheol sinn fada,
A mach san t-samh 's bu ghabhaidh sin.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S leag sinn a croin a's a h-aodach,
'S bu ghniomh dhaoine cailleadhach.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S chuir sinn amach cliathan rìghne,
Is bu ghrinn an alach iad.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S shuidh orr' oohdnar, theoma, thromha,
A' sgoillteadh tonnan staplainneach.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Heig air chnagaibh, hug air mhaidean,
'S cogall bhac air t-abhranaibh !
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Iad a mouglaibh suas a cheile,
'S maagadh treun air sail aca.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Sginean Lochdrach ramh a Lochluinn,
'Bualadh bhac air bhairlinnean.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Iad a' trasgadh suas na dile,
Le neart fìor-gharg ghairdeanan.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Cathadh mara 's maraighd-shìne,
'S stoirin nan sìon, da 'n sarachadh.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Leasraichean sràd theine-shiunnachain,
Dearg o'n iumradh chailleachdach.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Iad ag obair as an leintean,
" Hug a's theid 'da ramh' aca."
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Iorram ard-bhinn shuas aig Eamun,
Ann an cleith ramh braghada.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Aonghas Mac-Dhonnachaidh da reir sin,
A ri ! bu treun a thairneadh e.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Donnacha Mac-Uraig a luagh leo,
'S b' fhada buan a spalagan.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Bha fuaim aon-mhaide air chleith a'
Bualadh speicean tabhachdach.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Raimh dam pianadh, 's fìr dan spleanadh,
'N glachdaibh iarnaigh ard-thonnach.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Gallain chiatach, leoghar, liaghach,
'S fuirbinean da'n sarachadh.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Lunnan mine, 's duir da'n sìneadh,
Seile sìos air dhearnainean.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Muir ag osnadh shuas ma toiseach,
Chuip-ghéal, choip-ghéal, ghair-bheuchdach.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Suas le sguradh saoidh ri buirein,
Le sìor dhurachd sar iomairaidh.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Slabhraidh chuirneinich ri duirdail,
Shìos bha stiur a fagail ann.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Gaoth na deannan 's i ri feannadh,
Na'n tonn ceann-fhlonn rasanach.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Na fìr lughmhor an deigh an rusgaidh,
A' cur smuid dheth an alaichean.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Chaoidh cha mhìticheadh a misneach,
Na fìr sgibidh tabhachdach.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Rìgh an eagail, *Neptun* celgeach,
Rì sìor sgreidail—" bathar sibh !"
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Gu'm b'fhad' namhulna muir ri nualraich,
'S cathadh cuain a stracadh orr'.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'Ghuidh an sgioba geur na duillin,
'S fhuair an urnaigh grafadh dhaibh.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Smachdaich *Aeolus* na speuran,
'S a bhuilg sheidibh ard-ghaothach.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Gun d' rinn *Neptun* fairge lomadh,
Mar bhìodh glaine sgathain ann.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Sgaoil na neoil bha tonn-ghorm ciar-dhubh,
'S shoilaich grian mar b' abhaist dh'.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S mhothaich an sgioba do dh' fhearann,
'S ghlaic iad cala sabhailte.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Ghabh iad pronn, a's deoch, a's leabaidh,
'S rinn iad cadal samhach orr'.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

A BHANARACH DHONN.

LUNNEAG.

*A Bhanarach dhonn a 'chruidh,
Chaoin a chruidh, dhonn a chruidh ;
Cailin deas donn a cruidh,
Cuachag an fhasaich.*

*A Bhanarach mhìogach,
'S e do ghaol thug fo chis mi ;
'S math thig lamhainnean sìoda,
Air do mhin-bhasan bans.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.*

'S mor bu bhinne bhi t-eisteachd,
An am bhi bleothan na spreidhe ;
N'ah smeorach na' cheitein,
Am barr geig an am fua-choill.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'Nuair a sheinne tu coilleag,
A leigeil mairt ann an coille ;
Thaladh eunlaith gach doire,
Dh' eisteachd coireall do mharain.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Ceol farasda fìor-bhinn,
Fonnar, farumach, dìonach :
A sheinn an calllin donn mìogach,
A bheireadh bìogadh air m' airneann.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'S ge b' fionnar an fhìodhall,
'S a teudan an rithidh ;
'S e bheireadh damhs air gach cridhe
Ceol nìghin na h-airidh.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Tha deirg agus gile,
A gleachd an gruaidhean na fìne',
Beul mìn mar an t-shirist,
O'm mìlls thig gaire.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Deud snasda na rìbhinn,
Snaite, cruinn, mar na dìsean ;
Gur h-i 'n donn-gheal, ghlan smideach,
'S ro mhiog-shuileach fàite.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Chuireadh maill' air do leirsinn,
Ann am madainn chiùin cheitein,
Na gathannan greine,
Thig bho teud-chul cas, fainneach.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'S ciatach nuallan na gruagaich,
A' bleothann cruith ghuaillinn ;
A' toirt torroman air cuachaig,
'S' bothar fhuaim aig a claraibh.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'S taitneach stubhal a cuaillein,
Ga chrathadh mu cluasan ;
A' toirt muigh air seid luachrach,
An taigh buailte, an gleann fasaich.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

A' muineal g... boidheach,
Mu'n iathadh an t-omar,
A' dhath fein air gach seoras,
Chite dortadh tre braghaid.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Da mhaoth-bhois bu ghrinne,
Fo 'n da ghairdein bu ghile ;
'N uair a shìnt iad gu h-innealt',
Gu sìncan cruith fhasgadh.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Gu'm bu mhothar mo bheadradh,
Teachd do'n bhuailte mu ead-thra,
Seamh sult-chorpach beitir,
'S buarach ghronaid an all aic'.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Glaic gheal a b' ard gleodhar,
A' stealladh balinn' an cuais bleothainn ;
A' seinn luinnagan seadhach,
An gobhal na blaraig.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'N uair thogadh tu bhuarach,
Cuach a's currusan na buailte ;
B'ao-coltach do ghluasad
Ri guanag na sraide.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

O R A N.

MAR GUM B'ANN EADAR AN PRIONNS' AGUS NA
GAEL.

AIR FÒNN—"Good night an' joy be wi' you a'."

AM PRIONNSA.

MILÈ marbhaig air an t-saoghal,
'S carach baoghalach a dhail ;
Cuibhl' an fhòrtain oirn air caochladh,
Cha do chleachd sinn moim ro' chach ;
Tha sinn a nis air ar sgoileachd,
Air feadh ghleann, a's fhrasach-beann ard ;
Ach teanailidh sinn fos ar daoine,
'N uair a dh' fhaodas sinn gu blar.

Misneach mhath a mhuinntir ghaelach,
'S gabhaidh Dia dhuinn daonnan cas ;
Cuiribh dochus daingheann, fàilteach,
Ann' an aon Tìni dhuin sta :
'S buanaichibh gu rìghel, adhrach,
Traisgeach, uirneach, caoineach, bla ;
'S hì'bh dìleas do chach a cheile,
'S duinear suas ar creuchdan baia.

Ach 's feadar dhomhs' a nis bhi falbh uailh,
A Ghaelich calma mo ghraidh ;
Bu mhor m' earbes' as ar fonadh,
Ge do h-d' fhonadh dhuinn 's an ar,
'S iomadh ana-cothrom a choinnich
Sinn, 's an-choinnidh bha gun agh ;
Ach gabhaidh mis' a nis mo chad dhibh,
Uine bheag : ach thig mi trath.

Leasaichidh mi fos ar callas,
Churaidhnean gun fheall, gun sgath ;
A dhìlse dhìodhaich, rìghel, threuna,
A dheanadh euchd ri uchd nam blar ;
'S cinna's coluinn chuir o cheile,
Sinn', 's sibh-fein a sgaradh fas ;
Ach togaibh suas ar misneach gleuda,
'S cuirream fein r' ar creuchdan plasc.

NA GAEL.

A Mhoire sinn th' air ar ceusadh!
Air dhi-ceille, sinn gun chail;
Tearlach Stiubhart Mac rìgh Seumas,
A bhi na eigin anns gach cas;
Gur l-o sin a rinn ar leireadh,
Gur h-o 's feudar dha gu'm fag;
Sinn na dheigh gun airm, gun cideadh,
Faibh 'n ainm Dhe; ach thig a ghraidh.

Ar mille beannachd na d' dheigh,
'S Dia do d' ghleigheadh anns gach ait;
Muir a's tir a bhi cho reidh dhut;
M' urnaigh gheur leat fein os aird;
'S go do eagar m'io-fhortan deurnach
Sinn o cheile, 's ceum ro'n bhas;
Ach soraidh leat a mhic rìgh Seumas,
Shugh mo cheille thig gun chaird.

Chaill sinn ar stiur, 's ar buill-bheairte;
Thugadh uain ar n-acair-bais;
Chaill sin ar compaist 's ar cairtean,
Ar reull-iuil 's ar beanchd gach la;
Tha ar cuip gun chinn, gun chasan,
Sinn marr charcaisich gun stath;
Ach gabh thus' a ghraidh do t-astar,
Dean gleas tapaidh 's thig gun dail.

AM PRIONNSA.

Beannachd gu leir le Clann-Domhnuill,
Sibh a dh' fhoirinn orm na m' chas,
Eadar eileanan, a' mhòr-thìr,
Lean sibh deonach, rium gach tra;
'S iomadh beinn, a' s' muir, a' s' mointeach,
A shiubhail sin air chorsaibais;
Ach thearraig Dia sinn air fuar-foirneart,
Nan con sron-ghaath 'bha ri 'r sail.

Sibh a rìun fo-laimh na Trianaid,
Mis' a dhion o mhi-ruin chaich;
Mo dhearg-naimhdean, neartmhor, lionmhor,
Chuir an lion feadh ghleann a's ard.
A mhiad 's a thaisbean sibh d' ar dilseachd,
'S coir nach di-chuimhnich gu brath;
A bharr, gur sibh is luaithe shin rium,
Toic air tir 's an talamh-ard.

NA GAEL.

Ochan! ochan! cruaidh an dearmad,
Bhi 'g ar tearbadh bhuat gun bhas;
B'i 'n fhoir eibhinneachd, 's am beirteas,
Bhi d' a-t-fhaicinn gach aon la;
Bi'dh ar ruig lan tim a frasadh;
Ar ord lag-chuiseach gun chail,
Gu 'm pill thus' a ris air tais oirn,
Beannachd leat le neart ar grèidh.

AM PRIONNSA.

O! tiorraichibh a suas 'ur suilean,
'Chomulinn ruraich 'fhuair 'ur cradh,

Bi'dh sibh fas, maoinnach, muirneach,
'N 'ur gard dubhalt' ma *Whitehall*,
'Nuair a bhios an reubal lubach,
Ri bog chruban fèadh nan earn,
Gu 'm bi sibh' an eithream cuirte,
Lasdail, lu-chleasach, lan aith.

AM BREACAN UALLACH.

LUINNEAG.

He 'n clo-dubh,
Ho 'n clo-dubh,
He 'n clo-dubh,
B'fhearr am breacan.

B' FHEARR leam breacan ullach,
Ma m' ghusillean, 's a chuir fo m' achlais,
Na ged ghe'bhinn oota,
De 'n chlo is fearr thig a Sasuinn.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Mo laochan fein an t-eideadh,
A dh-fheumadh an oris d' a ghlasadh,
Cuaicheanach an eilidh,
Deis eiridh gu dol air astar.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Eilidh cruinn nan cuachan,
Gur buadhach an t-sarradh gaisgeich;
Shiubhlainn leat na fuarain,
Feadh fhuar-bheann; 's bu ghasd' air faich thu
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Fior chuaidh an t-saighdear,
'S neo-ghloiceil ri uèd na caismeachd;
'S ciatach 's an *adhbans* thu,
Fo shranntaich nam piob 's nam bratach.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Cha mhios anns an dol sìos thu,
'Nuair sgrìobar a duille claiseach;
Fior earradh na rualge,
Gu luaths a chuir anns na casan!
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Bu mhath gu sealg an fheidh thu,
'N am eridh do 'n ghreim air creachunn;
'S dh-fhalbhainn leat gu lodhar,
Di-domhnaich a dol do'n chlachan.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Laidhinn leat gu cearbail,
'S mar earbaig gu 'm briogainn grad leat,
Na b' ullamh air m' armachd,
Na dearganach, 's mosgaid ghlagach.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

'N am collich a bhl dardan,
Air stucan am madainn dhealta.
Bu ghasda t-fheum 's a chuis sin,
Seach mutan de thrustar csaig.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Shiubhlainn leat a phosadh,
'S bharr feirnein cha fhrosainn dealta;
B' i sid a' t-sunach bhoidheach,
An og-bhean bha moran tlachd dh'i.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

B' aigeantach 's a' choill' thu,
D a m' choireadh le d' bhlaths 's le t-fhasgath,
Bho chathach, a's bho chrion-chur,
Gu 'n dìonadh tu mi ri frasachd.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Air t-uachdar gur a sgiamhach
A laidheadh a sgiath air a breacadh;
'S claidheamh air chrìos ciatach,
Air fhiaradh os-cann do phleatan.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

'S dens a thigeadh cuilbheir,
Gu suilbhearra leat fa 'n asgail;
'S a dh-aindeoin uisg' a's urohad,
No tuil-bheum gu 'm biodh air fhasgath,
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Bu mhath anns an oidhech' thu;
Mo loinn thu mar aodach-leapa;
B' fhearr leam na 'm brat f'n thu,
Is prìseile thig a Glascho.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

'S baganta grinn boidheach,
Air banais a's air mod am brescan;
Suas an eileadh-sguabie,
'S dealg-gualainn a' cur air fasdaidh.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Bu mhath an ia 's an oidhech' thu,
Bha loinn ort am beinn 's an oladach,
Bu mhath am fèachd 's an sìth thu;
Cha rìgh am fear a chuir as dut.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Shaoil leis gun do mhaolach, so
Faobhar nan Gael tapaidh,
Ach 's ann a chuir e gear orr',
Ni 's beurra na deud na h-ealltainn:
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Dh-fhag e iad lan mi-ruin,
Cho nicorasach ri coin aorach;
Cha chaid' deoch an iotadh,
Ge b' fhion i, ach fìor fhuil Shasuinn.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Ged' spion sibh an Cri asainn,
'S ar broilleichean sìes a shracadh,
Cha toir sibh asainn Tearlach,
Gu brath gus an teid ar tacadh!
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

R' ar n-anam' tha e fuaighte,
Teann, luaite cho cruaidh ri glasan,
'L usiuu cha' n fhaodar fhunagladh,
Gu 'm buaineam am fear ud asainn.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Cleas na mnatha-siubhla,
'Gheibh tuillinn mu'm beir i' h-asaid;
An ionad a bhi'n duimh ris,
Gun dubhail d'a fear a lasan.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Ge d' chuir sibh oirne buarach,
Thiugh, luaighte, gu 'r falbh a bhacadh,
Ruithidh sinn cho luath,
'S na 's buaine na fèidh a ghlasraidh.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Tha sinn 's na t-sean nadar,
A bha sin ro an: an acta;
Am pearsannan 's an inntinn,
'S 'n ar rìghelachd cha teid lagadh.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

'S i 'n fhuil bha 'n cuis' ar sinneridh,
'S an innsginn a bha n' an aigne,
A dh-fhagadh dhuinn' mar dhileab,
Bhi righeil.—O! sin ar paidir!
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Mallachd air gach seorsa,
Nach doonnaicheadh fos dol leat-sa,
Co dhiu bhiodh aca comhdach,
No comhruiste, lom gu 'n chrìceann.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Mo chion ar t-og fearragha,
Thar fairge chaidh usinn air astar;
Durachd blath do dhuthecha,
'S an urnaigh gu lean do phearsa.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

'S ge d' fhuair sibh lamh-an-uachdar,
Aon uair oirn le seorsa tapaig,
An donus blar ri bheo-sa,
Ni feoladair tuilleadh tapaidh.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

TEARLACH MAC SHEUMAIS.

AIR FOMN—"Black Jock."

O! Tearlach mhic Sheumais,
Mhic Sheumais, mhic Thearlach,
Leat shiubhlainn gu h-eutrom,
N am eubhachd 'bhi marsal,
'S cha b'ann leis a phlaigh ud,
A' tharmaich o 'n mhuic.
Bheireadh oreideamh a's reusan
Oirn eiridh mar b' abhaist,
Leis an ailleagan cheutach,

SAR-OBAIR NAM BARD GAELACH.

'Shliochd eifeachdach Bhancho;
Mo ghradh a ghruidh auiunn,
A dhearsadh orm stuir.
Thu 'g iomachd gu surdail,
Air tus a bhataill,
Cha fhrosainn an driuchda,
'S mi dlu air do shaillean;
Mi eadar an talamh
'S an t-adhar a seoladh,
Air iteig le aighear,
Misg-chath, agus sholais;
'S calsmeachd phib' mora,
Bras-shroiceadh am puit.

O 'n eibhinn eachd ghlormhor,
An t-solais a b' airde!
G' ar lionadh do spionnadh,
Air si'neinibh Thearlach,
Gu 'u calcadh tu ardan
An cailleadh ar cuirp;
Do lathaireachd mhor chuiseach,
Dh-fhogradh gach faillinn,
Gu'n tiuntadh tu feodar
Gach feola gu stallinn,
'Nuair sheal'maid gu sunndach,
Air fàbhra do ruig.
Gu gnuis torrach de chruadal,
De dh' naisele, 's de naire,
Nach taitheachd fuathas,
Ro' luaidhe do namhaid;
'S mar deanadh fir Shasuinn
Do mhealladh, 's do threigsinn,
Bhiodh an crun air a spalpadh,
Le d' thapadh air Seurlas,
A dh-aingeoin na beist'.
Leis an d' erich na huile.

Gu 'm b' fhoirmeil leam torman
Ma 'n orghanan aluinn,
'S tein'-eibhinn a lasadh
Gu bras gheal air sraidibh!
'S na croisibh ri h ard-g' oir,
Mhoir Thearlach ar Prionus!
Gach uinneag le foineal
'S beagach le dearsadh,
Le solas an coilleann,
'S deas mhaighdeann d'an smaladh;
'S gach ni mar a b' araidh,
'G cuir failt' air le puimp!
Na canoin ri buirich,
'S iad a' sturadh an fhailidh,
A' cuir orith air gach duthaich
Le muisg nan Gael;
Agus sinne gu lu'-chleasach,
Muirneach lan ardain,
Am marsail gu miuinte,
Ard-shundach m' a shaillean—
'S gann bha cudrom 's gach fear dhuinn,
Tri chairteil a phuinnt!

MO BHOBUG AN DRAM.

AIR FOKK—"The bucket you want."

LUINNEAG.

Ho ro mo bhobug an dram,
Ho ri mo bhobug an dram,
Ho ro mo bhobug an dram,
'S e chuireadh an sodan na m' cheann*

FHEARABH ta'r suidhe ma 'n bhord,
Le 'r glaineachan oridheil n'-ar dorn,
Na leanamaid ruidhinn air ol,
Ma mill sinn ar bruidhinn le bol.
Ho ro mo, &c.

Na tostachan sigeanta fial,
'Ga'n aiseag gu ruige mo bhial;
Bu mhireagach stuigeadh, a's triall,
Am marsal le ciogailt tro' m' chliabh.
Ho ro mo, &c.

'S tu chuireadh an cuireid' san t-sluagh,
'N am cogaidh ri aodainn nan ruag,
Gun olamaid sgaille dhiot gu luath,
Ma sguidseamaid alacain a truail'.
Ho ro mo, &c.

'S tu dh' fhagadh sinn tapaiddh san toir,
'N am tarruinn nan glas-lann ri sroin,
'Nuair thilgte na breacain de 'n t-slogh,
'S a truail, bheirt a mach claidhe mor.
Ho ro mo, &c.

Ge tu mo leannan glan ur,
Cha phog mi gu dilinn mi 'n cuil;
Ach phogainn, a's dheodhlainn thu ruin,
Nuair thig thu 's Jacobus na d' ghnuis:
Ho ro mo, &c.

An t-ainm sin is fearr ata ann,
Ainm Sheumais a chuir air do cheann;
'S e thogadh an sogan fo m' chainnt,
'S a dh-fhagadh gu blasda mo dhram.
Ho ro mo, &c.

Fadamaid telne beag shios,
Na lasraichean ciuin a ni grios,
A gharas ar claigeann 's ar ori',
'Sa dh-fhogras ar n-airteal, 's ar sgios.
Ho ro mo, &c.

* The above chorus is not by Macdonald—it belongs to an old Ulst song. Here are two stanzas of the original:—

Cha teid m'n taigh-od' tha sud thall,
Cha'n fhlach an sineabhar a th' ann,
Ge d' olainn am buideal le srann,
Gu'n giulan me cholan mo cheann.
Ho ro mo, &c.

Thuir cailleadh eho libeas' sa bh' ann.
'Nuair fhuair i blas air an dram:—
"O! tairrinnibh 'n easan a chian,
'S bheir mise mo char air an damh'."
Ho ro mo, &c.

Gur tu mo ghlaireag ghlan lom,
Mo leannan is cannaiche fonn;
Ged rinneadh thu dh' fheamain nan tonn,
Gur mor tha do cheanal na d' ohom.
Ho ro mo, &c.

O fair a ghaoll channaich do phog,
Leig clannadh d' a t-anail fo' m' shroin
Gur cubhraidh leam fannal do bheoil,
No tuis agus mire na h-Eorp.
Ho ro mo, &c.

O aigis a ghlaire do phog!
Cuir speirid n' ar teangaidh gu ceol;
An ioc-shlainte bheannaichte choir,
A leasaicheas onamhan a's feoil!
Ho ro mo, &c.

MARBHRANN

DO PHRATA CALUMAN, A MHARBHADH LE ABHAG.

'S tursach mo sgeul ri luaidh,
'S gun chach gha d' chaoidh,
Ma bhas an fhir bu leanabail' tuar,
'S do mheanbh ga chaoidh.
'S oil leam bas a Choluim chaoimh,
Nach b' anagraob gnas,
A thuiteam le madadh d' a 'm beus,
Doran nan earn.
'S tu 's truagh linn de bhas nan ian;
Mo chradh nach beo.
Fhir a b' iteagach, miotagach triall,
Ge bu mheirbh do threoir;
B' fheumail' do Noah na cach,
'N am bharcadh nan stuaidh,
Ba tu 'n teachdair' gun seacharan d' a,
'Nuair thraigh an ouan;
A dh' idraot dainn do dh-fhalbh an tuil,
Litir gach fear;
Dugall is Colum gu'n chuir
Deagh Noah thar lear;
Ach chaidh Dughall air seacharan cuain,
'S cha do phill e riamh;
Ach phill Colum le iteagaich luath,
'S a threagra na bhial.
Air thus, cha d' fhuair e ionad d' a bhonn
An seasadh e ann,
Gus do thiormaich dile nan tonn,
Thar mullach nam beann;
'S an sin, a litir-san leugh an duine bha glic,
Gu 'n thiormaich a bhailo,
'S gu'm faigheadh a mhuirichinn, cobhair na'n
Agus fuaigladh na 'n airo, [teir,
Le neart cha spuilte do nead,
Ge do thigte dha d' shlad;
Bhiodh do chaisteal fo bhearradh nan creag,
Ann an dainghnichibh rag;
Bha do mhodh siolaich air leath bho chach,
Cha togradh tu suas,

Ach a dufraghail an taoid' ghradh,
'S a cuir cagair 'n a cluais.
Cha do chuir thu duil ann aigead no sprean,
No feid am biodh sugh,
Ach spioladh, a's criomadh an t-sil le d' bheul;
'S ag ol a bhuirn;
Aodach, no anart, sioda, no srol,
Cha cheannaicheadh tu 'm buth;
Bhiodh t-eideadh de mhin-iteacha gorm,
Air nach druidheadh an driuchd;
Cha do ghabh thu riamh paidir no creud.
A ghuidh nan dul;
Gigheadh, cha 'n eil t-anam am pein
O chaidh tu 'null,
Cha 'n e gun chiste no azart
Bhi comhdach do chre,
Fo lio anns an uir,
Tha mise ge cruaidh e, 'g acain gu leir,
Ach do thuitean le cu.

Note.—This is the best of his smaller pieces, although it contains more of sparkling conceit than tenderness or pathos. It is probable that it was composed before he became a member of the Church of Rome, as he says that the pigeon never repeated *paternoster* or *creed*.

MOLADH

A CHAIM-BEULAICH DHUIBH.

Ge beag ort' an Caim-beulach dubh,
Gur toigh leams' an Caim-beulach dubh;
Biodh e dubh no geal no gris-fhionn,
Gradh mo chris' an Caim-beulach dubh.
Ge h-ainnisgeach air an t-seors' thu,
Na 'm b' aithne dhomsa do phorta,
Chuirinn moran fios do 'n de-thair,
'N an dubh dhlointibh f'hothasach, tigh.

'Suilean cuirpt' bh' ann an droch chruth,
A fhuair oirbeim do 'n fhear gheal-dhubh,
Do 'n dream oirdheire 's foirmeile fail;
'S duilich 'olg e chuir 'n a chruaidh stath.
'S tric le madraidh bhi ri dealunn,
An oidhe reot' ris a' ghealach;
'B ionann sin, 's eifeachd t-ealaidh,
Air oliu geal a Chaim-beulaich dhuibh.

'S eia mar fhuair thu dh' adann no ghnais,
Caineadh uasal gun mhodh, gun tuis?
Fhior dhear- luachrach chinnich a lus;
Ma t-air bhacaich tachdam thu bhruc.
Sgiursaidh mi gu gu 'm b' thu marbh thu;
Cha bhi ach mo theang' de dh'arm riut;
A rag-mheirlich, bhradaich' a gharbhlaich,
'S ioma gharbh-mhart dh'fheann thu le d'
chuic.

Do'n t-sìol chruithneachd chuireadh gu tiugh;
 Cha b' e 'n fhìdeag, no 'n coirce dubh,
 Aoh por prìseil, 's ro agaoilteach air,
 Feadh gach rioghachd air tìr, 's air muir.
 Gur iongantach leam, a dhuine,
 Mar robh mearan ort air tuinneadh,
 Clod man do bhuin thu do 'n urr' ad;
 Curaidh ullamh, 's cuireideach fuil?

Dream nan geur-lann gu reubadh cuirp,
 Cruaidh 'g a feachainn air beulamh trup;
 S' math 's is gleust' iad gu bualadh phiùic,
 'N am *retreata* dh' eibheach le stuir.
 Cha "bhreac breun-loin" idir Cailean,
 Aoh do dh' fhion-fhuil ard Mhic-Cailein;
 Teughlach uiseil Iarla-Bhealaich;
 'S buadhach cailthream ri uchd an truid!

'S cinnteach thiotadh gheibh thu do mhurt,
 Ma t-soir obhotaich, mhisguinnich ehurt;
 Ge do dh' eirich gu robh ort stuir,
 Bi'dh a bhiodag ridleadh do chuirp.
 Claignean gun eanachainn, gun mheadrach,
 Sa faodadh na h-ìolairean nendadh;
 Cia mar fhuair thu ghnus do sgìodar,
 Ghluasad idir an ionad puirt?

Eisg bhoehd, chearbaich, seargaidh mi tur,
 Do theanga chealgach a chearbaire dhuibh,
 Rinn an t-searbhag gun chair' a muigh;
 Asad dh' earbinn "cealgairiachd cruidh."
 Cha fhior-ragair ge d' bhiodh fearg air
 Do 'n d' rinn thus' a dhuin an t-searbhag;
 Ach og faighiuneach gun earra-gh'oir;
 Lan do dh' fearra-ghniomh, dhearb e le
 ghuin.

Bha thu mi-mhoil a toirt dh'a guth;
 Crag a chobhair gu magradh gruth;
 Leobas odhar a ghlaimeadh suth,
 Deis dh'a leaghadh, 's e ruith na shruth.
 Cha bu bheudagan gu sabaid
 Aoh fìor leoghann stolda, staidell,
 Do 'n d' rinn us' an t-oran prabach;
 Aoh fìor ghaigeach; 's am blar 'ga chur.

Sparram cinnteach ort a ghlas-ghuil,
 Losgadh peirvill, coicadh, a's cuip
 Air son ascaoin chealgach do bhuis;
 B' f'hearr gu 'm bithinn-sa fagasg dhut.
 Ge do bhiodh tu caineadh ghael,
 Anns gach sìormachd a dh' airinn,
 Seachainn muinntir Earra-ghael,
 'S gun a Cheolraidh fabharach dhut.

'S maig a dh' eireadh ri sìol an tuiro,
 Gasraidh ghleusa nach earadh cluich;
 Cha bu bheus dhaibh bhì ris a mhurt,
 Ach cath treun, a's cothrom r' an uchd'.
 Ge beng ort-sa mìle cuairt e,
 'S ioma sonn aigeanntach ullach,
 Eadar Asainn, 's Cluaign nan luath-long,
 A's trom luagh air Caim-beulach dubh.

Suil na seoca, 's ro bheochail cur,
 An ceann ro-bhinn nam bachalag dubh;
 Cha b' i "frog-shùil, rogair" a chruidh;
 Fìor fhiamh seoid air cor ann an sult.
 'S geal 's a's d'arg do leac, a's t-aogas,
 Ge thubhuirt iad "peirceall caol riut;"
 Cha b' ionann as sligens-gaoisneach,
 'S fiasag-p*-lac'gh ort nach eil tiugh.

'S ge d'reachadh tu 's na speuraibh
 Chum a Chaim-beulach dhuibh eisgeadh,
 Tuitidh tusa mar a bheisteach,
 'N a t-ionad fein am buachar mairt.
 Th' sa bhreinen, magaran cao;
 E-san ghle-ghlan lomlan do thlachd;
 Thus a dheistinn 's muig ort air at,
 Mar bu bheus do dhoran no chat.

Aodann cruineig fharr-aodann tuire;
 Com a chnaimh-fhi'ch, 's nadur na muic;
 Beul mhic-lamhaich, 's faileadh a bhruid;
 Spagan clarach; sailean nan cusp'.
 De dh' oirlichean noiridh bardail,
 Toiseam o d' bhathais, gu d' shail thu;
 'S feannam do leathar a thrall dhiot,
 Chionn gu'n chain' thu'n Caim-beulach
 dubh

Cha 'n fhear sgipi thus' ach fìor ghlug;
 'S beairt gun teagamh bi'dh tu fo bhruid;
 T-iasag failidh, t-fhalt, a's do ruig;
 Tuitidh t-fhiacian 's falbhaidh do thui'g'.
 'S coltach nach b' aithne dhut mise,
 'Nuair a bha mi so gun fhios d'at;
 Na' 'm b' col, cha ghlaodh tu mhianeach,
 Roine riobadh as an fhear dhubh.

Note.—The Black Campbell was a cattle-lifter, and stole some cows from M'Lean of Lochbuy, For this M'Lean's *aireach*, or herdsman, composed the satire. At the end of the song he calls on all the bards to join him in lashing the thief. —When M'Donald heard this he composed his song in praise of Campbell and against the satirist — without any cause of love or hatred to either party. It is only an exercise of his wit; but it shows his usual talents and powers of invention, and felicity of language. After that the herdsman composed a very severe satire on M'Donald himself. We give a few verses of the satire on Campbell as a specimen:—

"An Caim-beulach dubh a Cinn-talle,
 Iar-ogh' mhortair 's ogha 'mheirlich;
 Am Braid-Alban fhuair e arach,
 Siol na cèlge 's meirleach a chruidh.
 'S obhar, clar, an Caim-beulach dubh,
 'S oilltell, fadhaich, amharc an' chruth;
 'S lachdan lath-ghlas, dubh cha'n fhlach e;
 'S fear gu'n mhiadh an Caim-beulach dubh!

"Cuiream tuath e, cuiream deas e,
 Cuiream siar e, cuiream sear e,
 Cuiream fìor'gu baird gach fearainn,
 Gus an call e 'n craicann na shruth."
 'S obhar, clar, &c.

MOLADH AN LEOGHAINN.

A'IR FIONN—"Cabair Feidh."

FAILT' an leoghainn chreuchdaich,
Is eugsamhuil spracalaochd,
'Nuair dheireadh do chinn-fheadna,
Bu mheaghrach am brataichean,
'Nuair ohrunniceadh gach dream dhiu,
Gu ceannagalach tartarach,
Bhiodh pronnadh agus calldach,
Air naimhdean a thachradh ribh;
Iad gu h-oidheire air bharr corr-ghleus,
Teinteach foir-dhearg, lasrachail,
'S ard an stoirm air mhìre-chonbhaidh,
'S laicn nan dorn ri spealtairceachd,
Le'n geur chog ri stracadh bholg,
A' gearradh cheann is chorpunnan;
'S cha sluagh gun chaidh gun cheannagal,
Le'n lann bheireadh fosadh orr.

Duig a leoghainn euchdaich,
'S dean eirigh gu farumach,
Air brat ball-dearg, breid-gheal,
'S fraoch sleibhe mar bharan air;
Tog suas do cheann gu h-eatrom,
'S na speuraibh gu caithreaseach,
'S theid mi-fhin cho geire,
'Sa dh'fheadas mi d' arabhag;
Togam suas do mholadh priseil,
'S do cheann righeil farasda,
Cha'n 'eil ceann no corp sann righeachd,
An cruaidh-ghnìomh thug barrachd ort,
An ceann cruadalach ard sgiamhach
Maiseach, fìor-dheas, arranta,
'S tric thug sgairt ri h-uchd an fhuathais,
Ri h-am luchd t-fhuatha tarruinn ruit.

Co b'urrainn tair no di-bleachd,
Gu dilinn a bharalacha?
No shamhlachadh riut mi-chliu,
A rìgh nan ceann barrasach;
A chreutair ghasda, rimheich,
'S garg fìor-dheas do tharruinnse,
Air brat glan de'n t-sìoda,
Ri min-chrann caol gallanach;
E ri plapraich ri crann-brataich,
A' stailce chas gu h-eangarra;
Is comhlain ghasda lan do ghaige,
Teanaill bras gu leanailt ris,
Fearg gu casgairt 'nan gnìis dhaite,
Fraoch a's fras gu fearachas,
Bhì'dh sgries a's lannadh sìos,
Air luchd mi-ruin a bheanadh riut.

Cha robh garta gleois,
Air an t-seorsa o'n ghineadh tu,
An dream rathail mhor-chuiseach;
Chomhragach, iomairteach;
Bu ghunnach, dagach, or-sgiathach,
Goirseideach, nìmhèil iad;
Bu domhain farsuinn creuchdaich,
Cneidh euchdach am fìrionnach;
Iad gu sùrdail losga' fudair,
Toirt as smid bho lasraichean;

Na fìr urs, gheala, lughar,
A ghearra smuais a's aiseichean;
Lannan du-ghorm, geura, cùl-tiugh,
'N glais nam fìuran aigeantach,
A' sgolta chorp a sìos gu'n rumpail,
Sùrd le sunnd air stracaireachd.

'S foinni, fearail, laidir,
Cuanda, daicheil, cinneadail,
Slichd nan Collaidh lamb-dhearg,
'S iad lan do dh' ard spiorad aunn.
Cho dian ri lassair chra-dheirg,
'S gaoth Mhairt a' cuir spionnadh in
Gun mheang, gun mheirg, gun fhaillin,
'Nar cailleadh ge d' shìreair sibh;
Na fìr chogach theid 's na trodaibh,
Nach biodh ro lotaibh gioragach;
Nach iarr brosn' ri h-am òsgraidh,
A phronna chorp a's mhìonaichean,
A' sgatha cheann, a's lamb, a's chas, diubh,
Ann san toit le mìre-chath,
Na fìr bheurra, threim, fhearrdha,
Gheur, armach, fhineadail!

An cinneadh maisiach, treubhach,
Nan reidh-chuillbheir acuinneach,
Nach diultadh dol air ghleus,
Ri h-am feuma gu grad-mharbhadh,
Madaidh ri uird ghleusta,
Gu beuma nan sradagan,
A' conas dearg ri cheile,
A' cuir eibhlean gu lasraichean.
Frasan dealanach dearg pheileir,
Teachd o'r teine tartarach,
A' spadadh, 's a pronnadh, 's a leadairt,
Nan corp ceigeach, casagach.
Lannan du-ghorm doì gan dulan,
A gearra s' nìs is aiseichean,
Aig na treunaibh cruaidh, bheumnach,
'S luath bhuala speachannan.

Clann-Domhnuill tha mi 'g raithe,
'N sar chinneadh urramach,
'S tric a fhuair 's na blaraibh,
Air namhaid buaidh iomanach;
Iad fearra, tapuidh, dana,
Cho lan do nìmh-ghuineadeach,
Ri nathraichean an t-sleibhe,
Le'n geur-lannaibh fulanagach.
Iad gu sìtheach, gleusta, coe-luath,
Runach, bos-luath, fulasgach,
Cruas na craige, luathas na draige,
Chluinntè fead am buillinnean;
Na fìr dhana, lughar, narach,
Fhoinnidh, laidir, urranda,
Cho garg ri tuil-mhaoim sleibhe,
No falaisg gheur nam munainean!

A charrraig dhaingheann dhileant,
Nach diobair gu'n sgarachd,
Gluais suas gu spòrsail righeil,
Ro d' mhillinibh gaisgeanda;
'S iad mìre geal na cruadhach,
Gun truaile, gun ghaisceadh aunn'.

'S bocain a chuir ruaig iad,
Bheir buaidh le 'n sluagh bras-bhuillench.
'S ioma fheasgach cul-bhui doid-gheal,
Is garbh dorn is alinneinean,
A dh' eireas leat an tus na co'-stri,
A ni comhrag min-bhuailteach,
Iad gu bonn-mhall, bas-luath, crodha,
Saitheach, stroiceach, n-nairteach,
A' dol a sìos an am na teughbhall,
'S leoghunn beuc air mhìre aca.

A leoghuinn bheucaich, ghruamaich,
'Bheil cruadal air tuineacha,
Is tric a dhearb an cruaidh chuis,
'S na buan ruagaibh cumasgach.
'Nuair a spailpte suas thu,
Le d' bhuaidh ri crann fulangach;
Chite conadh run-mleach,
'An gruaidhean na h-ulle fir.
'S daingheann, seasmhach, rang do fhleasgach,
'Nuair bhiodh deise tarraunn orr,
Cha toir eagal namhaid eag annt,
'S iad mar chreag nach caraicheadh.
S glan am preas iad, chaoidh cha teich iad,
'S fiodh nach peasg, de'n darach iad:
S tric a fhuair sibh air 'ur namhaid,
'S na blaraibh buaidh-chaitheamach.

Nan tigeadh ortsa foirneart,
Gu d' leon o chrich aineola'ah,
Coigrich le run do'-bheirt,
Gu d' choir thoirt a dh-aindeoin diot:
'S iomad lan cheann-ileach,
'S lainn liobhta 'm boairt dhaingheann ann,
A thairneadh suas ri d' shioda,
Dheth t-fhior-fhuil d'a t-anagladh.
Fuiribin chomasach nach cromadh,
Ro fhrois tholladh phearsunnan;
Nach biodh somult dhol air cholluin,
'N am bhi sonnadh chlaigeannan.
Crun-luath lomarra 'ga phronnadh,
Air piob loinneich thartaraich,
A chuireadh anam ann sna mairbh,
A dhol gu fearr-ghleus gaisge leo.

Stoc Chlann-Domhnuill dh' eireadh,
Le'n geugaibh 's le meanganaibh,
B'i sid a choille cheutach,
A b' eugamhuil 's bu cheannardaich.
'Nuair thairneadh iad ri cheile
Gach treubh dhiu gu fearrachail,
'S mairg a spiola feusag
Nan leoghann, ga ghreannachadh.
Bhiodh cinn is duirn ga sgathadh dhiubh-san,
Ann an duiseal lannaireachd,
Fuil ri feur-imeachd 's ri sruladh,
Feadh nan lub 's nan camhanan.
Bhiodh lannan lotach du-ghorm,
Cuir smuidrich de cheannaibh Ghall,
Is caoidhreas cruaidh a's ranaich,
'S an arach gu gearnach.

C' ait am beil san righeachd,
Am fear-ghniomh thug barrachd oirbh?

Nam brosaichte chum stri sibh,
A mhillidhean barraideach;
Na tuirin sgairteil prìseil,
De'n fhior-chruaidh nach fannaicheadh:
D'am b' abhaist a bhi dileas,
'S nach diobradh na ghea'ladh iad,
Gaothair chatha theid mar shaighead,
Sìos le'n claidhe' dealanaich.
Nach toir atha gun dad athais,
Gus an sgath iad bealach romp;
Cuirp gan sgatha 's cruaidh ga crathadh,
'S orra pathadh falanach;
Chluintear fead ar claidhean,
Truagh ghair agus langanaich.

Tha iomadh mìle an Alba,
De gharbh-fhearaibh fulasgach,
Sliochd Ghàeil ghle' a *Scota*
Thig deonach m' ar *cularaibh*.
Gun tig iad le run cruaidail,
'S gum fuaigh iad gu bunailteach,
Ri teanchair ghairg an leoghainn,
'S ri spogaibh dearg fuileachdach.
Togaibh leibh gun airc gun easbhuidh,
Trom fheachd seasmhach cunnbhalach,
De laochraidh dheise, shunndach, threiseil,
Theid neo-leig 's an iomairt sgleo.
Cha'n fhacas riamh na suinn 'nan geiltibh
Dol 'an teas nan cumasgan;
Teichidh iad o'r stroiceadh,
'S o'r srolaibh breac, duilleagach.

BEANNACHA LUINGE,

MALLA RI BROSNACHA FAIRGE, A BHEANNAICH DO
SGIOBA BIRLINN THIGHEARNA CHLANN-RAONUILL.

Gu'm beannaiche Dia Long Chlann-Raonuill,
A cheud la do chaidh air sail',
E-fein, 's a threinn fhir ga caitheamh,
Treun a chaidh thar mathas chaich;
Gu'm beannaich an Co-dhia naomh,
An iunrais anail nan speur,
Gu'n sguabta garbhlaich na mara,
G'ar tarraunn gu cala reidh.
Athair a chruthaich an fhaireg!
'S gach gaoth a sheideas as gach aird,
Beannaich ar caol-bharc 's ar gaisgich,
'S cum i-fein 's a gasraidh slan.
A Mhic beannaich fein ar n-achdair
Ar siuil, ar beirtein, 's ar stiuir,
'S gach droinip tha crochta r'ar crannaibh,
'S thoir gu cala sin le t-iiuil.
Beannaich ar rachdan 's ar slat,
Ar croinn 's ar taodaibh gu leir
Ar stadh, 's ar tarraunn cum fallain,
'S na leig-sa 'nar cearmh beud.
A' Spiorad Naomh biodh air an stiuir,
Seoladh e 'n t-iiuil a bhios ceart;
'S eol da gach long-phort fo'n ghrein,
Tilgeamaid sinn fein fo bheachd.

Beannuchadh nan Arm.

Gu'm beannaiche Dia ar claidhean,
 'S ar lannan spainnteach, gaur ghlas,
 'S ar luirichean troma mailleach,
 Nach gearr-te le faobhar tais;
 Ar lannan cruadhach, 's ar gorsaid,
 'S ar sgiathan an-dealbhach dualach;
 Beannaich gach armachd gu h-iomlan,
 Th' air ar n-iomhar 's ar orios-guaile;
 Ar boghannan foinealach iubhair,
 'Ghabhadh lugha ri uchd tunasaid;
 'S na saighdean beithe nach spealgadh,
 Ann am balgan a bhruidh ghruamaich,
 Beannaich ar biodag, 's ar daga;
 'S ar n-eile gasd ann an cuicichean,
 'S gach trealach cath agus comhraig,
 Tha'm barc Mhic-Dhomhnuill san uair so.
 Na biodh simplidheachd oirbh no taise,
 Gu'n dol air ghaige le cruadal,
 Fad 's a mhaireas ceithir buird d'i,
 No bhios carad shuth dh'i fuaighte;
 'M fad 's a shnamhas i fo 'r casan.
 Na dh'fhaineas cnag dh'i an uachdar,
 A dh-aideoin aon fhuthas gam faic sibh,
 Na mentaicheadh gart a chuain sibh;
 Ma ni sibh cothacha ceart,
 'S nach mothaich an fhaige sibh dibli,
 Gun islich a h-ardan 'sa beachd,
 'S gar cothacha sgairteil gu'n strìochd i.
 Do cheile comhraig air tir,
 M' ar faic i thu cinntinn tais,
 'S dach' i bhoghadh 's an strì,
 No chinntinn idir ni's brais;
 'S amhuil sin a ta mhuir mhor,
 Coisinnidh le colg 's le surd,
 'S gun umhlaich i dhut fa-dheoigh,
 Mar a dh' ordaich Rìgh nan dul.

Brosnachadh iomraidh gu ionad seolaidh.

Gun cuirt an iubhrach dhubh-dhealbhach,
 An aite seolaidh,
 Sathaibh a mach cleathan rìghne,
 Liath-lom combharr;
 Ramhan min-lunnacha dealbhach,
 Socair, eutrom,
 A ni 'n t-iomradh toirteil, calma,
 Bos-luath, caoir-gheal;
 Chuireas an fhaige 'na sradaibh,
 Suas 's 'na'n speuraibh,
 'Na teine-siunnachain a' lasadh,
 Mar fhras eibhlean;
 Le buillean gailbheacha, tarbhach,
 Nan cleth troma,
 A bheir air bochd-thuinn thonnaich,
 Lot le'n cromadh,
 Le sgionan nan ramh geal, tava,
 Bual a cholluinn,
 Air mullach nan gorm-chnochd, ghleannach,
 Gharbhlach, thomach.
 O! sinibh 's tairrribh, agus lubaibh,
 Ann sna bacaibh!
 Na gallein bhas-leathunn, ghiubhsaich,
 Le lus ghilac-gheal.

Na fuirbinean troma, treuna,
 A' laidhe suas orr,
 Le'n gaoidheanaibh dèideach, feitheach,
 Gaoisneach, onusachdach,
 'Thogas 's a' leagas le cheile,
 Fo aon ghluasad,
 A gathan liath-reamhar, reithe,
 Fo bharr stuadhan;
 Iurghuilich garbh 'an tus cleithe,
 'G eubhach suas orr;
 Iorram dhuigear an speurad,
 Ann sna guailleann;
 'Sp' rras a Bhirlinn le seitrich,
 Tro gach fuar-ghleann;
 Sgoltadh na bochd-thuinn a' beucaich,
 Le saimh chruaidh-chruim,
 Dh-iomaineas beanntainean beiseil,
 Ro da ghualainn.
 Hugan! air cuan, nuallan gaireach,
 Heig air chnagaibh!
 Farum le bras-ghaoir na bairlinn,
 Ris na maidibh;
 Raimh gam pianadh, 's bolgan fol',
 Air bhos gach fuirbi;
 Na suinn laidir gharba thoirteil,
 'S cop gheal iomradh,
 'Chreanaicheas gach bord dheth darach,
 Bigh a's iarann;
 'S lannan gam tilgeil le staplainn,
 Chnap ri aliasaid;
 Foirne fearail, a bheir tulga,
 Dugharra, daicheil,
 'Sparras a chaol-bharo le giubhsaich,
 'N adann aibheis,
 Nach pillear le frìgh nan tonn du-ghorm,
 Le lughs ghairlein;
 Sud an sgioba neartmhor, shurdail,
 Air chul alaich,
 Phronnas na cuairteagan cul-ghlas,
 Le roinn ramhachd,
 Gun sgios gun airtneal gun lubadh
 Ri h-uchd gabhaidh.

*An sin an deigh do na sia-fearaibh-deug,
 suidhe air na raimh, a chum a h-iomradh,
 fo'n ghaoith gu ionad seolaidh, do ghlaodh
 CALUM GABH, MAC-RAONAILL NAN CUAN,
 Iorram oirre, 's e air zamh-braghad, agus
 's i so i:—*

'S a nis o rinneadh 'ur taghadh,
 'S gur coltach dhuibh bhi 'n-ar roghainn,
 Thugaibh tulga neo-chladharra daicheil.
 Thugaibh tulga, &c.

Thugaibh tulga neo-chearbach,
 Gu'n airtneal gun dearmad,
 Gu freasdal na gaille-bheinne sail-ghlais.
 Gu freasdal, &c.

Tulga danarra treun-ghlac,
 A ridheas onamhan a's feithean,
 Dh-fhagas soilleir a ceumannan alaich.
 Dh-fhagas, &c.

Sgobadh fonnar gun eislein,
 Ri garbh bhrosnach a cheile,
 Iorram gleust ann bho bheul air a braghaid.
 Iorram gleust, &c.

Cogull ramh air na bacaibh,
 Leois, a's rusgadh air bhasaibh,
 'S raimh d'an sniomh ann an achlaisean ard-
 'S raimh, &c. [thonn.

Biodh 'ur gruaidhean air lasadh,
 Biodh 'ur bois gu'n leob chraicinn,
 Fallas mala bras chrapa gu lar dhibh.
 Fallas mala bras, &c.

Sinilh, tairnnaibh, a's luthaibh,
 Na gallain liath-leothar ghiubhais,
 'S dianaih uighe tro shruthaibh an t-saile.
 'S deanaibh, &c.

Cliath ramh air gach taobh dh'i,
 Masgadh fairge le saothair,
 Dol 'na still ann an aodann na bairlinn.
 Dol, na still, &c.

Iomraibh oo'-lath glan gleusta,
 Sgoltadh boc-thuinn a' beucaich,
 Obair shunndach gun eislein gun fhardal.
 Obair shunndach, &c.

Buailibh co-thromach trein i,
 Sealltainn trio air a cheile,
 Duisgibh spiorad 'n-ar feithean gu laidir!
 Duisgibh spiorad, &c.

Biodh a darach a' collainn,
 Ris na fiadh-ghleannaibh bronnach
 'S a da shliasaid a' pronnadh, gach barlainn.
 'S a da shliasaid, &c.

Biodh an fhainge ghlas thoanach,
 Ag at 'na garb mhothar lonnach,
 S na h-ard-uisgeachan bronnach 'sa gharaich.
 'S na h-ard-uisgeachan, &c.

A ghlas-fhainge sior chopadh,
 A steach mu da ghualainn thoisich,
 Sruth ag onnaich, a' sloistreadh a h-carr-linn.
 Sruth ag onnaich, &c.

Sinibh, tairnribh, a's luthaibh,
 Na gathain mhin-lunnach ohul-dearg,
 Le iumairidh smuis 'ur garbh ghairdean.
 Le iumairidh smuis, &c.

Cuiribh fothaibh an rugh' ud,
 Le fallas mhailean a' sruthadh,
 'S togaibh suil ri bho Uidhist nan cra-ghiadh.
 'S togaibh suil, &c.

Dh-iomair iad 'an sin gu ionaid scolaidh.

An sin thar iad na seoil shithe,
 Gu fìor ghasda,

'Shaor iad na sia-raimh-dheug,
 A' steach tro' bacaibh,
 Sgathadh grad iad sìos r'a allasaid,
 Sheachnadh bhac-bhreid.
 Dh-ordaich Clann-Raonuill d' an-uaisleann,
 Sar-sgiobairean cuain a bhi aca,
 Nach gabhadh eagal ro fhuathas,
 No gne thusairgneadh a shachradh.

*Dh-ordaicheadh an deigh an taghadh na, h-
 uile duine dhol 'an seilbh a ghran' aratdh
 fein 's na cho-tòig sin ghlaodhadh ri fear
 na stiurach suidh air stiuir anne na briath-
 raibh so:—*

Suitheadh air stiuir trom laoch leathunn,
 Nearthar, fuaigailt',
 Nach tilg bun no barr na sumaid,
 Fairge bhuaith;

Claireanach taiceil, lan spiunnaidh,
 Plocach, masach,
 Min-bheumnach, faicleach,
 Furachail, lan naistinn;
 Bunnaidh outromach,
 Garbh, socair, seolta, lugh'er;
 Eirmseach, faighidneach, gun ghriomhag,
 Rih-uchd tuilinn;

'Nuair a chluinn e 'n fhainge ghiobach,
 Teachd le buirein,
 Chumas a ceann caol gu sgibidh,
 Ris na sughaibh;

Chumas gu socrach a gabhail,
 Gun dad luasgain,
 Sgod a's cluas ga rian le amharc,
 Suil air fuaradh;

Nach caill aon oirleach na h-ordaig,
 Deth cheart chursa;
 'Dh-aingoin barr sumadain mara,
 Teasd le surdaig;

Theid air fuaradh leatha cho daingheann,
 Mas a h-eigin,
 Nach bi lann, no reang 'na darach,
 Nach toir eibh asd;

Nach taisich a's nach teid 'na bhrislich,
 Dh-aingoin fuathais,
 Ge do dh-atadh a mhuir cheanna-ghlas
 Suas gu chluasaibh;

Nach b'urrainn am fuiribi chreannachadh,
 No ghluasad,
 O ionad a shuidh, 's e tearainnte,
 'S ailm 'na asguil,

Gu freasdal na seana mhara ceanna-ghlas,
 'S gleann-ghaoir asacoin,
 Nach orithnich le fuaradh cluaise,
 An taod-soire,

Leigeas leath ruith a's gabhail,
 'S lan a h-aodaich;
 Cheanglas a gabhail cho daingheann,
 'M barr gach tuinne,

Falbh dìreach 'na still gu cala,
 'N aird gach buinne.

Dh-ordaicheadh a mach fear-beairte.

Suidheadh toirtearlach garbh dhoideach,
 'An glaic beairte,

A bhios staidell lan do churam,
 Gruimear, glac-mhor;
 Leigeas cudthrom air ceann slaithe,
 Rì h-am oruaidhich,
 Dh-fhaothaicheas air crann 's air acuinn,
 Bheir dhaibh fuasgladh;
 Thuigens a ghaoth mar a thig i,
 Do reir seolaidh,
 Fhreagras min le fearas beairte,
 Beum an sgoid-fhir :—
 'Slor chuideachadh leis an acuinn,
 Mar fàinich buill bheairte
 Reamhar ghaoiste.

Chuireadh air leth fear-agoide.

Suitheadh feas sgoid' air an tota
 Gaoirdean laidir,
 Nan righlinin gaoisneach, feithenach,
 Reamhar, onamhach;
 Cragan tiughn, leathunn, clianach,
 Meur gharb chrocach :
 Mach's a steach an sgoid a leigens,
 Le neart sgrobaidh;
 'An am oruaidhich a bheir thuig i,
 Gaoth ma sheideas,
 'S 'nuair a nì an oiteag lagadh,
 Leigeas beum leis.

Dh-ordaicheadh air leth fear-clwaise.

Suitheadh fear cràpara, taiceil,
 Gasda, cuanda,
 Laimhsichean a chluas neo-lapach,
 Air a fuaradh;
 Bheir imirich sìos sa suas i,
 A chum gach urracaidh,
 A reir 's mar thig an soirbheas.
 No barr urchaidh;
 'S ma chi e 'n iunnrais a 'g airidh,
 Teachd le h-osaich,
 Lomadh e gu gramail treun-mhor
 Sìos gu stoc i.

Dh-ordaicheadh do'n toiseach fear-iuil.

Eireadh mar-nialach na sheusamh,
 Suas do'n toiseach,
 'S deanadh e dhuinn eolas seasmhach,
 Cala a choisneas;
 Sealladh e 'n ceithir airdean,
 Cian an adhair,
 'S innseadh e do dh-fhear na stiurach,
 'S math a gabhail.
 Glacadh e comharadh tìre,
 Le sar-shul-bheachd,
 'O'n 'se sin a's Dia gach side,
 'S reull-iuil duinn.

Chuireadh air leth fear-calpa na tairrne.

Suitheadh air calpa na tairrne,
 Fear gu'n soistinn,
 Smomanach fuasgailteach, sgairteil,
 Foinnidh, solta;

Duine curamach gu'n ghriobhag,
 Ealamh gruamach;
 A bheir uasp a's dh'i mar dh-fheumas,
 Gluenda, lusineach;
 Laithens le spoghannan troma,
 Treun' air tarraunn;
 Air cudthrom a dhoid a' eromadh,
 'Dh-ionnsuidh daraich;
 Nach ceangail le spargaidh mu'n urracaidh,
 An taod-frithir;
 Ach gabhail uime gu daingheann seolta,
 Le lub-rithe;
 Air eagal 'n uair sgairte an t-àusadh,
 I chuir stad air,
 Los i ruith 'na still le cronan,
 Bharr na enaige.

Chuireadh air leth fear-innse nan uisgeachan, 's an fhaireg air cinntinn tuilleadh a's molach, agus thuirt an Stiùireadair ris :—

Suitheadh fear-innse gach uisge,
 Lamh ri m' chluais-ea,
 'S eumadh e a shuill gu biorach,
 'An oridh' an fhuaraidh.
 Taghaibh an duine leth eagalach,
 Fiamhach sìoir,
 'S cha mhath leam e bhi air fad,
 'Na ghealtair' riochdall;
 Biodh e furachair 'nuair chi e,
 Fuaradh froise,
 Co dhiubh bhios an soirbheas
 Na deireadh no na toiseach;
 'S gu'n cuireadh e mis air m' fhaicill,
 Suas d'am mhosgladh,
 Ma nì e gne chunnairt fhaicinn,
 Nach bi tostach,
 'S ma chi e eoltas muir bhaite,
 'Teachd le nuallan,
 A sgairteas cruaidh :— "ceann caol a fiodha,
 Chumail luath ris."
 Biodh e ard labhrach, ceillidh,
 'G-eubhach "bairlinn;"
 'S na ceileadh air fear na stiurach,
 Ma chi gabha."
 'Na biodh fear innse nan uisgean,
 Ann ach e-san;
 Cuiridh giabhag, briot; a's gusgul,
 Neach 'na bhreislìch.

Dh-ordaicheadh a mach fear-taomaidh, 'san fhaireg' a' barcadh air am muin rompa 's nan deigh.

Freasdladh air leabaidh na taoime,
 Laoch bhios fuasgailt',
 Nach fannaich gu brath 's nach tioraich,
 Le gair chumaintean;
 Nach lapaich, 's nach meataich,
 Fuschd, sail' no clach-mheallain
 Laomadh mu bhroilleach 's mu mhuineal,
 'Na fuar steallaibh;
 Le crumpa mor cruinn tiugh fiodha,
 'Na chlar dhoidibh,

Sior thlgeadh a mach na fairge
 A steach a dhoirtene;
 Nach dirich a dhruim lughor,
 Le rag earlaid,
 Gu'n nach fag e sìle 'n grunn,
 Nan iar a h-earluinn;
 'S ge do chinnendh a tuid cho tolltach
 Rìs an ridil,
 Chumas cho tioram gach 'enag dh'i,
 Rì olar buideil.

*Dh-ordaicheadh dithis gu dragha nam ball
 chulaodaich, 's coltas orra gun tuya na
 siuil uapa le ro ghairbhead na sìde.*

Cuiribh caraid laidir chnamh-reamhar,
 Gairbneach, ghaoistneach,
 Gum freasdaladh iad tearuinn treun ceart i,
 Buill chul-aodaich;
 Le snuais a's le miad lughis,
 An ruighean treunna,
 'N am crungach bheir orr a steach,
 No leigias beum leis,
 Chumas gu sgiobalta a staigh e,
 'Na teis meadhon,
 Dh-ordaicheadh Donnacha Mac-Chormaig,
 A's Iain mac Iain,
 Dithis starbhanach theoma, ladorn,
 De dh-fhearaibh Channa.

*Thaghadh seisir gu fearas uilair, an eara-
 las gum fuilnicheadh a h-aon de na thuir
 mi, no gu'n spionadh onfadh na fairge
 mach thar bord e, 's gu'n suidheadh fear
 dhiu so 'na aite.*

Eireadh seisir ealamh, ghleusta,
 Lamhach, bheotha,
 Shiubhlas, 'sa dh-fhalbas, 's a leumas,
 Feadh gach bord dh'i,
 Mar ghearr-fhiadh am mullach sleibhe
 'S coir d'a copadh;
 Streupas ri cruaidh bhallaibh reidhe,
 De'n chaol choreaich,
 Cho grad ri feoragan ceitein,
 Rì crann ro-choill;
 A bhios ullamh, suaimh, treubhach,
 Falbhach, ealach,
 Gu toirt dh'i, 's gu toirt an ausadh,
 'S clausail ordail,
 Chaitheas gun airtsneal gun eislean,
 Long Mhic-Dh-mhuill.

*Do bha nis na h-uile goireas a bhuineadh do
 'n t-seoladh, air a chuir 'an deagh riagh-
 ailt, agus theann na h-uile laoch tapaidh
 gun taise, gun fhiamh, gun sgathachas
 chum a cheirt ionaid an d'ordaichadh
 dha dol; agus thog iad na siuil ma eiridh
 na greine la-fheil-Bride, a' togail a mach
 o bhun Loch-Aineirt, ann 'an Uidhist-a-
 chinne-deas.*

Grian a faoisgneadh gu h-or-bhuidh',
 A's a mogul,

Chinn an speur gu dubhuidh dolte,
 Lan de dh-oglachd;
 Dh-fhas i tonn-ghorm, tiugh, tarr-lachdunn,
 Odhar, largalt;
 Chinn gach dath bhiodh ann am breacan,
 Air an iarmailt.
 Fada-cruaidh san aird an iar orr,
 Stoirm 'na coltas,
 'S neoil shiubhlach aig gaoth gan riasladh,
 Fuaradh fois orr.
 Thog iad na siuil bhreaca,
 Bhaidealach, dhionach;
 'S shin iad na calpannan raga,
 Teanna, righne,
 Rì fiodhanan arda, fada,
 Nan colg bigh dhearg;
 Cheangladh iad gu gramail, snaompach,
 Gu neo-chearbach,
 Tro shuillean nan cormag iarrainn,
 'S nan cruinn aillbheag.
 Cheartaich iad gach ball de'n acuinn,
 Ealamh, doigheil;
 'S shuidh gach fear gu freasdal tapaidh,
 'Bhuill bu choir dha;
 'N sin dh' fhosgail uinnagan an adhair.
 Ballach, liath-ghorm,
 Gu seicheadh na gaoithe greannaich,
 'S bannail largalt;
 Tharruinn an cuan a bhàt du-ghlas,
 Air gu h-uile,
 A mhantul garbh calteanach, ciar-dhubh,
 Sgreitidh buinne,
 Dh-at e 'na bheannaibh, 's na ghleannaibh,
 Molach robach.
 Gun do bhoichd an fhaerge cheigeach,
 Suas na cnocaibh;
 Dh-fhosgail a mhuir ghorm na craosaibh,
 Farsuinn, cracach,
 'An glaicibh a cheile ri taosgadh,
 'S caonnag bhas-mhor.
 Gum b'fhear-ghniomh bhi 'g amharc 'an
 aodann
 Nam maom teinntidh,
 Lasraichean sradanach sionnachain,
 Air gach beinn diubh.
 Na beulanaich arda liath-cheann,
 Rì searbh bheucail;
 Na eulanaich 's an clagh dudaidh,
 Rì fuaim gheumnaich.
 'Nuair dh-eirigidh gu h-allail,
 Am barr nan tonn sin,
 B' eigin an t-ausadh a bhearradh,
 Gu grad phongail:
 'Nuair thuiteamaid le aon slugadh,
 Sios 's na gleanntaibh,
 Bheirte gach seol a bhiodh aice
 'Am barr nan crann d'i:
 Na ceosanaich arda, chroma,
 Teachd 's a bhairich,
 M'an tigeadh iad idir 'n-ar caramh,
 Chluinnt' an gairich.
 Iad a sguabadh nan tonn beaga,
 Lom gan sgiursadh,
 Chinnendh i 'na h-aon mhuir bhasor,
 'S cas a stiùireadh.

'Nuair a thuiteamaid fo bharr,
 Nan ard-thonn giòbach,
 Gur beag nach dochainicadh an sail,
 An t-aigeal sìgneach;
 An fhairge ga maistreadh 's ga sluistreadh,
 Troimhe cheile,
 Gun robh roin a's mìalan mora,
 'Am barrachd eigin.
 'Nfadh a's tonnan na mara,
 A's falbh na luinge,
 A' sràladh an eanchainea geala,
 Feadh gach tuinne.
 Iad ri nuallanaich ard-namhaineach,
 Searbh thursach;
 'G eubhach, gur h-lochdarain sinne,
 Dragh chum buird sinn:
 Nach min-lasg a bh'ann san fhaigrge,
 Tarr-gheal, thundait';
 Le gluasad confach na gailbheinn,
 Marbh gun chunntas.
 Clachan a's maorach an aigell,
 Teachd an uachdar,
 Air am buain a nuas le slacraich,
 A chuain uaimhreigh.
 An fhairge uile 'si 'na brochan,
 Strioplach, ruaimleach,
 Le fuil 's le gaor nam biast lorcach,
 'S droch dhath ruadh orr.
 Na beistean adharcach iongach,
 Pliutach, lorcach;
 Lan cheann-sian nam beoil gun gialaibh,
 'S an craos fosgailte.
 An aibheis uile lan bhochdan,
 Air cragradh,
 Le spogan 's le earbuill mor-bhiast,
 Air magradh.
 Bu sgreamhail an robhain sgrìachach,
 Bhi 'ga eisdeachd,
 Thogadh iad air caogad mìlidh,
 Eatrom ceille.
 Chaill an sgioba cail g'an clasteachd,
 Ri bhi 'g eisdeachd,
 Ceileirean sgreadach nan deomhan,
 'S m'othar bheistean.
 Fa-ghair na fairge 'sa slacraich,
 Gleachd ri darach,
 Fosghair a toisich a sloistreadh,
 Mhuca-mara.
 A' Ghaoth ag urachadh a fuairaidh
 As an iar-aird;
 Bha sinn leis gach seorsa buairidh,
 Air ar pianadh.
 S sinn dall le cathadh fairge,
 Sior dhol tharuinn,
 Tairneanach aibheiseach re oidhche,
 'S teine dealain.
 Peileirean bethrich a' losgadh,
 Ar cuid acuin;
 Failleadh a's deathach na riofa,
 Gar glan thachadh:
 Na duilean uachdrach a's iochdrach,
 Ruinn a' radh;

Talamh, teine uisg a's sìon-ghath,
 Ruinn air togail.
 Ach 'n uair dh'artlaich air an fhaigrge,
 Toirt oirn strìochda,
 Ghabh i truas le fàite gaire,
 Rinn i sìth ruinn.
 Ge d'rinn, cha robh crann gun lubadh,
 Seol gun reuladh;
 Slat gun sgaradh, rac gun fhaillin,
 Ramh gun eislein.
 Cha robh stagh ann gun stuadh-leumnach:
 Beairt ghaisidh,
 Tarruinn, no cupull gun bhristeadh,
 Flac! Faise!
 Cha robh tota no beul-mor ann,
 Nach tug aideach,
 Bha h-uile crannaghail a's goireas,
 Air an lagadh.
 Cha robh achlachan no aisne dh'i,
 Gun fhuasgladh;
 A slat-bheoil 'sa sgùitehinn asgail,
 Air an tuairgneadh.
 Cha robh falmadair gun sgoltadh,
 Stiuir gun chreuchadh;
 Cnead a's dìosan aig gach maide,
 'S iad air deasgadh.
 Cha robh crann-tarrunn gun tarruinn,
 Bord gun obadh;
 H-uile lann bha air am barradh,
 Ghabh iad togail.
 Cha robh tarrunn ann gu'n traladh,
 Cha robh calp ann gu'n lubadh;
 Cha robh ball a bhuineadh dh'i-se,
 Nach robh nì's measa na thuradh.
 Ghairm an fhaigrge sìochaint ruinre,
 Air crois Chaol Ile,
 'S gu'n d'fhuair a gharbh ghaoth,
 Shearbh-ghloireach, ordugh sinidh.
 Thog i uainn do ionadaibh uachdrach
 An adhair;
 'S chinn i dhuinn na clar reidh min-gheal,
 'N deigh a tabhunn.
 'S thug sinn buidheachas do'n Ard-Rìgh,
 Chum na duilean,
 Deagh Chlann-Raonuill a bhi sabhailt,
 O bhas bruideil.
 'S an sin bheum sinn a stuil thana, bhallach,
 Do thuillin;
 'S leag sinn a croinn mhìn-dearg ghasda,
 Air fad a h-urlair.
 'S chuir sinn a mach raimh chaol bhasgant,
 Dhaithe mhine,
 De'n ghiubhas a bhuain Mac-Bharais,
 'An Eilean-Fhionain.
 'S rinn sinn an t-ìomra reidh tulganach,
 Gun dearmad;
 S ghabh sinn deag long-phort aig barraibh,
 Charraig Fhearghais;
 Thilg sinn Acaichean gu socair,
 Ann san rod sin;
 Ghabh sinn biadh a's deoch gun airceas,
 'S rinn sinn comhnuidh.

IAIN MAC CODRUM.

JOHN M'CODRUM,* the North Uist bard, commonly called *Ian Mac Fhearchair*, was contemporary with the celebrated Alexander M'Donald. He was bard to Sir James Macdonald, who died at Fome. The occasion of his obtaining this situation was as follows:—He made a satirical piece on all the tailors of the Long Island, at which they were so exasperated that they would not work for him on any account. One consequence of this was, that John soon became a literal tatterdemalion. Sir James meeting him one day, inquired the reason of his being thus clad. John explained. Sir James desired him to repeat the verses—which he did; and the piece was so much to Sir James's liking, that John was forthwith promoted to be his bard, and obtained free lands on his estate in North Uist. In a letter from Sir James Macdonald to Dr. Blair of Edinburgh, relating to the poems of Ossian, dated Isle of Skye, 10th October, 1763, we find Sir James speaking as follows of Mac Codrum:—"The few bards that are left among us, repeat only detached pieces of these poems. I have often heard and understood them, particularly from one man called John Mac Codrum, who lives on my estate, in North Uist. I have heard him repeat, for hours together, poems which seemed to me to be the same with Macpherson's translations."

The first of M'Codrum's compositions was a severe and scurrilous satire. Being young, and unnoticed, he was neglected to be invited to a wedding to which he considered he had as good a right to be bidden as others. He was very indignant, and gave vent to his feelings in the most severe invectives. He had the prudence to conceal his name. The wedding party being minutely characterized, several of them lampooned, and held up to derision, the poem gave great offence to some of those concerned. Although the author was concealed, the satire could not be suppressed. Several individuals were suspected, while the real author enjoyed the pleasure of knowing himself to be at the same time a person of some consideration, and amply revenged for the neglect of those who should have acknowledged it. His father only knew him to be the author. He was alone about the farm: John was in the barn, whither his parent went, as he could hear no one thrashing; but, on approaching nearer, he heard his son rehearsing his poem. He admonished him to attend more to his work than to idle songs, and left him, without thinking of the verses he had heard till the fame of the satire was spread abroad, and a noise was made about it throughout the country. The verses then recurred to his mind, and he had no doubt of the real author. He spoke to John most seriously in private. He was himself a pious and a respectable man, and was much affected at the thought that any of his family should disgrace his fair reputation. He was sensible of the ill-will and hatred that John would incur were he known to

* The Mac Codrums are not properly a clan, but a sept of the M'Donalds. They belong to North Uist.

be the author; and he, moreover, disapproved of the license taken with the characters of individuals. The young poet promised him that he would give him no more occasion of regret on that score; and he kept his word. Respect for his parent's authority restrained him; for he composed no more of the kind while his father lived, nor any so severe afterwards. He must have had great command over himself, as well as submission to the will of a parent. It is no easy task for a young author, while hearing his compositions recited and applauded, not to indicate the interest which he feels. Although unnoticed and unknown, while feeling all the flattering suggestions which popularity must have incited within him, yet a revered parent's authority checked the progress of the young aspirant in the career of fame.

After his father's death, M'Codrum concealed no longer the flame which he had been smothering in his breast. His name became known, and he was acknowledged to be the most famous bard in the Long Island since the time of Neil M'Vurich, the family bard of Clanronald. John M'Codrum was, like most of the bards, indolent. The activity of the body, and the exertion of mental qualities, go not always together. An anecdote will better illustrate this part of his character than any description we can give:—A gentleman sent for his neighbours to assist in draining a lake. The country people assembled in numbers; and, exhorting themselves, soon finished the work, much sooner than the poet had expected they would have done: he just came in time to see the last of it. The gentleman was determined to punish him for his sluggish and indifferent behaviour. When he ordered some provisions and a cask of whiskey for the people, he told them to sit down, and called on the poet to act as chaplain, and ask a blessing. The bard was not regarded as a man of *grace*. All were attentive, thinking him for once out of place. He, however, spoke in a most reverential manner—his grace was brief and pithy, couched in verse, and was longer remembered than the sumptuous repast. While he expressed gratitude to the bestower of all good gifts, he turned the operations of the day into ridicule.

When Mr. M'Pherson was collecting "Ossian's Poems," he landed at Lochmady, and proceeded across the moor to Benbecula, the seat of the younger Clanronald. On his way thither he fell in with a man, whom he afterwards ascertained to have been *Mac Codrum*, the poet: M'Pherson asked him the question, "*Am beil dad agad air an Fheinn?*" by which he meant to inquire whether or not he knew any of the poems of Ossian relative to the Fingalian, but that the terms in which the question was asked, strictly imported whether or not the Fingalians owed him anything, and Mac Codrum, being a man of humour, took advantage of the incorrectness or inelegance of the Gaelic in which the question was put, answered as follows:—*Cha'n eil, is ged do bhitheadh cha ruiginn a leas iarraidh nis, i. e.* No; and should I, it is long since proscribed; which sally of Mac Codrum's wit seemed to have hurt M'Pherson's feelings, for he cut short the conversation and proceeded to Benbecula.

We will not attempt to select any parts of the poems of this author. All indicate the master-hand of the performer. One trait is striking in his character as a

poet—his disposition to satire. He is perhaps the first satirist of the modern Gaelic poets. M'Donald and M'Intyre attacked like men determined to take a stronghold by open force, in defiance of all resistance: Mac Codrum held up the object of his animadversion in a light that exposed him to ridicule and contempt, and he made others his judges.

His fame as a poet and wit soon spread, and so delighted Alexander M'Donald that he determined to visit him. On meeting Mac Codrum a few yards from his own door, the visitor, naturally enough, inquired "*An aithne dhut Iain Mac Codrum?*" "*'S aithne gu ro mhath,*" replied John. "*Am beil fhios agad am bheil e' stigh?*" was M'Donald's next question, to which the facetious bard answered with an arch smile, "*Mu tu bha e' stigh nuair a bha mise 's cha drinn mi ach tighinn amach.*" M'Donald, yet ignorant that he was speaking to the individual about whom he was inquiring, proceeded to say, "*Caithidh mi' n oidhche nochd mar-ris, ma's abhaist doidhean a bhi aiga.*" "*Tha mi creidsin,*" replied the witty John, "*nach bi e falamh dhix sin cuideachd mu bhios na cearcan a breith (uibhean).*"*

In purity and elegance of language Mac Codrum comes nearest to Macdonald, who appears to have been his model. Some of his pieces appear to us as servile copies of great originals. When he chooses to think and compose for himself, he appears to more advantage; witty, ingenuous, and original. His satire on "*Donald Buin's Bagpipe*" is a masterpiece of its kind; full of wit and humour, without the filth and servility that disgrace the satires of Macdonald and other Keltic poets. His poems on "*Old Age*" and "*Whiskey*" are excellent. They first appeared in Macdonald's volume, without the author's name; but Mac Codrum's countrymen have claimed them for him. He never published anything of his own, and many of his poems are now lost. In his days the only poets who ventured to send their works to the press were Macdonald and Macintyre; and, it is probable, that their great fame prevented our author from entering the lists with such formidable competitors.

* Mac Codrum's skill in the Gaelic was exquisite, and he was in the practice of playing on words of doubtful or double meaning, when used by others. He was once on a voyage, and the boat put into Tobermory, in the Island of Mull, when the inhabitants, as usual, gathered on the shore to learn from whence the strangers came. One of them asked the crew, "*Cia as a thug sibh an t-iomradh?*" "*As na gairdeanan,*" answered the bard. Another asked, "*An ann bho thuath a hainig' sibh?*" to which Mac Codrum again rejoined, "*Pairt bho thuath a's pairt bho thighearnan.*"

SMEORACH CHLANN-DOMHNUILL.

LUINNEAG.

*Holaibh o iriag horoll o,
HOLAIBH O IRIAG HORO I,
HOLAIBH O IRIAG HOROLL O,
Smeorach le Clann-Domhnuill mi.*

SMEORACH mìr air urlar Phabail;
Crubadh ann an dual cadail,
Gun deorachd a theid nì's faide;
Truimeid mo bhroin thoirleum maigne.
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, &c.

Smeorach mis ri mulach beinne,
'G amhare grein' a's speuran soilleir,
Thig mi stolda choir na coille,
'S bidh mi beo air treodas eile.
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, &c.

Smeorach mis air bharr gach bidean,
Dianamh muirn ri driuchd na maidne,
Bualadh mo chliath-lu air m' fheadan,
Seinn mo chiuil gun smur gun smodan.
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, &c.

Ma mholas gach eun a thir fein,
Cìod am fath nach moladh mise—
Tir nan curaidh, tir nan cliar,
An tir bhiachar, fhialaidh, mbiosail?
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, &c.

An tir nach caol ri cois na mara,
An tir ghaolach, chaomhach, chanach,
An tir laoghach, uanach, mheannach,
Tir an arair, bhaineach, mhealach.
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, &c.

An tir riabhach, ghrianach, thaltneach;
An tir dh'onach, fhiarach, fhasgach;
An tir lianach, ghiaghach, lachach,
'N tir 'm bi biadh gun mhiagh air tacar.
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, &c.

An tir choireach, eornach, phailte;
An tir bhuadhach, chluanach, ghartach;
An tir chruachach, sguabach, ghaisneach
Dlu ri cuan, gun fhuachd ri sneachda.
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, &c.

'S i 'n tir sgiamhach tir na mhachrach,
Tir nan dithean, miadar, daite;
An tir laireach, aigeach, mhartach,
Tir an aigh gu brach nach gaisear.
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, &c.

An tir a's boiche ta ri faicinn;
'M bi fir og an comhdach dreachail;
Pailt nì 's leoir le por na machrach;
Spreigh air moitich; or air chlachan.*
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, &c.

* Alluding to kelp.

An cladh Chothan rugadh mise,
'N aird na h-Unnair chaidh mo thogail;
'Fradharc a chuain uaimhrich, chuislich,
Nan stuadh guanach, chuaineach, cluicheach.
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, &c.

Measg Ch'ann-Domhnuill fhuair mi m-
altroni,
Buidheann nan seol, 's nan srol dalte;
Nan long luath air chuaintean farsuinn,
Aiteam nach ciuin rusgadh ghlas-lann.
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, &c.

Na fir eolach, stoidle, staideil,
Bha 's an chomh-stri stroiceach, sgaiteach,
Fir gun bhron, gun leon, gun airsneal,
Leanadh toir, a's toir a chasgadh.
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, &c.

Buidheann mo ghaol nach faoin caitean,
Buidheann nach gann greann san aisith;
Buidheann shuntach 'n am bhi aca,
Rusgadh lann fo shranntaich bhratach.
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, &c.

Buidheann uallach an uair caismeachd,
Leanadh ruaig gun luaidh air gealtachd;
Cinn a's guilean cruaidh gan spealtadh,
Aodach ruadh le fuaim ga shracadh.
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, &c.

Buidheann rioghail, 's fir-ghlan, alla,
Buidheann gun fhiamh, 's jotadh fal orr;
Buidheann gun sgath 'm blar na'n deannal,
Foinnidh, narach, laidir, fearail.
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, &c.

Buidheann mor 's am por nach troicheil,
Dh-fhas gu meanmach, dealbhach, toirteil;
Fearail fo'r airm, 's mairg d'a nochdadh,
Ri uchd stoirm nach leanabail coltas.
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, &c.

Suidheam' mu'n bhord, stoidle, beachdail,
An t-shuil san dorn nach o' a mach i,
Slainte Shìr Seumais thigh'n' dachaigh;
Aon m'ac Dhe mar sgeith d'a phearsa.
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, &c.

COMHRADH,

[MAR GU 'M B' ANN]

EADAR CARAID AGUS NAMHAID AN UISGE-
BHEATHA.

CARAID.

Mo ghaol an lasgaire spraeicell,
Fèr nan gorm-abuilean maiseach,

Chuireadh foirm fo na macaibh,
 'Nuair a thachradh iad ris.
 'Nuair a chruinnicheadh do choisir,
 Cha b' i chuilm gun a chomhradh;
 Gheibhte rainn agus orain,
 'S iomadh *stori* na measg:
 Gille beadarrach, sugach,
 Tha na ohleasaiche lughor;
 'S ro mhath bhreabadh an t-urlar,
 Agus tiuntadh gu brisg.
 'S e dhamhsadh gu h-uallach,
 Gu h-aucaideach, guanach;
 Gun sealltain air truailleadh,
 Ach uaisl' agus meas.

NAMHAID.

'S mairg a dheanadh an t-oran,
 'S nach deanadh air choir e;
 Gun bhi moladh an do'-fhir.
 Bha na rogaire tric.
 Fear a sheargadh an conach,
 Thiuntadh mionach nan sporan
 Dh-fhagadh leanbain air aimhbheirt,
 Ann an carraid 's an drip.
 An struthaire di-bhuan,
 Tha gu brosgulach, briagach;
 Fear crosta mi-chiallach,
 Gun riaghailt, gun nheas.
 Call mor tha gun bhuinnig,
 Ann an solas ro dhiombuan;
 S fear stòrais is urrainn
 A bhi cumantas ris.

CARAID.

'Mhic-an-Toisich, mhic-bhracha,
 'Fuir comhraig nan gaisgeach,
 A chuireadh boillech 's na claignean,
 Sa chuireadh casan air chrith!
 Bu tu cleoca na h-airtribh,
 'N aghaidh reot' agus sneachda,
 Dheanadh *notion* do dh-fhrasan;
 'S chuireadh seachad an cith.
 Dheanadh dadas fear saidealt';
 Dheanadh lag am fear neartor;
 Dheanadh daibhir fear beairteach,
 Dh-ain-deoin paites a chruidh;
 An ceart aghaidh na th' aca,
 De mhuirn, no mheoghail, no mhaonus,
 'S tu raghainn is taitneich,
 De chuis mhaonus air bith.

NAMHAID.

A dhuin! an cual' thu, no'm fac' thu,
 Riamh ni 's miosa chuis mhaonus,
 Na bhi 'n a d' shineadh 's na claisan,
 Gun chlaisteachd, gun ruith?
 Air do mhuchadh le daoraich;
 'G a do ghiulan aig daoine,
 'N a d' chuis-bhuird aig an t-saoghal,
 Far nach faodar a chleith;
 'S e bhi 'g coinnenchadh Rati,
 Ni do lomadh na d' bheartas;

Luchd a chomuinn, 's a chaidrimh,
 Ni e 'n creachadh gun fhios.
 'S e ciall-sgur a bhios aca,
 Bhi ri buillean 's ri cnapadh;
 Gu 'm bi fuil air an claignean,
 'S bi 'm batachan brist.

CARAID.

Mo ghaol an lasgaire suairce,
 Chleachd bhi 'n caidreamh nan uaislean;
 'S iomadh tlachd, a's deagh bhuaidh,
 Ata fuaite ri d' chrìos.
 Biorach, gorm-shuileach, meallach,
 Beachdail, colgarra, fallain,
 Laidir, caoin, air deagh tharruinn,
 Gu fogradh gaillionn a' chuirp.
 Far an cruinnich do phaislean,
 Gu 'm bi mir' ann a's maran,
 Agus iomadh ceol-gaire;
 'S iad neo-chraiteach ma 'n cuid.
 Bheir e 'n t-umaidh gu solas;
 Ni e glic am fear gorach;
 Ni e sunndach fear bronach;
 'S ni e gorach fear glic.

NAMHAID.

'M b' e sin raghainn nam macabh,
 Bhi gu'n fhradharc, gu'n chlaisteachd;
 'Nuair bu mhiann leo dhol dachaigh,
 'S e ni thachras ni's mios'.
 Gur e 'n ceann is treas cas daibh,
 Lom-lan mheall, agus chnapan;
 Gach aon bhall ga 'm bi aca,
 Goid a neart uath' gun fhios.
 Iad na 'n tamhaig gun toinieg;
 Iad a labhairt an donuis;
 Iad ro lamhach gu conus,
 'S nach urr' iad cuir leis;
 Bi'dh an aodnaibh 'g an sgrobadh,
 Bi'dh an aodach 'ga shroiceadh;
 Cha 'n fhaod iad 'hi stòda,
 'S iad an combhuidh air mhiag.

CARAID.

Nach boidheach an spors,
 Bhi suidhe ma bhordaibh,
 Le cuideachda choir,
 A bhios 's an toir air an dibh!
 Bi'dh mo bhotal air sgornan,
 Ri toirt cop air me stopan;
 Nach toirteil an ceol leam
 An cronan, 's an glig?
 Gu 'm bi fear air an daoraich;
 Gu 'm bi fear dhiu ri baocreadh;
 Gu 'm bi fear dhiu ri caoineadh;
 Nach beag a shaoileadh tu sid?
 Ni e fosgaolt' fear dìonaich;
 Ni e crosta fear ciallach;
 Ni e tostach fear briathrach,
 Ach ann am bliatum nach tuig.

NAMPAID.

Nach dona mar spors,
 Bhi suidhe ma bhordaibh;
 Na bhi milleadh mo stòrais,
 Le goraich gun mheas.
 Le siarach 's le staplaich;
 Le briathran mi-ghnathaicht';
 Ri spearadh 's ri saradh
 An Abharsair dhuibh.
 Bi dh a' donus, 's an dolas,
 De chonas, 's do chomh-stri;
 'S do tharruinn air dhornaibh,
 Anns an chombail nach glic;
 Ki fuathas, 's ri sgainneal;
 Ri gruaidhean 'g a' pronnadh,
 Le gruagan 'g an tarruinn,
 Le barrachd de 'n mhisg.

ARAID.

Mo ghaol an gille glan eibhinn,
 Dh-fhas gu cineadail speiseil;
 Dh-fhas gu spioradail treubhach,
 'Nuair a dh-eireadh an drip.
 Bhiodh do ghille an solas,
 Iad gu mireagach boidheach,
 Iad a' sireadh ni 's leoir,
 'S iad ag ol mar a thig.
 Iad gu h-aighearach ionnor,
 Iad gun athadh, gun lompais;
 Iad ro mhath air an ronnas,
 'Nuair a b' anntlachd an cluich.
 Cuid d'a fasan air uairean,
 Duirn, a's bat, agus gruagadh,
 Dh-aithnte dhreach air an spuacan,
 Gu'n robh bruidhean 's a' mhisg.

NAMHAID.

Tha mhisg dona 'n a nadur,
 Lom-lan morechais a's ardain;
 Lom-lan bos' agus sparaig,
 Anns gach cas air an tig.
 Tha i uamharra, fiadhaich,
 Tha i murtaidh 'n a h-iarbhall;
 Tha i dustach, droch-nialach,
 Lan de dh-fhiabhras, 's de fhrìodh.
 Gu 'm bi fear dhiu a shineadh;
 Gu 'm bi fear 'n a chuis-mhi-loinn;
 Gu 'm aithrise lionor;
 'S iad am maoidheadh nam pluic'.
 Tha i tuar-shreupach fòilleil;
 Iomadh uair air droch oilean;
 'S gun do dh-fhuasgladh fa-dheireadh,
 Ach 's i bu choireach a mhisg.

CHARAID.

Mo ghaol an cleasaiche lughor,
 Fear gun cheasadh gun chuana;
 Fear gu'n cheiltinn air cuineadh
 'N am bhi dluthachadh ris.
 Bheireadh tlachd a's a mhuigean;

Dheanadh gealtair de 'n diudhlach;
 Dheanadh dan' am fear diuid,
 Chum a chuis a dhol leis.
 Fear a's fearr an taigh osd' thu;
 Fear a's urfhailteach orain;
 Fear nach fuillegear 'n a onar,
 Ach a bhoilich 's an drip.
 Fear tha maranach, ceolar;
 Cridheil, cairdeach, le pogan;
 'S a lamh dheas air a phoca,
 'S sgapadh stòrais le mhisg.

NAMHAID.

A chinn-aobhair a chonais,
 'S tric a dh-fhobhaich na sporain;
 Fhir nach d' fhoghlum an onair,
 B' e bhi 'g a d' mholadh a bhleid;
 'Nis on's buanna ro dhacr thu,
 Tha ri buaireadh nan daoine,
 Dol man cuairt air an t-saoghal,
 Chum na dh-fhaodas tu ghoid.
 Fear ri aithreachas mor thu;
 Fear ri carraid, 's ri comh-stri;
 Fear ri geallam; 's cha toram;
 Thug sid leonadh do d' mheas.
 Ni thu 'm poitear 'n striopaich,
 Ni thu striopaich 'n a poitear;
 'S iomadh mìle droch codhail,
 A tha'n toir air a mhisg.

CARAID.

Ge b' e thionnsgan, no dh-inndrig,
 Air ann ionnstramaid phriseil,
 'S duine grunnadail na innsgin,
 Bha gu h-intinneach glic.
 Thug bho arbhar gu sìol e;
 Thug bho bhraich, gu ni a's brighell';
 Thug a prais 'na cheo-liath e,
 'Mach tro chliath nan lub tric.
 Thug a buideal gu stop e,
 Kinn e 'n t-susbainte coladh,
 Thogadh sligeanach reota;
 Dheth fir bhreithe gun sgrid.
 An donus coinneamh no codhail,
 No eireachdas mor-shluaigh,
 Gun do cheileireachd bhoidheach,
 Cha bhi solas na measg.

NAMHAID.

Ge be thionnsgan 'an ùmhlig,
 'S ole an grunn bha na eanachainn,
 S mor a dhuig e de dh-argamaid,
 'S de dhroch sheannachas mar ris.
 Dheilbh e mhisg agus deorach,
 Rinn e breisleach san t-saoghal.
 B'fhearr nach beirte gu sìol e;
 Ach bas na naoidheachan beag.
 Dhuig e trioblaid a's comh-stri,
 Ruig e biodag an dornaibh,
 Chuir e peabair san domhnach,
 'Nuair a thoisich a mhisg.

Cha chuis buinig ri leanmhuinn,
Ach cuis guil agus falmhachd,
Sa chaoidh cha'n urr' thu ga sheanachas,
Mar a dh-fhalbh do chuid leis.

DI-MOLADH

PIOB' DHOMHNULL BHAIN.

A'CHAINNT a thuirt Iain
Gu'n labhair e cearr i,
'S feudar dhuinn aicheadh
Is paidheadh d'a cinn.
Dh-fhag e Mac-Cruimein.
Clann-Dhullidh a's Tearlach:
Is Domhnullan Ban
A tharruinn gu pris.
Orm is beag moran sgoig,
Agus bleid chomhraidh,
Thu labhairt na h-urra!
'S nach b'urrainn thu chomhdach,
Ach pillleadh gu stolda
Far 'n do thoisich thu dian.

An cual' thu cia 'n t-urram
An taobh-sa do Lunnainn?
Air na piobairean uile
B'e Mac-Cruimein an righ:
Le pongannan sluinn
A b'fhonnaire failte,
Thairrleadh 'an caileachd
Gu slainte fear tinn.
Caismeachd bhinn, 's i bras dian,
Ni tais' a's fiamh fhogradh;
Gaisg' agus cruadal,
Tha buaidh air an oinsich,
Muim uasal nan Leodach,
Ga spreotadh le spid.

A' bhairisgeach sporsail
Bh' aig Tearlach 'ga pogadh,
An t-aileagan ceolar,
Is boiche guth cinn.
Tha na Gaeil cho deigheil
Air a mharan aic eisdachd,
'S na tha'n 'an Dun-eideann
A luchd beurl' air an ti.
Bread nan dual is neartmhor fuaim.
Bras an ruaig namhaid,
Leis 'm bu cheol leadurra,
Feadannan spaineach,
Luchd dheiseachan madair
Bhi craidht' air droch dhiol.

Nan cluinnt' ann am Muile
Mar dh-fhag thu Clann-Duill,
Cha b' fhuilear leo t-fhuil
Bhi air mulach do chinne.

'S i bu ghreudanta dealachainn
Air deas laimh na h-armachd;
A' breabadh nan garbh-phort,
Bu shearbh a dol sìos.
Creach nach gann, sibh gun cheann,
Fo bhruid theann Sheorais;
Luchd nam beul fiara
'Gar pianadh 's 'gar fogradh;
Rinn iad le foirneart
Bhur coir a bhuin dibh.

Cha tug thu taing idir
Do bhriogardaich Thearlaich,
Mach o fhear bhaile
Bhi ghna air a thl.
Mhol thu 'chorr' ghliogach
Nach dligeadh de bhaidse,
Ach deannan beag grain,
No mam de dhroch shil.

Shaoil thu suas maoin gun ghruaim,
Craobh nam buadh ceolmhor,
Chuireadh fonn fo na creagan
Le breabadaich mheoirean;
'S nach fuilgeadh od-rochain!
A thogail a cinn.

Cha'n fhaigh a' chuis-bhuirt ud
Talla 'm bi muirn,
Ach ath air a muchadh
Le dudan 's le suith.
Cha bhi cathair aig Domhnall
'S cha 'n eirich e conard,
Ach suidh' air an t-sorn
Agus sopag ri dhruim.

Plaigh bloigh phuirt, gair dhroch dhuil,
Failleadh cuirp bhreithe;
Ceol tha cho sgreadaidh
Ri sgreadail nan rocus,
No iseanan oga
Bhiodh leointe chion bidh.

Nach gasta chuis-bhuirt'
A bhi cneatraich air urlar
Gun phronnadh air lutha
Gun siubhlachan grinn,
A' sparradh od-roch-ain
A'n earball od-roch-ain!
A' sparradh od-roch-ain
An ton od-ro-bhi.

Mal caol cam le thaosg chrann,
Gaoth mar ghreann reota,
Tro na tuill f hiar
Nach diouaich na meoirean,
Nach tuigear air doigh
Ach "oth-heoin" 's "oth-hi!"

Duidhadh nam fuidhidh
Bha aig Tubal Cain
'Nuair sheinn e puirt Ghaeligh
'S a dh'alaich e phib.
Bha i tamull fo 'n uisge
'Nuair dhruideadh an airoe.

Thachair dh'i cnamhadh
Fo uisge 's fo ghaoith.
Thainig smug agus dus
Anns na dais bhreatach,
Iomadach drochaid
G'a stopadh na agornan.
Dh-fhag i le cronan
Od-rock-ain, gun brigh.

Bha i seal uair
Aig Maol Ruaidh O' Dornan,*
Chuireadh mi-dhoigheil
Thar ordugh na fuinn.
Bha i treis aig Mac-Bheatrais
A sheinneadh na dain,
'Nar theirig a' chlarsach
'S a dh'fhallig a pris.
Sheid Balaam 'na mala
Osna chramh chroaidh.
Shearg i le tabhann
Seachd cathan nam fiantan.
'S i lagaich a' chiad uair
Neart Dhiarmaid a's Ghuill.

Turruraidh an dolais,
Bha greis aig Iain og dh'i.
Chosg i ribheidean conlaich
Na chomhnadh le ni.
Bha i corr is seachd bliadhna
'Na h-atharais-bhialain
Aig Mac-Eachuinn 'ga riasladh
Air sliabh Chnoc-an-lin.
An fhiudhuidh shean nach duisg gean,
Ghnui nach glan comhdach:
'S mairg dha 'm bu leannan
A' chrannalach dhoinidh.
Chaite gran eorna
Leis na dh-fhoghadh dh'i ghaoith.

Mu'n cuirear fo h-inneal
Corra-bhinneach na glaothaich,
'S inneach air aodach
Na dh-fheumas i shnath.
Cha bheag a' chuis dheistinn
Bhi 'g eisdeachd gaoraich;
Dhianadh i aognaidh
An taobh a bhiodh blath.
Riasladh phort, sgrìachail dhos,
Fhir ri droch shaothair,
Bheir i chiad eubha
'N am seideadh a gaoithe,
Mar ronncan ba caoile
'S i faotainn a' bhaiss.

Tha'n iunsramaid ghlagach
Air a lobbadh na craiceann;
Cha'n fhuirich i 'n altan
Gun chearcail g'a tadh'.
'S seirbh' i na'n gabhann
Ri tabhann a crunluath,

Trompaid a dhuiseadh
Gach Iudas fhuair bas.
Mar chom geur'ich 'ga chreuchdadh
Sheidadh lan gaoithe,
Turraich nach urra' mi
Siunnailt da innseadh,
Ach rodain ri sianail
No sgiamhail laoigh oig.

Com caithte na curra
Is tachdadh 'na muineal,
Meoir traiste gun fhurus
Cur triullin 'an dan,
Sheinneadh a brollaich
Ri solus an eolain,
Ruidhle gun ordugh
An comhnuidh air lar.
'N aognaidh lom, gaoth t.o tholl,
Gair gun fhonn comhraig,
'A thaisicheadh cruadal,
'S a luathaicheadh teoltaochd,
Gu beachdail don-dochais
Mu 'n t-sorn am bi ghraigs

Bi'dh gaoth a' mhall' ghrodaidh
Cur gair anns na dosaibh,
I daonnan 'na trotan
Ri propadh "od-ra."
Bi'dh seannsaor caol, crochtach
Fo chaonnaig aig ochnar,
Sruth staonaig 'ga stopadh,
Cur droch cheol 'na thamh.
Fuaim mar chlag f huadach each.
Duan chur as frithe:
Cha 'n abair mi tuille
Gu di-moladh pioban,
Ach leigeidh mi' olluinntinn
Gu'n phill mi Mac-Phail.

A' CHOMH-STRI.

Gur h-e dhuig mo sheanchas domh
Cuis mu'm beil mi dearmalach,
Gach Turcach 's gach Gearmailteach,
Gach Frangach 'an run marbhaidh dhuinn;
Muir no tir cha tearmunn duinn.

Tha mo dhuil 's gur firinneach,
Gach muiseag tha mi cluinntinn deth,
Nach dean iad unnsa dhireadh oirn,
'S nach buinig iad na h-Innsean oirn,
Gu 'n sguir iad far 'n do dh-inntrig iad.

On chaidh na h-airm 'an tasgaidh oirn,
Ge tric a' ghairm gu faigh sinn iad,
Nach foghnadh claidhean maide dhuinn
Gu seasamh a' chruin shasunnaich,
Mar thug an diuc a dh'fhasan duinn?

* A wandering Irish piper, whose music the
Highlanders could not appreciate.

Ge morghalach rìgh Phruisla
'S na rìghrean mor tha 'n trioblaid ris,
'S co neonach leams' am Frisealach,
'S am Baideantach le measrachadh,
Bhì deanamh reit 's nach bris iad i.

Bha mise uair 's gu'm faca mi
Nach creidinn bhuaithie facal deth,
Nach bithinn suas 'nuair thachradh e,
A liughad gruag a's bagaisde,
Bha fuargladh anns an t-sabaid ud.

'Nuair dh-inntrigeadh an ascaoinis,
Is ard a chluinnt' 'm Pabaith iad;
Fhreagair coill a's clachan daibh;
Cha bhiodh bean 'an aite faicinn daibh;
Iad fein 's mac-talla bas-bhualadh.

'Nuair bhiodh iad sgi 's na tagraichean,
'Se crìochnacha' bhiodh aca-san,
A'g iarraidh iasad bhatachan,
Gach tuairisgeul ri chlàistinn ann
Nach cualas riann o bhaisdeadh sinn

Gur mairg a bhiodh 'san ubaraid
'Nuair ghabhadh iad gu turinneileis,
Bhiodh fàsghadh air na suilean ann;
Bu lionmhor duirn a's gluinean ann;
A's breaban cha bhiodh cumhn' orra.

Bhiodh rocladh air na claiseannan;
Bhiodh sgornanan 'gan tachdadh ann;
Bhiodh meoirean air an cagnadh ann;
Bhiodh cluasan air an sracadh ann;
Bhiodh spuaicean air an cnapadh ann.

'Nuair thuiteadh iad gu mi-cheutaidh,
Bhiodh rusgadh leis na h-inean ann;
Bhiodh piocadh leis na bideagan;
Bhiodh riabadh air na cìreanan;
Bhiodh cus de'n uile mi-loinn ann.

Mu'm biodh a' chomh-stri dealaichte,
Bhiodh dornagan 'g an sadadh ann;
Bhiodh sgrobadh air na malaith ann;
Bhiodh beoil a's sìleadh fal' asda;
'S nis leor aig fear dha aithris ann.

'Nuair theirgeadh giubhas Lochlainneach
'S a' choill' an deis a stopadh oirn,
Bu mhath na h-airm na bodehrannan;
Bu sgiobailt iad an am bogsaigeadh;
Cha bhriseadh e na cogaisean.

'S ann do 'n tìr bu shamhach so;
Bu sholas inntinn bailli e;
Bu lionmhor fear gu'n aiteach' ann,
Dol gu fianais 's fianh a bhathaidh air,
Caoidh mu mhnai 's mu phaistean ann.

Bha Uidhist air a narechadh.
Bha Iutharn air a fasachadh.
Le guidheanan na caraid ud
Bha solas air an abhairsear.
Bu neonach leis nach tainig iad.

Cluinnidh Mac-Cuinn an toiseach e.
Cluinnidh a ris an Dotor e,
Mar chrìochnaichear na portaibh u'.
Cha tairg e lan a' chopain domh,
Gu 'm baraig e ba bhotul rium.

Innsidh mi do dh-Uisdean e,
D'fhear Bhaille pairt do'n t-sugradh, ud,
Do'n Bhailli thair an duthaich e;
Air chach cha dean mi cumhnadh air,
Bheir iad baidse a's durachd dhomh.

ORAN,

DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC-DHOMHNUILL
SHLEIBHTE.

Air tuiteam a' m' chadal
A nis o cheann fada
Gu'n thachair dhomh acaid
A stad ann am bhraghad,
Tha chnead air mo ghiulan
Tha amhgharach ciurta.
Cha bhi mi 'ga m'uchadh,
Gu ruigs mi os aird i.
Ach Dia bhi 'ga chomhnadh
'S a riaghladh a roidean!
An ti 'm beil mo dhochas
Fo chomhnadh an Ard-rìgh,
Lagaich mo dhorainn,
Nearraich mo sholas,
Chuir mi an dochas
Bhi ri 's oige na tha mi.

'S iomadach bàille
So b'eadar dhuinn fhulang.
Bha chuing air ar munical
'S bu truin' i na phraiseach
Cho trom ri clach-mhuileinn
'Na sìneadh air lunnan,
Ri iargain nan curaidh
'S iad uil' air ar fagail.
Gradan a' gheamhraidh
A lagaich gu teann sinn,
'Nuair a chaill sinn ar ceannard,
Nach robh shamhla measg GhacI,
Connspunn na h-aoidhealachd,
Leoghann na rioghalachd,
Dorainn r'a innseadh
Dha 'n linne nach tainig:

Dorainn r'a innseadh,
An dorainn a chlaoidh sinn,
Thoirleum n-ar n-inntinn
Cho iosal ri 'r sailean;
Ar Ceann-feadhna mor prìseil
Bu mhor urram san rioghachd,

Gu'n do bhuin an t-eng dhinn e,
Ar mi-fhortan laidir!
Fhir a chunnaic ar cruadal,
Leig umainn am fuaradh,
Bi thusa 'na d' bhuachaill
Air na fhuair sinn 'na aite.
Cuir dhachaidh Sir Seumas
Gun aiceid, gun cisleán,
Gu chuideachda fein;
Mhuire 's eibhinn a tharsuinn.

Chriosda, gleidh dhuinne
Ar buachaille cliuiteach,
Ar n-uachdaran duthcha;
Tha churam an drasd oirn.
Allail ar fìuran,
Smìorail, a's grunn-dail,
Fearail ri dhusgadh
'Nan tiunttadh a mharan,
Ar baranta muirneach,
Carraig ar bunndaist,
Ar n-ìuil 's ar cairt dhubailt
S ar crun a's an tailleag,
An ramh nach 'eil bristeach,
Ar lann ann am trioblaid,
Ar ceannard 's ar misneach,
Fear briseadh a' bhaire.

An dusgadh no': cadal duinn,
'N urnuigh no'n achanaich
Ar deirce ga nasgadh,
Thu thigh'n' dachaidh sabhailt.
Muint' ann an chleachdadh thu,
Cliuiteach ri d' chlaistinn thu,
Muirneach ri t-fhaicinn
Air each no air lar thu,
Ar 'n-aighear 's ar solas,
Ar fion air na bordaibh,
Ar mire 's ar ceol thu,
'S ar doigh air ceol-gaire;
Ar connspunna feile
A dheonaich Mac Dhe dhuinn
Gu coir chur air steidhe,
'S gu cucoir a smaladh.

Gur h-innealt' an connspunn
Ceann-cinnidh Chlann-Domhnuill,
Fear iriosal stolda
Gun toir air an ardan;
Eireachdail, coimhliomt',
Soilleir 'an eolas,
Canair 'n am togbail ris,
Bochdan, mo lamhsa,
Cuirteir na sìobhaltachd,
Urla na h-aoidhealachd,
Thasail ri dileachdain 's
Cuimhneach air airidh,
Aigeantach innsigireach,
Beachdail air rioghalachd,
Gaisgeach ro mhilten
Nan sìneadh e 'n gairdean.

Mo run an sar ghaisgeach,
Fear og a' chuil chleachdaich,

Fear morghalach gasda,
Gun ghaiseadh, gun taire.
Curaidh nam brataichean
Guineach ri 'm bagairt iad,
Chuireadh an t-sradag
'Na lasair gun smaladh.
A bhuaisleadh a' chollaid
Mu 'n chluain air an cromadh iad
A ghluaisleadh neo-shomalt'
An coinneamh an namhaid
Le spaintichean loma,
Le mosgaidean troma,
Le fudar cuol meallach
'N am teannadh ri lamhach.

Ge fad a bha 'n acaid
'Na comhnuidh fo m'asgail,
Fograidh mi as i,
Thig aiteas 'na h-aite.
Cuiridh mi airtneal
Air fua. ach gu chairtealan
Nuair chureas Dia dhachaidh
Na dh-aisig mo shlaime.
Moladh dha 'n leigh
A dh-fhag fallain mo chreuchdan,
Tharruinn mo speiread
Ni 's treine na b'abhaist!
Aghaidh Shìr Seumais,
Aghaidh na feile,
Taghadh gach speulcair
Thug an leirsinn ni b'fhearr dhomh.

Aghaidh na staidéalachd,
Aghaidh na sgairtealachd,
Aghaidh na maiséalachd,
Tlachd agus ailleachd:
Aghaidh na fèralachd,
Aghaidh na sìvoralachd,
Aghaidh is glaine
Bheir sealladh 'an sgathan.
Aghaidh na stoldachd,
Aghaidh na morchuis,
Aghaidh an leoghainn,
Ach toiseachadh cearr air!
Buinidh dha 'n oigear
Bhi currant 'an comh-stri,
'S gur iomadh laoch dorn-gheal
Bheir toireachd mas aill leis.

Cha sugradh ri chlaistinn
Bhi dusgadh do chaismeachd,
Bhi rusgadh do bhratach
Gu h-aigeantach stadail.
Pìob tholltach 'ga spalpadh
Sìor-phronnadh nam bras-phort,
Fraoch tomach nam badan
Ri brat-crann da charadh.
Barant de dh-uaislean
A' tarrainn mu'n cairt d'i;
Gu'm b'fhearail an dulachas
'N am buannach buaidh-larach.
Ceathairne ghruamach,
Gun athadh roimh luaidhe,
Dh-fhagadh gun gluasad
Cuirp fhuair anns an araich.

Gur h-ìomadh sàr-ghaisgeach
Tha urranta smachdail,
A theannadh a steach riut
'N am alaith no cnamhain;
Le'n spaintichean sgaitheach
Cho geur ris an ealtainn,
'N am bhualadh nan claiqeann
Gu 'n spealtadh iad cnaimhean.
Gu fireachail aotrom,
Air mhir' anns a' chaonaig,
Bhiodh fuil air na fraochaibh
Mu 'n traoghadh an ardan:
Le comunn gun chlaonadh,
Gun somaltachd gaofdean,
'N am ìomadh nam faobhar
Ri aodainn an namhaid.

Na'm faicte Sir Seumas
'S gu'n cuireadh e feum air,
Gur h-ìomadh taobh dh-eireadh leis
Reisimeid laidir.
'An Alb' a's 'an Eirinn
Cho deonach le cheile,
O Chluaidh nan long gleusta
Gu leum e Phort-phadruig.
Uaislean Chinn-tìre
Bu dual da o shìnsir,
Gu rachadh iad sìos leis
Gun di-chuimhn, gun fhàillinn.
Gu'm biodh iad cho tidheach
'S gu'n dianadh iad mi-stath
Mar leoghannan miannach
'S gun bhìadh aig an alach.

Dh-eireadh na Leodaich,
Dh-eireadh 's bu choir dhaibh,
Dh-eireadh, 's bu deonach
Thaobh eolais 's cairdeis.
Thigeadh am mor-shluagh
Briag ann an ordugh,
Sgiolta na connspuinn
An toiseachadh blair iad.
Dearbhadh na fearalachd
Calma 'n am tarraunn iad,
An calg mar na nathraichean
'S fearann 'ga reiteach.
Stroiceach le lannaibh iad,
Dortach air falanan,
Cocairean ealamh
Air cheannan 's air chaimhean.

Dhuisgeadh 'na d' charraid
Fìr ur Ghlinne-garadh,
B'e 'n dearmad gu'n ghainne
Sìol Ailein da fhagail.
Daoine cho fearail,
Cho saoireach air lannaibh,
Gu faicte neul fal' orr'
Gan tarraunn a sgabard,
Inntinneach togarach,
Impidh cha 'n obadh iad,
Fìor chruaidh gun bhogachadh
'S obair air larach.
Calma mar churaidhnean,
'S maig air an cuireadh iad;

Chuireadh am builleann
Gu fulang na spaintich.

Dh-eireadh fìr Mhuile
Le eibhe nan cluinneadh iad,
Dh-eireadh iad uile
Gu h-urranta laidir.
Dualchas a chumadh iad,
Gualainn ri uileann iad,
Buailidh iad builleann
Mu 'm fuilig thu tamaillt.
'S craiteach ri innseadh
Bhi 'g aireamh bhuir diobhail,
Na thuit de'n dream rioghail
Am mi-fhortan Thearlaich.
Iadsan cho ìosal
Fo shaillean nan Duineach,
Na cairdean cho dìleas
'S a bha iad ris a' phalpeir.

MARBHRANN

DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC-DHOMHNUILL
SHLEIBHTE.

[A DH-EUG 'S AN ROIMH.]

Moch 'sa maduinn 's mi 'g eirigh,
Cha 'n e 'n cadal tha streup rium,
'S fhuich mo leaba gun seasdar, gun samh-
chair.
'S fhuich mo leaba gun seasdar, &c.

Cha 'n eil agam na dheigh,
'N deis mo thaic-sa 'gam threigsinn,
Ach maille claiستهachd a's leirsinn a's tab-
hachd.
Ach maille claiستهachd, &c.

'S trom a' chuing-s' air ar muineal,
Air ar lionadh le mulad,
Tha sinn sgith 's cha 'n ann ullamh a ta sinn.
Tha sinn sgith, &c.

Sinn ri iargainn nan curaidh
Nach robh 'n iasad ach diombuan,
Gun fhear liath a bhi uil' air an laraich.
Gun fhear liath, &c.

Daoine morchuiseach measail,
Daoine corr ann an iochd iad,
Daoine crodha gu bristeadh air namhaid.
Daoine crodha, &c.

Ann an uine da fhichead
Gur diobhail ar briseadh,
Chuir e dubhailt a nis oirn e lathair!
Chuir e dubhailt, &c.

Chaill sin coignear no seisir
Do na connspuinn bu treise,
Nach robh beo ann am Breatann an aicheadh
Nach robh beo, &c.

Ann an uaisle 's 'an urram,
Anns gach dèigh bhuaidh bh'air duine;
Ann an cruadal gu buinig buaidh-larach.
Ann an cruadal, &c.

'S bochd an ruaigs' oirn an comhnuidh,
Dh-fhag ar gualainn 'nan onar,
Bhi sguabadh ar n-oigrìdh gun dail uainn.
Bhi sguabadh ar n-oigrìdh, &c.

Thainig meaghail gu bron duinn,
Thainig aighear gu dorainn,
'Chaill sinn amhare a's solas ar sgathain.
Chaill sinn amhare, &c.

Bas ar n-uachdarain prìseil,
Sgeul a's cruaidhe ri chluinntinn;
Fhuair luchd fuath' agus mì-ruin an ailleas.
Fhuair luchd fuatha, &c.

Gur h-e 'm fuaradh-s' an uiridh
Chuir ar gluasad 'an trumadh,
So 'n ruaig tha 'gar n-iomain gu annrath.
So 'n ruaig tha gar n-iomain, &c.

Bhi fo phuthar an sgeoil ud
Gach aon latha ri'r beo-shlaint,
Air bheag aighear, no solais, no slainte.
Air bheag aighear, &c.

Fhuair sinn naigheachd ar leatrom,
Fhuair sinn naigheachd na creiche,
Sin an naigheachd thug leagadh d'ar n-ardan.
Sin an naigheachd, &c.

'S trom an galar 's is diubhail
Moran uallaich ri ghiulan,
Rinn ar n-anail a mhuchadh 's ar dana.
Rinn ar n-anail, &c.

Nis on 's dileachdan bochd mi,
Oighre dìreach air Oisian,
Bha 'g innseadh chruaidh, fhòrtain do Phaidh.
Bha 'g innseadh chruaidh, &c.

Mi 'g innseadh cruas m'fhòrtain,
Mar a dh-inntrig e 'n toiseach;
Cha'n 'eil brìgh dhomh, no toirt bhi 'ga
aireamh.
Cha'n 'eil brìgh, &c.

Ach an sgrìob thug a' chreach oirn,
Dh-fhag a chaoidl' sinn 'ga h-acain,
So i 'n dile chuir brat air na thainig.
So i 'n dile chuir, &c.

Dh-fhalbh ar ceannard og maiseach,
Bha gun ardan, gun ghaiseadh,
Muir a thainig gu grad a thug bhàre oirn.
Muir a thainig gu grad, &c.

Chuir ar leabaidh san droigheann,
'S gun ar cadal thar faighinn,
Ar suil frasach o'n naigheachd a thainig.
Ar suil frasach, &c.

O nach duil ri Sir Seumas,
'S beag ar run 'an gair eibhinn,
Bh' dh sinn tursach 'na dheidh gu 's a bas
duinn.
Bithidh sinn tursach, &c.

Chaill sinn duilleach ar geigo,
Grainne mullaich ar deise,
So an turus chuir eis air ar n-armuinn.
So an turus chuir, &c.

'S eadar fuireach ri sìochainnt,
O nach urrainn air strì sinn.
Ach bhi fulang gu 'n strìochd sinn d'ar nam-
haid.
Ach bhi fulang, &c.

Ma thig oirn fòirneart no bagradh,
Sinn gun doigh air am bacadh;
Tha sinn leointe 'nar pearsa 's 'n-ar chi-
leachd.
Tha sinn leointe, &c.

O'n la thainig am briseadh,
A thug tearnadh 'nar meas duinn,
Ar Ceann-tanach 's ar misheach g'ar fagail.
Ar Ceann-tanach, &c.

Dh-fhag e sinne bochd tursach,
Ann an ionad ar curraidh,
Gun e philleadh g'a dhuchannan sabhailt.
Gun e philleadh, &c.

Thug e sgrìob air n-uaislean,
Chaoidl' cha dirich an tuath e,
Tha sinn mì-gheanach truagh air bheag sta-
tha.
Tha sinn mì-gheanach, &c.

Sinn mar chaoirich gun bhuachail,
'N deis an t-aoghair thoirt uatha,
Air ar sgaoileadh le ruaig 'Ille-mhartuinn.
Air ar sgaoileadh, &c.

Ar toil-inntinn 's ar solas,
Craobh a dhìeann ar corach,
Ann an cathair na Roimh' air a charadh.
Ann an cathair, &c.

Thu bhi 'n cathair na Roimhe,
'S goirt ri innseadh na sgeoil sin!
'Dhe! cha dirich Clann-Domhnuill ni 's
airde.
'Dhe! cha dirich, &c.

O'n la sgathadh ar n-ogan,
A' chraobh bu fhilthail comhdach,
Gun a h-abhall, air doigh dhuinn a tharail.
Gun a h-abhall, &c.

Mor an sgeul san Roinn-Eorp e,
Mor a bheud do rìgh Seorsa,
Mor an eis air do sheorsa gu brath e!
Mor an eis air do sheorsa, &c.

Cha do dhuineadh an cota,
'S cha do ghiulan na brogan,
Neach an cunntadh iad coladh do phairtean
Neach an cunntadh, &c.

Ann an gliocas, 's 'an colas,
Ann an tuisge 's am morchuis,
Is na gibhteanan mor a bha fas riut.
Is na gibhteanan, &c.

Tha sinn deurach, bochd, tursach,
Gun ghair eibhinn, gun duil ris,
Mar an Fheinn agus Fionn air am fagail.
Mar an Fheinn, &c.

Sinn gun Oscar, gun Diarmad,
Gun Gholl osgarra flailidh,
Gach craobh thoisich air triall uainn gu Par-
rais.
Gach craobh thoisich, &c.

Cinn nam biuidheannan calma
Leis an d'umhlaicheadh Alba,
'S iomadh ughdar thug seanchas mar bha sin.
'S iomadh ughdar, &c.

'S bochd a chrìochnaich ar n-aimsir,
Mar Mhaol-cìaran gun Fhearchair,
Sinn ag iargainn na dh-fhalbh uainn 's nach
tainig
Sinn ag iargainn, &c.

'Se nì 's cosmhail ri sheanchas,
Lìon sinn copan na h-aingeachd,
Gus 'na bhrosnaich sinn fearg an Tì's airde.
Gus 'na bhrosnaich, &c.

Se'n Tì phriseil thug uainn e
Chum na rioghachd is buaine;
O Chrìosda, cum suas duinn na braithrean.
O Chrìosda, cum suas, &c.

Note—The poet laments the untimely death of five or six of the M'Donalds of Slate. Sir Alexander died, a young man, in 1740; and his son, the amiable and accomplished Sir James, died at Rome, in 1766, aged 25. This family prudently avoided committing themselves in the rebellion of 1745; but the bard appears to have been a thorough Jacobite.

MOLADH CILANN-DOMHNUILL.

AIR FIONN—"Oran a h-unna da' b' ainm an
spainteach."

TAPADH leant, a Dho'ill 'le-Fhionnlaidh,
Dhuig thu mi le pairt de d' chomhradh.

Air bheagan colais san duthaich,
Tha cunntas gur gille coir thu.
Chuir thu do chomaine romhad,
'S fearde do ghnothach an comhnuidh
'S cinnteach gar a leat ar baidse:
'S leat ar cairdeas 'm fad a's beo thu.

Mhol thu ar daoine 's ar fearann,
Ar mnaithean baile, 's bu choir dhut.
Cha d'rinn thu di-chulmhn' no mearachd;
Mhol thu gach sean 's gach og dhiubh.
Mhol thu 'n uaislean, mhol thu 'n islean,
Dh-fhag thu shìos air an aon doigh iad.
Na bheil de 'n caluin ri chluinntinn,
Cha chion dicheil a dh-fhag sgod oirr'.

Teannadh ri moladh ar daoine,
Cha robh e saoirbheach air aon doigh;
An gleus, 'an gaisge 's 'an teomachd,
Air aon aobhar thig 'nan codhail
Nochdadh an eudann ri gradan
Cha robh gaisgeadh anns a' phor ud,
Clu a's pailteas, mais' a's tabhachd;
Cìod e 'n cas nach faight' air choir iad?

Cha bu mhist' thu mise laimh riut,
'An am a bli 'g aireamh nan connspunn.
Gu inns' am maise 's an uaisle,
An gaisge 's an cruadal 'n am togbhair.
B'iad sud na fir a bha fearail
'Philleadh an-seasguir 'an toireachd,
'S a dh'fhagadh salach an arach
Nam fanadh an namhaid ri 'n comhrag.

Ach nam faiceadh tu na fir ud
Ri uchd teine 's iad 'an ordugh,
Coslas fiadhaich a dol sìos orr',
Falbh gu dian air bheagan stoldachd;
Claidheamh ruist' 'an laimh gach aon fhir,
Fearg 'nan aodann 's faobhar gleois orr',
Iad cho nimheil ris an iolair.
'S iad cho fìrioghail ris na leoghainn.

Cha mhor a thionnall nan daoine' ud
Bha ri fhaotainn san Roinn Eorpa.
Bha iad fearail 'an am caonnaig,
Gu fuileach, faobharrach, stroiceach.
Nam faigheadh tu iad 'an gliocas
Mar bha 'm misneach a's am morchuis,
C' ait' am feudadh tu aireamh,
Aon chinne' b'fhearr na Clann-Domhnuill.

Bha iad treubhach, fearail, foinnidh,
Gu neo-lomara mu 'n steras.
Bha iad cunbhalach 'nan gealladh,
Gun fheall, gun charachd, gun roidean.
Ge de dh-iarrta nuas an sinnsir,
O mhullach an cinn gu'm brogan,
'N donas cron a bha ri inns' orr',
Ach an rioghalachd mar sheorsa.

Ach ma mhol thu ar daoine' uaisle,
C'uim nach de luaidh thu Mac-Dhomhnuill

Aon Mhac Dhe bhi air 'na bhuachail!
G'a ghleidheadh buan duinn 'na bheo-
shlainte!

On 's curaidh, a choisneas buaidh e,
Leanas ri dhualachas 'an comhnuidh,
Nach deachaidh neach rianh 'na thusaid
Rinn dad buannachd air an comh-stri.

C'ait an dh-fhag thu Mac 'Ie-Allein
'Nuair a thionailleadh e mhor-shluagh,
Na fir chrodha bu mhor alla,
Ri linn Alasdair 's Mhontrois?
'S maing a dhuigeadh ruinn bhuir n-aisth
No thionndadh taobh ascaoin bhuir cleoca
Ge b'e suil a bhiodh 'gan amhare
Cromadh sìos gu abhainn Lochaidh.

Ach ma chaidh tu 'nan sealbhaidh,
C'uim nach de sheanchais thu air choir iad
Teaghlach usal Ghlinne-garadh
'S nam fiurain o ghleannaibh Chnoicart.
'S ionadh curaidh laidir uaimhreach
Sheasadh cruaidh 's a bhuailleadh stroicean,
O cheann Loch-Uthairn nam fuar-bheann
Gu bun na Stuidhe am Mor-thìr.

An dh-fhag thu teaghlach na Ceapaich
'S mor a' chreach nach 'eil iad comhsan,
Dh-eireadh leinn suas 'an aisth
Le 'm piob 's le 'm bratnichean sroile.
Mac Iain a Gleanna-Cothan,
Fir chothanta 'n am na comh-stri,
Daoine foinnidh, fearail fearradha
Rusgadh arm a's fearg na'n sronan?

Dh-fhag thu Mac Dhughail a Lathurn,
(Bu mhuirneach gabhail a chomhlain,)
Cuide ri uaislean Chinntire,
O'n Roinn Ilich 's mhaol na h-Odha.
Dh-fhag thu Iarl Antrum a Eirinn
Rinn an t-euchd am blar na Boine.
'Nuair a dhluthaicheadh iad ri cheile,
Co chunntadh feich air Clann-Domhnuill?

Alba, ge bu mhor ri inns' e,
Roinn iad i o thuinn gu moitich.
Fhuair an coir o Iaimh Chlann-Domhnuill,
Fhuair iad a ris an Rota;
'S ioma currai mhor bha innte
Cunntaidh Antrum ge bu mhor i.
Sgrios iad as an naimhdean uile,
'S thuit Mac Gbailbinn san toireachd.

Bhuinig iad baile 's leth Alba;
'S e 'n claidheamh a shealbhaich coir dha. bh.
Bhuinig iad latha chath Gairbheach,
Rinn an argumaid a chomhdach.
Air bheagan conaidh gu trioblaid
Thug iad am bristeadh a moran,
Mac' Il-Iain ann le chuideachd,
'S Lachann cutach Mac-an-Toisich.

Nan tigeadh feum air Sir Seumas,
Gun eireadh iad uile comhlath

O roinn Ghall-thaobh gu roinn Ile,
Gach fear thug a shinnair coir dhaibh.
Thigeadh Mac-Choinnich a Brathainn,
Mac-Aoidh Strath-Nabhair 's diuc Gordon,
Thigeadh Barr-Ich, 's thigeadh Banaich,
Rothaich a's Sallich a's Rosaich.

Ar luchd daimh 's or cairdean dileas
Dh-eiridh leinne a sìos 'an comh-stri.
Thigeadh uaislean Chloinne-Lean
Mu'n cuairt cho daingheann ri d' chota,
Iad fo ghruaim 'an uais a' chatha
Cruaidh 'nan lamhan sgathadh feola,
Tarruinn spainteach laidir liobhar
Sgoilteadh dìreach cinn gu brogan.

Bhuidheann fhuilteach, glan nan geur-lann,
Thigeadh reiseamid nan Leodach,
Thigeadh reiseamid nan Niallach
Le loingheas lionmhor 's le seoltaibh,
Foirbeisich 's Frisealaich dh-eireadh,
'S thigeadh Clann-Reubhair 'an ordugh.
'Nuair a dhuigeadh fir na h-Iubhraich,
Co thigeadh air tus ach Tomas!!

No'e.—There are several hills in the Highlands which still bear the name *Tom-na-h-Iubhrach*, all haunted by the fairies. One of them is near Strachur, Lochline side; another near Inverness. According to popular belief, Thomas the Rhymer was captain of the fairy troops.

ORAN DO'N TEASAICH.

AIR FÒRNN—"Daibhidh grosnach crom ciar."

'S mise chaill air geall na carachd,
Bha eadar mi-fein sa chailleach,
Gu'n tug i dhiom brìgh mo bhàrra,
Cul mo chinn a chuir ri talamh.

M' fhuil a's m' fheoil thug i dhiom,
Chuir i cronan am chliabh,
Be 'n droch codhail domh 'bhiasd,
Gu robh toireachd ga diol.

Chuir i boil am cheann is bu mhor i,
Faicinn dhaoine marbh a's beodha,
Coltas Hector mor na Troidhe,
S nan gaisgeach bha 'm feachd na Roimhe.
Cailleadh dhuathsach, chrom, chiar,
Bha lan tuaisle a's bhrìag,
Chuir mi'm bruailean 's gach iall,
'S chuir i 'm fuadach mo chiall.

'S bochd a fhuair mi bhuat am foghar,
'S mi gun luagh air buain no ceanghal,
Mo cheann iosal a's mi am laidhe,
Bruitte tinn a's sgios am chnaimhean.
Bha mo chnaimhean cho sgith,
'S ged do sgathadh iad dhiom,
Gu'n robh am padhadh gam chlaoidh,
'S gun traighinn abhainn le mhiad.

'S boe'd an t-àite leap am fiabhras,
Dh-fhagas daoine fada, riabhach,
Glagach lag le fada 'n iargainn,
Gann do dh' fhait a's pallt do dh' fhiasaig
Pallt do dh' fhiasaig gu'n tlachd,
Chuir am bial air droch dhreach,
Deoch no biadh theid a steach,
A dha thrian innte stad.

Do chota fas is e gun lianadh,
T-osan rocach air dhroch fhiaradh,
Caol do chois nochdàidh plìathach,
Ionan cho fad ri cat fiadhaich.
Casan plìathadh gun eugh,
Fo'n da shìleasaid gu'n lugh,
Gur pallt liagh dhaibh no lunn,
Cha bhean fìor dhaibh nach lub.

Bidh do mhuinneal fada, feathagh.
'S taisnìchean mar chabar cleibh,
Easgadan glagach gun speirid,
Gluinean ri tachas a cheile.
Gluinean geura gun neart,
'S iad cho ciar ris a chairt,
Thu cho creubhi ri cat,
B' fhearr an t-eug gad sgath as.

A bhonaid da uiread sa b'abhaist;
Air uachdar currachd nach aluinn;
Cluasan gu'n uireasbhaidh fasa,
Ceann cho lom ri cri na dearnaidh.
Cha be 'n companach cac'nh,
Dh-fhag cho lom mi 's cho maol,
Rin' mo chom mar phreas caoil,
Mar mhac-samhla do'n aog.

Bidh tu coltach ri fear misge,
Gun dad ol gun aon mhir ithe,
Chionn nach bi lugh' na d' dha iosgaid,
Bidh tu null sa nall mar chlisnich.
B'ìdh tu d' shiachaire lag,
'S ceann do shithe gun neart,
Ann ad ghnìomh cha bhi tlachd,
Na d' chus mhio-loinn air fad.

ORAN NA H-AOISE.

AIR FOKK—"The pearl of the Irish nation."

CHA tog mise fonn,
Cha 'n eirich e leam,
Tha m' aigne ro throm
Fo easlain';
Tha 'n cri tha 'na m' chom
Mar chloich 's i na deann,
'S i taitteam le gleann,
'S cha 'n eirich;
Tha 'n gaisgeach nach tiom
Rinn a' cogadh 's a stri,

Cha 'n fhaigh sinn a chaoidh
Bhi reidh ris;
On is treis' e na sinn,
Theid leis-an ar chaoidh,
'S cha teasairg aon ni
Fo 'n ghrein sinn!

'S cuis thursa gu dearbh
Bhi 'g ionndrainn mar dh-fhalbh,
Ar cruitea i, ar dealbh
'S ar 'n eugasg,
Ar spionnadh, 's ar neart,
Ar cumadh, 's ar dreach,
Ar cur an ann gleachd',
A's streupa;
Mar a sgaoileas an ceo
Air aodainn an fheoir,
'S a chaochailleas neoil
'S na 'n speuran,
Tha 'n aois a' teachd oirn
Cumhach coointeach, lan broin,
'S neo-shocrach ri leon
An te ud.

Aois chasadach gharbh,
Cheann-trom, chadalach, bhalbh,
Ann an ion 's a bhi marbh
Gu'n speirid;
Cha ghluais thu ach mall,
Agus cuail' ann do laimh,
Dol mu'n cuairt air gach allt,
A's feithe;
Cha chuir thu gu brath,
'S cha chumhaidh dhut e,
Geall ruithe, no snamh,
No leuma,
Ach fiabhras, a's cradh
Ga t-iarraidh gu bas,
Ni 's lionmhoir' na plaigh
Na h-Eiphit.

Aois chianail ro bhoched,
Ri caoidh na rug ort,
Neo brigheil gun toirt,
Gun speis thu;
Do luchd comuinn, a's gaoil
Fo chomhair an aoig,
Gun chomas a h-aon
Diu eirigh;
Dh-fhalbh t-earnais, 's do chuid,
Dh-fhalbh slainte do chuirp,
Thig ort faillinne tuigs',
A's reasain,
Thig di-chuimhne, thig ba'chd,
Thig diomhanas dha.
Thig mi-loinn do chairdean
Fein ort.

Aois oghar gun bhrìgh
Ga t-fhogar gu cill,
Dh-fhagas bodhaig a chinn
Ro eitidh,
Aois bhodhar nach cluinn,
Gan toighe, gun suim;

Gun char foghainteach strì,
No streupa,
Aois acaideach thinn
Gun taice, gun chli,
Gun ghaisge, gun spid,
Gun speirid,
Lan airtneal' a's craidh
Gun aidmheil bhi slàn,
Gun neach dha'm beil eas
Lheth t-eigin.

Aois ghreannach bhoehd thruagh,
'S measa sealladh, a's tuar,
Maol, sgallach, gun ghruaig.
Gun deudaich,
Roc aodainneach, chruaidh,
Phreasach, chraicneach, lom, fhuar,
Chrubach, chrotach,
Gun ghluasad ceumá:
Aois lobhar nan spìoc
Bheir na subhailcean dhinn,
Co san dombhainn le'm binn
Do sheis-sa?
Aois ghillogach gun chail,
'S tu 's mìose na 'm bas,
'S tu 's tric a rinn traill
De 'n treun-fhear.

Aois chlar-dubh a bhroin,
Gun riomhachd, gun spors,
Gun toil inntinn ri ceol
Do eiseachd;
Rob fhiasagach ghlas,
Air dhroch sheasamh chas,
Leasg, sheotail, neo-ghrad
Gu eirigh;
Cha'n fhuilig thu 'm fuachd,
'S ole an urr' thu 'n eas cruaidh
'Se do mhuighinn an tuath,
'S an deirce;
Cha 'n eil neach ort an thir,
Nach e aidmheil am beoil
Gur fada leo beo
Gun fheum thu.

Aois uain' a's ole dreach,
Orm is suarach do theachd,

Cha 'n eil tuaraisgeul ceart
Fo 'n ghrein ort,
Gun mhìre, gun mhuirn,
Gun spiorad, gun suth;
Far an cruinnich luchd-ciùil
Cha teid thu,
Aois ehairtidh 's ole greann,
Aois acaideach mhall,
Aois phrab-shuilleach dhall
Gun leirsin,
Chas fheargach gun suth,
Lan farmaid, a's thu,
Ri fear meannach, beò,
Lughmhor, gleusda.

Faire! faire! dhuin' eig,
Cia do bharantas mor,
'Ne do bharail bhi beo
'S nach eug thu?
Tha'n saoghal, 's an fheoil,
Fior aontach gu leoir,
Air d'ò chlaonadh o choir
Gu h-eacoir,
Co fad 'sa tha 'n dail
Thig ort teachdair o'n bhas,
Na creid idir gur fuisneachd
Bhreig e;
Biodh do gheard ort gle chruaidh,
'S tha do namhaid mu'n cuairt;
Cha taigh crabhaidh
An uaigh dha'n teid thu

Ach fardach gun tuar
Bhreun, dhaolagach, fhuar
Anns an caraich iad suas
Leat fein thu;
Co mor 's tha e d' bheachd,
Dheth d' stor cha teid leat,
Ach bordain bheag shnaighte,
A's leine,
Ach 's e curam as mo,
Dol a dh-ionnsaidh a mhoid,
Thoirte cunntas an coir,
'S an ea-coir,
Far nach seasamh do ni
Dhut dad dheth d' chuid feich,
'S mo an t-eagal
Bhi 'm prìosan peine

EACHUNN MAC-LEOID.

EACHUNN MAC-LEOID, or HECTOR M'LEOD, the South Uist bard, lived after the year 1745, on the main land, chiefly in the districts of Arisaig and Morar. He composed and sung as he was moved by those internal powers of which the generality of men appear but little sensible. There are some individuals that appear heavy and destitute of parts, who are possessed of powers which attract the attention and merit the esteem of those who are more intimately acquainted with them: our poet was one of these. What occasioned his removal from the Long Island we know not. It is not unlikely that he was sent hither to watch and give information of what was going on in those troublesome times. He went often to Fort-William, as if doing something of no consequence, while in reality he was hearing all the news of the day, which he related to friends who durst not appear themselves. Shrewd and intelligent, he concealed those talents from strangers, to whom he seemed fooling, which character he could assume as occasion required. As he was frequently going and returning the same way, he was suspected and brought as a spy before the Governor of the Fort: on being examined and interrogated, he acquitted himself so well, under the assumed character, that he was dismissed as a fool.

MOLADH DO CHOILEACH SMEORAICH.

Moch madainn shamhrai' am mios fas nam meas,
'Nuair bu ro aluinn leinn sgiamh gach luis,
Bha guibhrig, air dhreach criostail de 'n dealt,
Na dhlu bhrat a' comhdach gach cnuic.

Sin am anns, am molaich le duilleach gach craobh,
'S ro bhoidheach gach tullach fo bhla,
A's nuallanach gach uile spreidh,
A' geimnich ri cheil' iad fein, 's an cuid ail.

An ceann leath dara mios an t-samhraidh,
'Nuair a's grianaich gach aon ardan,
'S gach fiadhair gu mion-bhreac boidheach,
Le meilbheig, le noinean, 's le sàan-lus.

'Nuair bhios seillean le lan sholas
Deilleanachd a measg nan dithean,
Cop meala mu ghob a chronain,
A' deoghladh nan geugan mine.

'Nuair bhitheas gach ailean, 's gach doire,
Le bla uaine fo lan toraidh,
A's meanglain gach craoibh sa' choille
Cromadh fo throm nam meas' milis.

Chualas co-sheirm binn, ceolmhor,
Beagan roimh eirigh na greine,
Aig coltas coileich na smeoraich,
'S maighstir mac-talla 'g a bheusadh.

An sin a chuladh mi'n cheileireachd binn,
Bu curaideich seinn, gu cuimir, 's gu luath,
Air feadan ga m'fhreagradh, gach seilan sa'
bheinn
Ann an eirigh na greine, sa'm hadainn diluain.

B'e sin an ceol caoin gun tuchan gun sgreadh,
Gun eisleann, na stad na chliabh, no na ghob,
Bu mhilse na binneas nan teud air fad,
'Nuair ghearradh e fead air deireadh gach puirt.

'S iad sin na puirt a bha binn, mien, bras,
Socrach ri 'n seinn, gur ochan, gun chnead,
Bu glan sgeimh eudaich an coin, ge bu lag,
'San robh urrad de thlachd, na laidh air a nead.

B'annsa leam na fiodhall, a's piob,
Bhi tamull dhe m'aimsir na m'shuidh na choir,
'On aig tha na puirt as fìor chanaiche rainn,
'S a's ealanta seinn gun aon bhaile meoir.

Bheirinn comhairle tra air gach nighin, 's
rann,
Gach laidir, a's lag, gach beartach, a's bochd,
Iad a mholadh oid-iunnsaich an coin, gu
beachd,
Le h-inntinn cheart, gu h-an-moch, 's gu moch.

MOLADH EAS MOR-THIR.

Eas Mhor-thir soraidh le d' stoirm,
Bu mhorghalach, gleodhraich do thriall,
Bu bharragheal fìuich dortadh nam bare,
Bha toirleum le braidhe do chleibh.

Na maoth-linntean tha balbh, mall,
Far nach bith snobh-shruth a' leum,
'S gile 'n cop ri 'n taobh tha tamh
Na caineichean aluinn an t-shleibh.

'S a choille tha timcheall do bhruach,
Bu cheolmhor ceileireadh ian,
Gu lurach air bharruibh nan geug,
'N am do ghrein togail o nial.

As t-Samhradh nar thigeadh am blathas,
Bu chubhraidh faileadh nan ros
A dh-fhasadh 's na fasaichean fraoich,
Tha 'n taobh-s' d'an eas mheadhrach mhor.

'San fhobhar anns a choill sin Crois,
Nam biodh tu coiseachd na measg,
Chitheadh tu croit air gach gas,
A lubadh fo chudrom a meas.

Bu nuallanach, binn-ghuthach spreidhe,
Geimhich, iad fhein 's an cuid ail,
Mu innis mhullaich an tuir,
Far am bith 'n t-sobhrach a' fas.

'Nuair thigeadh am buachaill a mach,
'S a ghabhadh e mu chul a chruidh,
Mu'n cusair do Bhad-nan-clach-glas,
A bhuail' air 'm bu tric am bliochd.

Thigeadh banarach na spreidhe,
Ballag do nighinn chruinn aluinn,
Falt clannach, fionn-bhuighe, dualach,
Mu'n cusair da guailleann gu faineach.

Shealladh i air feadh na spreidhe,
'S dh-eubhadh i "Buigheag, a's Blarag.
Niosag a's Donnag a's Guaillionn,
Brinne 's an t-Agh-ruadh a's Casag."

Shuigheadh i gu comhard cruinn,
'S cuman eadar a da ghluin,
'S ghabhadh i 'n t-oran gu binn:—
"Thoir am bainne a bho dhonn."

'Nuair thigeadh an spreidh a ris,
Dh' Acha-Uladail air fhodar,
B' orannach ceolar, clann lain,
Nan suidheadh fo'n chrochd g'am bleodhan.

Bu bhinne na cuachan an fhasaich,
Nuallan nan gruagaichean boidheach,
Ann', a's Catriona a's Mairi,
Fionnaghal a's Beathag a's Seonaid.

Lionadh iad gach uile shoitheach,
'S cha b' eagal gu'n traghadh an di,
Ged thigeadh an sluagh san radhad,
Gheibheadh iad linntean na dibhe;

Gu slamanach, finne-mheogach, onach,
Mulchagach, miosganach, blathach,
Muigheach, miosrach, miodrach, cuachach,
Gruthach, uachdrach, sligeanol, spaineach.

Bu ruideasach gamhnan agus laoiagh,
Bu mhigeadeach meinn a's uain,
B' aiglonntach fiadh agus earb,
A' direadh 's tearnadh nan cruach.

B' ebhinn an sealladh o'n traigh
Loinggeas a' snamh troimh na caoil;
Turadh, a's teas anns gach aird,
'S an fhaighe na clar comh-reidh caoin.

'Nuair a stadaimid aig a bhaile
An deighe bhi sgith 's a mhonadh,
Bhiodh duil againn ri lan glaine
A searrag Mairi Nic-Cholla.

MOLADH COILLE CHROIS.

M'IONMHUINN, m'annsachd, 's mo thlachd,
Ga 'n tug mi toirt; [stad,
Cha'n aicheadhain do'n oileir nach deanain
Sa' choill sin Crois.
'S binn cruic cheolmhor, a's clarseach cheart,
'S piob le cuid dos;
Ach 's binne na h-coin a' seinn mu'n seach,
Sa' choill sin Crois.

Dh-aon innleachd d'an d' fhuairadh amach,
 Gu'r dìon o'n òl, [ceart,
 B' fhearr dubhar nan craobh le smuaintean
 Sa' choill sin Crois. [chos.
 Ged' bhi'dh tu gun 'radharc sul gun lugh do
 A d' dheoire bochd; [ais,
 Na'm bu mhath leat do shlainte philleadh air
 Ruig coille Chrois.
 Aig ailleachd a luis a's misleachd a meas,
 'S aig feabhas a blais;
 Cha'n iarradh tu sholas nam biodh tu glic,
 Ach coille Chrois,
 Am bell ceol-cluaise san t-saogal-sa bhos,
 Cho binn 's cho bras?
 Ri sior-bhoreadh stoir mil an eas,
 Ri taobh coill' Chrois.
 Tearnadh a bhuinne le creag,
 Gun uireasbhuidh neart;
 Nach traath, 's nach traigh, 's nach fas beag,
 Nach reodh 's nach stad.
 Is lionmhor bradan tarra-gheal, druim-bhreac,
 A leumas ris;
 Cho luath 's a tharas iad as,
 A comh-ruith bho'n Eas.

AN TAISBEAN.

Mocn madainn Cheitein ri oeo,
 'N am do'n ghrein togail bho neoil,
 Chunna' mi sealladh sa' bheinn,
 'S eibhinn ri eisdeachd mo sgeoil'.

Bha dearsa le teas a' cur smuid
 A brusachan molach fraoich,
 'S bha dealradh nan gathanan blath
 Cur sgeimh air cuirnean nam braon.

Bha dealt a' driuchdadh gu grinn,
 'N am sgapadh do dhulachd an cheo,
 Na paidirean air an fhear,
 M'ar leugan fo sgeimh an oir.

Bha maghanan milteach feoir,
 Bu mheilbheagach', dhitheanach' bla,
 Air gach taobh dhe'n uisge chruaidh,
 Bu luath mu thuath a ruith balbh.

Bha neonain, a's sobhrach gu dlu,
 Creamh, agus biolair a' fas,
 Air aileanaibh aimh-reidh, 's air loin,
 Far 'm bu lionmhoire ros geal, a's dearg.

Bu cheolmhor, ceileireach, eoin
 Air ghriananan eireachdail ard',
 A' freagradh a cheile gu grinn,
 Cha'n fhaigte 'n cuirt rìgh ni b'fhearr.

Chunna' mi 'n uaigneas leis fein,
 Ag eisdeachd ri torgnan nan eun,
 Air leam, de'n chruthachd bheo,
 An aon duin' oga b'aillidh sgeimh.

O nach robh de dh-fhearaibh chaich,
 Ach e-san, a's mi fein sa' ghleann,
 Smuaintich mi gu'n gabhainn sgeul,
 Co e na'm faighinn deth cainnt.

Thainig e gu tosdach, mall,
 Gu foighidneach, foistineach, ciuin;
 Labhair e fosgara, reidh,
 "A ghabhail sgeil a thainig thu."

Mu 's math leat naigheachd a thoirt uam
 Gu maithean Alba gu leir,
 Amhaire gu geur fada bhuat,
 'S chi thu na sluaigh na'n lan fheirg.

Chunna' mi'n fhaighe mar choill'
 Le crannaibh loingheis lan ard,
 Le brataichean anasach, ur,
 Air leam gu'm b'ann as an Spainn.

Chunna' mi cabhlach ro mhor,
 Gu gaireach gabhail gu tir,
 Bu luchdmhor, lan athaiseach iad,
 Suaicheantas Frangach na'n croinn.

Thainig na sluaigh sin gu tir,
 'S cha b'uaigheach an gluasad o thraigh,
 Bha lamhach nan canon, 's am fuaim,
 A' gluasad air chrith na'm beann ard'.

Chualadh mi coileach 's e gairm,
 'S e bualadh a sgiathan gu cruaidh,
 A's thuirt an duine math sin rium:—
 "Cluinn coileach na h-Airde-tuath'."

Chunna' mi tighinn air thus
 Stiubhartaich, cinneadh an rìgh,
 Na'm bocanan gioraig san leirg,
 'Dhearg an airm le fuil san stri.

Thainig Ciann-Domhnuill na'n deigh,
 Mar chonaibh confach gur bhìadh,
 Na'm beathraichean guineach, geur,
 An guallean a cheile gu gnìomh.

B'aluinn, dealbhach, am breid sroil
 Air a cheangal ri crann caol,
 An robh caisteal, bradan, a's long,
 Lamh dhearg, iclair a's craobh.

Bha fraoch os ceann sin gu h-ard'
 Ceangailt' am barr a chrainn chaoil,
 Bha sin ann, a's leoghann dhaig,
 'S cha b'aite tearmuinn a chraos.

Thairrneadh na sloigh air sliabh Fife,
 An coinneamh ri cath a chur,
 Fhuair iad brosnachadh fìor mhear,
 Thug eirigh le buirbe na'm fuil:—

"A Chlannaibh milidh mosgailibh,
Is somalta, eian 'ur eadal,
Teannaibh ri dioladh Chuilodair,
Dh-at na fiachan so fada.
Toisichibh gu h-ardanach,
Gu bras, rioghail, moralach,
Gu mear, leumnach, dearg-ohneadhach,
Gu luath-lamhach, treun-bhuilleach.
Gu aigneach, innsinneach,
Gu an-athach, namhadach,
Gu mion-chuimhneach, dioghaltach,
Gu gruamach, fiata, an-trocaireach,
Gun tearmunn, gun mhathanas,
Gun ath-thruas, gun bhuigeachas,
Gun innidh, gun eagal,
Gun umhail, gun fhaicill.
Gun fhiamh, gun an-mhisneich,
Gun churam, gun ghealtachd,
Gun taise, gun fhaiteachas,
Gun saidealtachd, gun uamhann.
Gun eiseamail, gun umhlachd,
Gun athadh do namhaid
Ach a gabhail romhaibh thoirt iubhair
A' cosnadh na cath-laraich."

Chunnaic mi air leath o chach
Tri leoghainn a b'fharsuinne oraois
Thug iad tri sgairtean cho ard
'S gu'n again creagan aig mead an glaoth.

Bha leoghann diu sin air chreig ghuirm,
Dha'm b'ainm Iain Muideartach og,
O'n Chaisteal thiream, 's o Bhorgh,
De shliochd nan Collaidh bu bhorb colg.

Thog sean leoghann luath a cheann,
'S a chas rioghall an Duntuilm,
Dha'm bu shean eireachdas riamh,
Buaidh nan sliabh an cas a chruinn,

Thainig an treas leoghann diu
O'n choill', 's o gharaidh nam baro,
A's dh'ordaich iad pàirt dhe'n cuid sluagh
Dhol a thiolacaidh nam marbh.

Labhairt.—San an sin a thagh iad oifigich an-diadhaidh, an-trocaireach, an-sobhach, an-athach, an-iochdmhor. Agus thagh iad cuid-eachd de bhorb, bhrothach, bhodach, dha'm b'airm chosanta spaidean, agus sluasaidean, gu tiolacadh nam marbh, agus gu glanadh na h-araich. Aonghas amharra a Eigneag—Calum crosda a Gruluinn—Eoghann Iargalta a Crasabhaig—Dughall Ballach a Gallabaidh—Niall Eangharra a Raimisgearaidh—agus Domhnall Durrgha a Gearas.

Chunna' mi Gleann soileir uam,
An robh eireachdas thar gach glinn,
B'airde cheileirich', cheolmhoir' fuaim,
Glaodhaich nan cuach os a chinn.

Theid fargradh feadh Bhreatuinn guleir;
Eirigh gu feachd fir gu leoir,
Chi sibh na Gael a' triall
Le rioghalachd mar bu coir.

Note.—The poet was a staunch Jacobite. In this Ode he describes what he and many others in his day most earnestly desired, and to which they eagerly looked, notwithstanding what they suffered at, and after the battle of Culloden. The bard gives full scope to his imagination; poetically describing scenes which his active fancy draws before him. It was not safe, in his time, to express the real sentiments entertained on a subject so near and dear to the heart, and so full of danger to all concerned. He therefore makes use of the style and metaphors adopted, that the poem might be intelligible to those alone who contemplated the dark events of futurity.

GILLEASPUIG NA CIOTAIG;

OR,

ARCHIBALD M'DONALD, THE UIST COMIC BARD.

WE know little more of this distinguished poet than the following songs contain, one of which was composed to the chief of the clan Cameron, who resided on his estate in Lochaber, when the poet visited that country. Having met with great kindness from the chief, the poet made the only return he could have made, and which was considered no small requittance in those days—he sung his praise. It was a tribute of gratitude. Another was composed to ridicule a vain young man; who, it is still believed, had a better right to the property of Lovat than the person who succeeded to it; but being guilty of murder, was obliged to fly the country.

He used to appear in a dress, which, in his estimation, completed the gentleman : but in the eyes of others made him ridiculous. Happening to be at a wedding in his full dress, with his hanger, or dirk, dangling at his side in the dance, and buckled shoes, the piper imprudently played the tune "*Tha biodag air mac Thomais*,"—a satire composed by our bard to the identical man. He, incensed, drew his dirk, which all supposed he would sheathe in the bag of the piper, but, in his fury, mortally wounded him. He escaped to America, and durst not appear to claim the estate. His other poems remind us of similar pieces by Burns. Men of genius have similar ideas, and make use of the same means to expose such as they observe laying themselves open to ridicule.

MARBHRANN DO DH' IAIN RUADH PIOBAIR.

FHUAIR mi sgeula bho'n ghobha,
Cha'n aobhar meoghail, ach gruaim,
E-fein fo mhi-ghean, 's fo thrioblaid,
Ri iarunn oist' do dh' Iain Ruadh.*
Saoir a' locaradh, 'sa' sabbhadh,
'S a chulaidh bhais 'ga cuir suas,
Sambach cadal na corra,
Cha chluinnear tuilleadh a fuaim.

Chaidh na maidan a ordugh,
Cha'n aithne dhomh-s an cuir suas,
Tha'n gaothair air stopadh,
Tha'n da dhos na'n trom-shuain.
Chall an seannsaor a chlaisteachd,
Tha'n gleus air a ghrad leigeadh suas,
O'n tric a thainig ceol taitneach,
Ragha caismeachd mo chluais.

Ceol bu bhlasd' a's bu bhinne,
'Dhusgadh spiorad do'n t-sluagh,
Ceol bu tartaraich' siubhal,
Thionndadh tioma gu cruas:
Ceol mar smeorach a ghlinne,
Ceol a's binne na cuach;
Meoir gun bhraise, gun ghiorradh,
Dian ruith-leumnach, luath.

Bu sgiolta sealladh do sheannsaor,
Air port, 's air crunn-luath, 's air cuairt,
Pronnadh onaparra, lughmhor,
Caismeachd shuuntach 'san ruaig;
Dheanadh gaisgeach de'n sgliuraich,
Chuireadh diun-laoch na luaths,
Claidhean glasa 'gan rusgadh,
Claignean bruit' aig luchd fuath.

'S iomadh aon tha ga' iundrain,
O'n chaidh uir ort san uaigh :—
An toiseach labhair an sphiucan,
Bhiodh tu giulan gach uair.

* John McQuithen, a piper in South Uist. He was a great companion and favourite of the bard. This elegy was composed while the piper was living.

"Tha mi fein gun tombaca,
Cha b'e cleachdadh a fhuair,
'S tric chuir Iain fo m'aisne,
Greim, a's cairteal, a's cuach."

Thuir a ghloin' a bha'n Asdain,
"Mo sgeul craiteach ro chruaidh !
Dh-fhalbh mo shugradh, 's mo mharan,
Thug am bas leis Iain Ruadh ;
Fear a chluicheadh a chlarsach,
Dheanadh dan, agus duan,
Cha b'e Caluinn a chrampaigh
Fonn a b'fhearr leis 'g a luaidh."

Thuir am pigidh bla lamh ris,—
"Faigh an t-ara gu luath,
Cuir am chlaigeann-sa spairt e,
Tha tart 's gach aite mu'n cuairt.
Thainig con-traigh na plaighe,
Tha nithe gnathaichte bhuainn,
Cha bhi reothart gu brath ann,
'S ann a thraigheas an cuan."

Thuir am buideal, 's am botal,
Thuir an goc ris an stop,
Thuir an copan, 's an t-slige ;
"S mor an sgrios th'air tigh'n oirn.
Tha gach sruth air a dhunadh,
Bha cuir a dh-ionnsaidh nan lon,
Cha'n fhaighear drap air an urlar,
A fhluchas bru Dhomhnuill oig."

O'n dh-fhalbh an companach sar-mhath,
Dh-fhalbh an rabhart, 's an spors,
Dh-fhalbh beannachd na cloinne,
'S e sheinneadh an ceol.
'Nis o rinneadh do charadh
'N ciste chlaraich nam bord,
'S mor as mist iad am Pharo,
Gun fhear do ghnais a bhi beo.

Dh-fhalbh an deagh ghille cuideachd,
Nach robh agrubail san ois'.

Dh-fhalbh fear traghadh nan searrag,
Chosgadh barrachd thar stop.
Dh-fhalbh fear deannadh nan duanag
Leis an luaighte gach clo,
Cha b'e ghnas a bhi gearan,
Ge h-ioma glain' thug dha pòg.

'S beag mo shunnt ri lath feille,
'S beag mo speis dheth gach ceol,
'S beag mo thlachd dhe bhi 'g eisteachd,
Gaoir theud fhir nan croc.
Leam a b'annsa do bhruidhean,
'N am suidhe mu bhord,
Na droch dhreochdan air fìdhill.
Mar fhuaim snithe an loin.

Bha thu d' dhamhsair air urlar,
Bha thu siubhlach air snamh;
Bha thu d' chairiche lughmhor,
Cha bhiodh tu d' luireich fo chach.
Urram leum, agus ruithe,
Glae threun a ruitheadh an ramh,
'San am caitheadh na cloiche,
Bu leat an toisach air cach.

Thoir mo shoraidh-sa tharais,
Dh-ionnsuidh 'n fhearainn ud thall;
O nach faod mi bhi mar ribh,
'S leibh mo bheannachd san am.
Biodh an uaigh air a treachladh,
Ann am fasan nach gann;
Buideal rum aig a chasan,
'S rol tombac aig a cheann.

AISEIRIGH IAIN RUaidh.

LUINNEAG.

*Ho-ro gu'm b'eibhinn leam,
'Chiuinntinn gu'n do dh-eirich thu,
'S ann leam a's ait an sgeula sin,
On chaidh an t-Eug cho teann ort.*

CHUALADH mi gu'n chailleadh thu,
'S gu'n do rinneadh t-fhalaire,
'S e cuis mu'n robh mi gearanach,
Do bhean a bhi na bartraich.
Ho-ro, &c.

Thug iad bho na h-òsdairean
Buidealan gu torradh dhut,
Mu bheireas mi gun ol orra,
'S e ni sinn seorsa bainne.
Ho-ro, &c.

On tha giubhas sabhte agad,
'S gu'n d'rinn an gobha tairnean dut,
'S ann theannas sinn ri bata
Theid do Phàr dh-iaraidh Brann dai,
Ho-ro, &c.

Cha bhi dad a dh'eis oirre,
Gheibh i gach ni dh'fheumas i,
Nì'n lion aodach a main-seol d'i,
'S gu'n dean na speicean crann d'i.
Ho-ro, &c.

Cha'n easbhuidh nach bi ballaibh ann,
Gu cuplaichean, 's gu tarruinnan,
Tha ropaichean gun ghainn' againn,
'S ga'n ceangail sinn gu teann iad.
Ho-ro, &c.

Cha'n eil m'inntinn gearanach,
O'n chuir thu dhìot an galar ud,
'S ann tha do phìob na deannal,
A toirt caitheam air ceol damhsaidh.
Ho-ro, &c.

'Nuair bha thu ann san reiseamaid,
Bu sgairtail, tapaidh, treubhach, thu,
Na h-uile fear a leumeadh ort,
Ghreadadh tu gun taing e.
Ho-ro, &c.

'Nuair bha thu na t-oganach,
Bu lionmhor ait' am b'eolach thu,
Chunna' mis' an cloisdean,
Ag c' an Amsterdam thu!
Ho-ro, &c.

ORAN CNAIDEIL

DO 'N OLLA LEODACH.

LUINNEAG.

*Thugaibh, thugaibh, bo ! bo ! bo !
An Doctar Leodach 's biodag air,
Fuicill oirbh san taob sin thall
Nach toir e 'n ceann a thiota dhibh.*

NUAIR bha thu a d'fhleasgach og,
Bu mhorchuiseach le claidheamh thu,
Chaidh Ailean Muillear riut a chomhraig,
'S leon e le bloidh spealun thu.
Thugaibh, &c.

Bha thu na do bhasbair corr,
'S claidheamh-mor an tarruinn ort,
An saighdear 's measa th'aig rìgh Deors',
Chomhraigeadh e Alasdair.
Thugaibh, &c.

Gu' bhiodh sud ort air do thaobh,
Claidheamh caol sa ghliogartaich;
Cha'n eil falcag thig o'n traigh,
Nach cuir thu ort man itean d'i.
Thugaibh, &c.

Biodag 's an deach an gath-seirg
Air crìos seilg an luidealaich;
Bha seachd oirlich oirr' a mheirg,
Gur mairg an rachadh bruidheadh-dh'i.
Thugaibh, &c.

A bhiodag 's mios' th' anns an tìr,
'S a beart-chinn air chrith oirre,
Chnamh a faobhar leis an t-suith,
'S cha ghearr' i 'n im na dh' itheadh tu.
Thugaibh, &c.

Claidheamb, agus sgabard dearg,
S cearbach sud air amadan,
'Ghearradh amhaichean nan sgarbh,
A dh-fhagadh marbh gun anail iad.
Thugaibh, &c.

Cha ne deoch bhainne, na mheig,
'S cinnteach mi rinn uesa dhìot;
Ach biadh bu docha leat nan t-im,
Giobainean nan gugachan.
Thugaibh, &c.

'S iomad farspag rinn thu mharbhadh,
A's sulair garbh a rug thu air,
A bhlianna sin, mu 'n deach thu 'n arm,
Cuir uibhean sgarbh cìoch-shlugain ort.
Thugaibh &c.

'Nuair theid thu na chreig gu h-ard,
Cluinnear gair nan iseanan;
'S mu thig am fulamair a d' dhail,
Sathaidh tu do bhiodag ann.
Thugaibh, &c.

'Nuair a theid thu sa' Chreig-bhain,
Cha mhor do sta 'sna sgorrachan;
Cha tig na h-eunlaith a d' dhail,
Le failleadh do chuid drogaichean.
Thugaibh, &c.

'Nuair a theid thu air an rop,
A rìgh bu mhor do cudthrom air;
Mu thig an cipean a's a ghrund,
Cluinnear plumb 'nuair thuiteas tu.
Thugaibh, &c.

Bu tu theannaicheadh an t-sreang
Cha'n bhi i fann mur bris thu i,
Direadh 's na h-iseanan a d' sgeith,
Air leam gu'm feum thu cuideachadh.
Thugaibh, &c.

Cha mharbh thu urrad ri each,
Ge leathan laidir mogur thu;
'S t-airm cha dian a bheag a sta,
Mur sgriobar clar, na prais leo.
Thugaibh, &c.

Note—Dr. McLeod, the subject of this song, was a native of St. Kilda. He was some time abroad as surgeon to a Highland regiment, and on his return home he used to go about in his full uniform, in which the poet thought he made rather an odd figure.

BANAIS CHICSTAL-ODHAIR.

LUINNEAG.

*A bhanais a bha'n Cìostal-odhar,
Ann an Cìostal-odhar, odhar,
A bhanais a bha'n Cìostal-odhar,
Cha robh othail choir oirre!*

THAINIG fear a staigh ga'm ghriobadh,
Dh-innse gu'n tainig am pigidh,
Fhuaras botul lionadh slige,
Bu bhinn glig a's cronan.
A bhanais, &c.

Thainig fear a nuas le mi-mhodh,
Gu e-fein a chuir an ire,
Thoisich e air bleith nan inean,
Gu mi-fhin a sgrobadh.
A bhanais, &c.

Ach labhair mise gu fadhaich:—
"Mas e mi-stath tha thu 'g iarraidh,
Gur docha gu'n cuir mi'n fhiacail,
Air iochdar do sgornain!"
A bhanais, &c.

Smaointich mi eiridh 'n-am sheasamh,
On bu ghna leam a bhi 'g eadradh,
Olc na dheigh gu'n d'rinn mi' leagadh,
'S bhuail mi breab san toin air.
A bhanais, &c.

'Nuair a chaidh na fir gu riasladh,
Gu'n robh ceathrar dhiu sa ghriosaich;
Am fear bu laige bha e'n iochdar,
'S thug iad mirean beo as.
A bhanais, &c.

'Nuair a thoisich iad air buillean,
Cha robh mi-fhin a' cur cuir dhìom.
Gus na mhuigh iad air mo mhuinneal,
'S air duileasg mo shroine.
A bhanais, &c.

An sin 'nuair a dh' eirich an trioblaid,
Thainig iad far an robh mise,
Thog iad mi mach thun na sitig',
Theab gu'n ithe beo mi.
A bhanais, &c.

Thug iad a mach thun nan raointean,
Mar gun reachadh oc ri caoirich,
'S an fear nach do sgrob iad aodann,
Bha aodach ga shroiceadh.
A bhanais, &c.

'Nuair thoisich iad air a cheile,
Stradadh na fal' anns na speuran;
Bha 'mis' an aite gan eisdeachd,
'S gun b' eibhinn an spors iad.
A bhanais, &c.

Bhuail iad air a cheille chnagadh,
Leig iad air a cheille shadadh,
Shin iad air aithris na braide,
'S air cagnadh nan ordag.
A bhanais, &c.

Fear ri caoineadh, fear ri aighear,
Fear na sheasamh, fear na laidhe,
Fear a pogadh bean-an-taighe,
Fear a gabhail orain !
A bhanais, &c.

Cha robh ann ach beagan dibhe,
Leig iad a dh-iunnsaidh an oridhe,
Bha fear a's fear aca rithist,
Gun bhruidhinn gun chomhradh.
A bhanais, &c.

Sin 'nuair a labhair am fìdhleir :—
"Chuir sibh mo phuirt feadh na fìdhle;
'S mis an fear gu'n tig an dilinn,
Nach toir sgrìob air ceol duibh."
A bhanais, &c.

ORAN DO LOCHIAL.

AIR FÖNN.—"Tweedside."

O thainig mi dhuthaich Lochial,
Cha rabh iad rium spìocach na bochd,
Fhuair mi uile nan comunn gun ghiomh,
Lan fialachd, gun cbrìne, gun sprochd,
Muinntir ghasda dha 'n duchas deadh ainm,
Buidhean shealbhaich fon airm air gach cnoc,
Bha sud ann an duchas aibhich riabh,
'S mor eiluiteach an bliadhna ar ceann stuichd.

Dhonnhuil Oig, o'n a fhuair tha do choir,
Lean am biuthas bu nos, a's cha 'n oic,
Bi gu fùranach, farsada, foil,
Ris na daoine nach deonsich do lochd,
Ni eiridh gu d' chuideachadh suas,
Nam faicadh iad tairgine teachd ort,
Rachadh ullamh gu rusgadh nan lann,
'S iad a chasgradh a namhuid le toirt.

'S d'thu 'n gasan, tha cìreachdail ard,
'S d'thu macan gun ardan gun mhoit,
'S d'thu 'n cuiridh gun ghaise, gun g'fhiamh,
'S d'thu 'n gallan dh' fhas sgiamhach le toirt,
Gu deas dìreach o'd mhullach gu d' bhonn,
'S deadh spiorad neo-throm ann ad chorp,
Aghaidh shoilleir tha seire ann ad ghnais,
Suil smiorail an diunlavich fo d' roisg.

Aghaidh shuilibhear as taitniche snuadh,
Aghaidh fhìlathail neo-ghruamach nach tais,
Aghaidh smachdail am keil buirb agus cruas,
Mu nithear do ghluasad gu brais;
Tha thu sìobhalt, lan iochd agus truais,
Tha thu measail air sluagh anns' gach staid,
Sar cheannard nan gaisgeach bheir buaidh,
Thog thu suas iad gu cruadal gle mhoch.

Sar cheannard 'san dutas bu dual,
Bhi gu fuaigailteach cruadalach glio,
Fhìr a ghineadh, 'sa bhuineadh o'n dream,
A fhuair urram 'ana streupan gu tric,
Buidhean fhuiltach nach geilleadh 'san t-atri,
Buidhean chunbhallach, innleschdach, ohlis,
Buidhean aingeantach, luthor gun fhoill,
Buidhean uair'reach le agoian a ghleidh meas.

Cha ne fochan an fhoilaidh an sonn,
Ach an tabhall dh'fhas trom anns an lio,
Dhaindeoin doineanan faoillich, na mart,
Cha chrìon i, cha searg as cha bhrìst;
'Sann a bhios i fo duilleach a ghuath,
'Si cinntinn gu h-ard le mortheas,
Fo sgaile bidh fasga, as blas,
Aig gach geig bhios 'garach dea'-mheas.

Cha chraobh mhosgain, na chrìonaich a th'ann,
Ach an cuilean 'sgach am a bhios gorm,
Cha ghais sneachda, na gliobhaid an orann,
Na fìchne, na gearhrudh, na stoirm,
Slat dhe'n fhion-fhuil dha 'n dlìgheach bhi ann,
Sa thainig gun ghanntar le foirm,
Cha bhi camshronaich tuilleadh gun cheann,
Sann a thilleas an campar gu toirm.

Cha n' ioghua dh'leam idir an uail,
'N deigh na fhuair iad do chruadal, 's do chlaoidh,
Ri iarguin nan gaisgeach bha 'uatha,
B' fhearr alla as luaidh anns an tseoghal,
'Nuair bha iad air fogradh, 's air chall,
'San cuid fearainn san am sin dha'n dìth,
Gus an d' thainig reachd rioghal an aigh,
Chuir dhachaigh gach armuun go thìr.

'Nuair theid Achnacarradh air doigh,
'Sa ni Domhnall ann comhnuidh le sìth,
Thig cleachdadh a shìnnireachd beo,
'S freagraidh creagan na mointich do'n phìob;
Bidh tollintinn aig t-uaislean, as spors,
Theid mi-ghean air fogradh as sgios,
Bidh fudar ga losgadh gu leoir,
'S daimh chroice air an leonadh san fhrith.

Gu meal thu nis t-fhearann as t-inbhe,
Gach urram, gach brìgh a's gach agh,
'S do phosadh ri maighdean dheas ghriann,
Dha'm bi maise le aoidh, as le gradh,
Dha 'm bi glìocas le fìosrach 'le ceill,
Dha 'm bi cairdean bhios treun an deadh ainm,
Dha 'm bi urram gach subhailc a's beus,
Dha 'm bi foghlum le ceutabh gun mheang.

Leat a dh'eircas do chinneadh nach gann,
Gach meanglan gu ceannsgalach cruaidh,
'Nuair a thogair do bhratach ri crann,
Chithar darach 'san am ga chuir suas,
Bì'dh gach treun-fhear, 's gach fuirbi gun mheang,
Gu tartrach neo-fhann dol nan gluas'd,
Nìl frìoghail ro-ghuineach nan deann,
Grad tharruinn nan lann as an truail

Thig Gleann-Nibheis a stuirt, a's a ceo,
 Thig Callard gu stroiceach le fhuirt
 Thig an teaghlach dha 'm buineadh an t-Sron,
 Ni iad reubadh as leonadh air chuirp,
 Leiteir-Fhiunlaidh, 's Loch-Airceig gu dian,
 Gleann-Laoigh nach 'eil fiamhach 'san trod,
 Thig Ceann-Loch, leat Locho, 's Lochiall,
 Thig bho Shuainart gun ghuimh h-ugad eus.

'Sioma' ceirid tha agad mun cuairt,
 A deas, a's a tuath thig gu t-fheachd,
 'S leat na Caimbeulaich cinntench gu leoir,
 Tha do cheangal rin cleith, 's bidh iad leat,
 Loch-nan-Eala dhut dileas gu leoir,
 Teaghlach farannach crodha, 'm b' 'eil neart,
 'Sam Barrabreac cha dibir thu beo,
 Bidh e seasmhach an conuidh le neart.

Bha Clann Domhnuil co-aontach dhut riamh,
 'Sann ad chomunn a dh' iarradh iad stad;
 Anns gach laraich 'n am tagraidh na stri,
 Bhiodh an claidheamh gu dileas cuir leat;
 'S gach aon tha do Stiubhartaich beo,
 Bidh iadsan gu deonach 'na 'd thiaie,
 Cha 'n 'eil finneadh feadh Albuinn bheil
 bunidh,
 Nach eil Camshronaich fuaighte riu' le beachd.

Tha do chairdeas ri iomadh dream,
 Nach eoil domh san am thoirt a steach,
 Ged bu mhiann leam do leantuinn san rann,
 Tha m' fhiosrachadh gann air do neart,
 Le 'in nì mi t-fhagail san am,
 Ann an urram, an gradh, a's am meas,
 Le guidhe deadh chliu, agus slainte,
 Bhi gad leantuinn mar chairdean am feasd.

DUGHAL BOCHANNAN.

DUGALD BUCHANAN was born in the parish of Balquidder, Perthshire, in the year 1716. His father was a small farmer, who also rented a mill. His mother was an excellent and pious woman; but, unfortunately for him, she died when he was only six years old. His father gave him such education as he could afford; and that appears to have been more than was commonly taught at country schools at that time. When he was only twelve years of age, he was sent to teach in another family, where he did not improve in his morals, as he learned to curse and swear. When he was farther advanced in life, he became loose and immoral, associating with bad company, and apparently regardless of the pious example that had been set before him by his mother. When he grew up, he was apprenticed to a house-carpenter in Kippen, where he did not continue long, till he removed to Dumbarton. Here he continued the same course of profane and sinful practice that afterwards caused him much trouble and remorse of conscience during many years, until at last he obtained peace with God, and became a sincere and eminent Christian. He does not appear to have settled long in any place, till the "Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge" appointed him schoolmaster and catechist at Kenloch Ranoch, in the year 1755. In this remote place he laboured with great pains and diligence in his calling during the remainder of his days; and here he composed those hymns which will render his name as lasting as the language in which they are written. Besides the hymns, he wrote a diary, which was published in the year 1836, with a memoir of the author prefixed. From this memoir we shall copy a short abstract of his labours and diligence at Kenloch Ranoch. Although he was not a regular licentiate, he acted as a kind of missionary; and exhorted, preached, catechised, and reproved, till he wrought a great reformation on the people in that

district :—"Ranoch is an extensive district, in the parish of Fertingall. It is situated at a great distance from the church, and the clergymen visited it at long intervals. The people, therefore, instead of assembling on the Sabbath to worship God, generally met to play at foot-ball. Moved with zeal for the glory of God, and grieved at the sins he witnessed, he zealously set about reforming the people, by convincing them of the sinfulness of their ways. Finding it impossible to bring them together for prayer or exhortation, he would follow them to the scene of their sinful amusements, and there reason with them about death and judgment to come. By the great and disinterested anxiety he manifested for their spiritual welfare, some of them were brought to a better observance of the Sabbath, by uniting with him in the worship of God. The impression made on the minds of those who came to hear him was such, that they persuaded their friends and neighbours to come also, which gradually drew a more numerous attendance. His piety and excellence of character becoming now generally known, the numbers who flocked from all parts to hear him were so great, that the house in which they had hitherto met was insufficient to contain them : he therefore adjourned with the people to a rising ground on the banks of the Ranoch. Nor was he attended by those only among whom he lived, but by many from other remote parts, who were attracted by the fame of his piety. In addressing the people, his meek and gentle spirit led him to dwell most on the loftier motives—the more tender appeals with which the gospel abounds ; but, to stubborn and determinate sinners, he was severe in discipline, encountering them with the terrors of the Lord, that he might win them to Christ."

It is said that Buchanan assisted Mr. Stewart of Killin in translating the New Testament into the Scottish Gaelic, and that he corrected the work while passing through the press at Edinburgh, in the year 1766. During his stay there he availed himself of the opportunity of attending the classes for Natural Philosophy, Anatomy, Astronomy, &c., which made a great impression upon his mind, and gave him more extensive views of the omnipotence and wisdom of the Divinity. He was, during either of these years, introduced to the celebrated David Hume the historian, who, having been informed of his excellent character, received him with great affability, and entered very familiarly into conversation with him on various topics.

While discussing the merits of some authors, Mr. Hume observed that it was impossible to imagine anything more sublime than the following lines which he repeated :—

"The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits shall dissolve,
And like the baseless fabric of a vision—
Leave not a wreck behind."

Buchanan at once admitted the beauty and sublimity of the lines, but said that he had a book at home from which he could produce a passage still more sublime, and repeated the following verses :—"And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away ; and there was

found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God: and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their works.”*

He published his “*Hymns*,” about the year 1767. The demand for this little work has continued since, and every year adds to its popularity—a sure proof of its merit. There have been at least fifteen editions of it printed; while of the works of the celebrated bards, Macdonald and Macintyre, there have been only four editions.

Our author continued his useful and pious labours at Ranech till his death, which happened on the second of June, 1768, when he was seized with fever, which carried him off in the fifty-second year of his age. During his illness he was frequently delirious, and in that state would sing of the “Lamb in the midst of the throne.” In his lucid intervals he expressed his full hope in the resurrection of the just, and his desire to depart and be with Christ. The people of Ranech wished his remains to be buried among them, but his relations carried the body away to their own country, and he was buried in the burying-ground of the Buchanans at Little Lenny, near Callander. In his person he was considerably above the middle size, and rather of a dark complexion, but upon a close inspection his countenance beamed affection and benevolence. Among his intimate acquaintance he was affable, free, jocular and social, and possessed much interesting information and innocent anecdotes, in consequence of which his company was much sought after by all the families in the country. In his dress he was plain and simple, wearing a blue bonnet, and a black dress, over which he generally wore a blue great-coat. After his death his widow removed to Ardoch, where she remained till the time of her death. He left two sons and two daughters: one of the latter was alive in 1836.

As a poet, Buchanan ranks in the highest class. Endowed with great power of imagination, and full of moral and religious enthusiasm, his poetry is at once fervid, lofty, and animated; and invariably calculated to promote the cause of religion and virtue. Those distinguishing qualities have rendered him the most popular poet in the language; and we may safely assert, that his popularity will endure as long as the language in which he has written is understood.

“*The Day of Judgment*” is the most popular poem in the language. It displays great force of imagination, and fixes the mind on the sublime and awful scenes of a world brought to an end, amidst the wreck of elements, and the assemblage of the whole human race to judgment.

“*The Scull*” is full of good poetry, with appropriate reflections on the vanity of mortal enjoyments. It shows the fierce tyrant and the lowly slave—the haughty chief and the humble tenant—the mighty warrior and the blooming virgin—the

mercenary judge and the grasping miser—all reduced to one level, the grave; to feed the lowly worm and the crawling beetle.

"*The Dream*" contains useful lessons on the vanity of human pursuits, and the unsatisfactory rewards of ambition. The following lines ought to be remembered by every one who envies greatness:—

"Cha 'n 'eill neach o thrioblaid saor,
A' measg a' chinne-daonn' air fad
'S co lionmhòr osna aig an rìgh,
Is aig a neach is isle staid."

"*The Winter*" begins with a vivid description of the effects of that season, and the preparation of men and animals to provide food and shelter. The poet then draws a comparison between the winter and the decline of human life, warning the old man to prepare for his future state, as the husbandman prepares food and fuel for winter—to imitate the prudent foresight of the ant and the bee, and not the idle and improvident fly, dancing joyously in the sunbeams till he perishes by the winter's frost. This excellent poem is deservedly admired as one of the finest specimens of didactic poetry in the Gaelic language.

LATHA' BHREITHEANAIS.

Air feadh 'ta chuid is mo de'n t-saogh'l
Gu'n ghaol do Chrìost, gu'n sgionn d'a reachd,
Gu'n chreideamh a' gu'n tig e ris,
'Thoir breith na firinn air gach neach.

An cadal peacsaidh 'ta'd nan suain,
A' bruidh pailteas de gach nì:
Gu'n umhail a' n' uair thig an bas,
Nach meal iad Farras o'n ard Rìgh.

Le cumhachd t-shacail Dhe tog suas,
An sluagh chum aithreachais na thra,
Is beannaich an Dan so do gach neach,
Bheir seachad eisteachd dha le gradh.

Mo smuaintean talmhaidh Dhe tog suas,
'S mo theanga fuasgail ann mo bheul;
A chum gu'n labhrainn mar bu choir,
Mu ghloir 's mu uamhunn latha Dhe.

Air meadhon oidheh' 'nuair bhios an saogh'l,
Air aomadh tharais ann an suain;
Grad dhuiseag suas an cinne-daoin',
Le glaoth na trompaid 's airde fuaim.

Air neul ro aird nì fhoillseach' fein,
Ard aingeal treun le trompaid mhoir;
Is gairmhidh air an t-saogh'l gu leir,
Iad a ghrad eiridh chum a mhoid:—

"O cluinnibhs uile chlann nan daoine,
Nis thainig ceann an t-saogh'l gu beachd;
Leumaibh 'nar beatha sibhs 'ta marbh,
Oir nis gu dearbh 'ta los' air teachd."

Is seididh e le sgàil cho chruaidh,
'S gu 'n cuir e sleibhte 's cuan 'nan ruith;
Grad chlisgidh na bhios marbh 'san uaigh,
Is na bhios beo le h-uamhunn orith.

Le osaig dhoinionnaich a bheil,
Au saogh'l so reubaidh e gu garg,
'S mar dhum an t-seangain dol na ghluais,
Grad bhruchdaidh 'n uaigh a nìos a mairbh.

'N sin cruinnichidh gas cas in lamh,
Chaidh chur san araich fad o cheil;
'S bidh farum mor a measg nan cnàmh,
Gach aon diu' dol 'na aite fein.

Mosglaidh na fireannaich an tus,
Is dhuiseag iad gu leir o'n suain,
An anamaibh turlingidh o ghloir,
Ga'n comh'lachadh aig beul na h-uaigh.

Le eibhneas togaidd iad an ceann,
'Ta am am fuasglaidh orra diu;
Is mar chraoibh-mheas fo iomlan blath,
Tha dreach an Slanuifheir 'nan gnais;

Tha obair Spiorad naomh nan gras
Air glanadh 'n naduir o 'n taobh steach;
'S mar thrusgan glan 'ta umhlachd Chrìosd,
Ga'n deanamh sglauhaach o'n taobh 'mach.

Dùisgear na h-aingidh suas 'n an deigh,
Mar bheaidibh gairianeach as an t-sleachd;
'S o ifrinn thig an anama truagh;
Thoir coinneamh uamhasach da 'n corp.

'N sin labhraidh 'n t-anam bronnach truagh,
R'a choluinn oillteil, uamhar, bhreun,
"Mo chlaoidh i cìod ulm' an d'eirich thu
Thoir peannas dubailt oirn le cheil?

"O! 'n eigin domhsa dol aris,
Am prìosan neo-ghlan steach a'd' chre?
Mo thruaighe mi gu'n d'aontaich riamh,
Le t-anamaiana brudeil fein!

"O'm faigh mi dealach, riut gu brath!
No 'n tig am bas am fèad a'd' choir!
'N druigh teine air do chnaimhean iarain!
No dibh-fheing Dhe an struidh i t-fheoil!"

Elridh na rìghrean 'e daoine mor,
Gun smachd gun ordugh ann nan laimh;
'S cha'n aithn'ear iad a meusg an t-sluaidh,
O 'n duine through bha.ao' na thràill.

'S na daoine uabhrach leis nach b' fhu,
Gu 'n umhaicheach iad fein do Dhia;
O faic anis iad air an glun';
A' deanamh urnaigh ris gach sliabh:—

"O chreagan tuitibh air ar ceann,
Le sgarneich ghairbh de chluhan cruaidh,
Is sgrìosaibh sinn a tìr nam beo,
A chum 's nach faic sinn gloir an Uain."

A mach as uamhaidh gabhaidh 'thriall
An diabhol 's a chuid aingle fein,
Ge cruaidh e 's a eigin teachd a lath 'r,
A' slaodadh shlabhraidh a's a dheigh.

'N sin fàsaidh ruthadh ann san speur
Mar fhair na maidne 'g eiridh dearg;
Ag innse gu'm beil Iosa fein,
A teachd na deidh le latha garbh:

Grad fhosglaidh a's a cheil na neoil,
Mar dhorus seomair an ard Rìgh,
Is foillsichear am Breitheamh mor,
Le gloir is greadhnachas gun chrìch.

Tha 'm bogha-frois mu'n cuairt da cheann,
'S mar thuil nan gleann tha fasam a ghuth;
'S mar dhealanach tha sealladh sul,
A' sputadh a's na neulaibh tiugh.

A ghrian ard-locharan nan speur,
Do ghloir a phearsa goillidh grad;
An dealradh drillseach thig o ghnuis,
A solus muohaidh e air fad.

Cuiridh i nìmphe eulaidh bhroin,
'S bith 'ghealach mar gun doirt' oir' fail,
Is crathar cumhachdan nan speur,
A tilgeadh nan reult a's am bun.

Bith iad air nìdeal ann san speur,
Mar mheas air geig ri anraibh garbh;
Tuiteam mar bhronaibh dh-nìsge dhu,
'S an gloir mar shuillean duine mhaibh.

Air charbad teine suidhidh e,
'S mun cuairt da beucaidh 'n tairneanach,
A' dol le ghairm gu crìoch na neamh,
'S a'reub nan neul gu doimhneach.

O chuibhlìbh 'charbaid thig amach,
Sruth mor de theine laist' le feirg;
Is sgaoilidh 'n tuil' ud air gach taobh,
A' cur an t-saogh'! na lasair dheirg.

Leaghadh na Duile 'nuas le teas,
Ceart mar a leaghas teine ceir;
Na enuic 's na sleibhte lasaidh suas,
'S bith teàs-ghoil air a' chuan gu leir.

Na beanntan lorgalt nach tug seach,
An stòras riamh de neach d'an deoin,
Ta iad gu fialaidh taosgadh 'mnoch,
An ionmhais leaght' mar abhainn mhoir.

Gach neach bhasgriobadh cruinn an oir,
Le sannt, le do-bheirt, no le fuil;
Lan chaigibh 'nis 'ur 'n iota mor,
'S a nasgaidh olaibh dheth o'n tuil.

O sibhsè rinn 'ur bun do'n t-saogh'!,
Nach tig sibh 's caoinibh e gu gear,
'N uair tha e 'gleneadh ris a bhas,
Mar dhuine laidir dol do'n eug.

A chuiste chleachd bhi fallain fuar,
Ri mìreag uabhrach feadhnan gleann,
'Tha teas a chleibh 'ga 'n smuidreadh suas,
Le goilbhuairis feadh nam beann.

Naich faic sibh 'chrith tha air mu'n cuairt,
'S gach creag a' fuaigladh ann 's gach sliabh,
Nach cluinn sibh osnaich throm a bhais,
'S a chridhe sgaineadh stigh 'n a chliabh.

An curtein gorm tha null o'n ghrein,
'S mu'n cuairt do'n chruinne-che mar chleoc,
Crupaidh an lasair e r'a cheil,
Mar mheilleig air na h-eibhlcan beo.

Tha 'n t-adhar ga thachd' le neula tiugh,
'S an toit 'na meallaibh dubh dol suas
'S an teine millteach sputadh 'mach,
'Na dhualaibh cairsreagach mu'n cuairt.

Timcheall a' chruinne so gu leir,
Borb-bheucaidh 'n tairneanach gu bras;
'S bith 'n lasair lomadh gloir nan speur,
Mar fhaoisg ris na sleibhte cas.

Is eum an doinnonn ata suas,
O cheithir airdibh gluaisidh 'ghaoth;
'Ga sgiurs' le neart nan aingle treun,
Luathach an leir-sgrìos o gach taobh.

Tha obair na se la rinn Dia
Le lasair dhian ga cuir 'fa sgaol,
Cia mor do shaibhreas Rìgh na 'm feart,
Nach iunnrain casgradh mhìle saogh! !

'M feadh tha gach nì 'an glais an eig,
'S a chruitheachd gu leir dol bun-osceann,
Teannaidh am Breitheamh oirne dlu,
A chum gach cuis a chur gu ceann.

'N sin gluaisidh e o aird nan speur,
Air cathair a Mhorachd fein a nuas,
Le greathnachas nach faics riamh,
'S le dhiallachd sgrèdaichte mun cuairt.

Ta mìle tairneanach 'na laimh,
A chum a naimhde sgrìos am feirg,
Is fonn-chrith orr' gu dol an greim,
Mar choin air oill ri h-am na seilg.

Aingle gun aircamh tha 'na chuir,
Le 'n suilean suidhicht' air an Rìgh,
Chum ruith le ordughsan gun dail,
'S na h-uile ait gu'n cur au guiomh.

O Iudas thig a nis a lathair,
'S gach nench rinn braithreas riut a'd ghnìomh
An dream a dh'aicheadh creideamh Chrìosd,
Na reic e air son nì nach b'fhiach.

A shluagh gun chiall thug miann do'n or,
Roimh ghloir is eibhnas slaitheas De,
'Ur malairt ghorach faicibh nis,
'S an sgrìos a thug sibh oirbh fein.

'S a mhuinntir uaibhreach leis 'm bu nar,
Gu 'n cluinnte crabhachd dha 'n'ur teach;
Faicibh a ghloir 's na b' iognadh leibh,
Ged dhruid e sibh a riogh'ehd amach.

O Herod faic a nis an Rìgh,
D' an tug thu spid is maslachd mor,
Ga sgrèalachadh le trusgan ruadh,
Mar shuai neas sgallais air a ghloir.

Nach faic thu Breitheamh an t-saoghail gu leir,
'S mar eudach uime 'n lasair dhearg;
A' teachd thoirt duals do dhaoine coir,
'S a sgrìos luchd do-bheirt ann am feirg.

Is thusa Philat tog do shuil,
'S gu'm faic thu nis' a muthadh mor;
An creid thu gur h-e sud an 'Ti
A rinn thu dhiteadh air do mhod?

An creid thu gur e-sud an ceann,
Mun d' iath gu teann an sgitheach geur,
Na idir gur i sud a ghuais,
Air na thilg na h-fudhaich sìle breun!

'M bu leir gu'n theich a ghrian air chul,
A' diultadh fianais thoirt do'n guiomh?
Cìod uim' nach d'fhuair a chruitheachd bas,
'N uair cheusadh air a chrann a triath?

Cuiridh e aingle 'mach gach taobh,
Chum ceithir ghaethaibh 'n domhain mhoir,
A chuairteachadh gach aon do'n t-sluagh,
A steach gu luath a dh'ionnsuidh 'mhoid.

Gach neach a dh' aithic coluinn riamh,
O'n ear 's o'n iar tha nìso' teachd,
Mar sgaoth de bheachaibh tigh'n mu gheig,
An deidh dhaibh eiridh 'mach o'n sgeap.

'N sin togaidh aingeal glòrmhor suas,
Ard bhratach Chrìosd da'n suaidh'neas fail;
A chruinneachadh na ghluais sa choir,
'S da fhulangas rinn doigh a's bun.

Do m'ionnsuidh cruinnichibh mo naoimh,
Is tionaidibh gach aon de'n dream,
A rinn gu dìleas is gu dlu,
Le creideamh 's umlachd ceangal leam.

'N sin tionsgnaidh 'm Breith' air cuis an la,
A chum a naimhde chur fo bhìnn,
Is fosglaidh e leabhraichean suas,
Far am beil peacadh 'n t-sluagh air chuimhn':

Fosglaidh e 'n eridhe mar an ceudn',
Air dhoigh 's gur leir de'n h-uile neach,
Gach uamharrachd tha gabhail tamh,
Air feadh an arois ud a steach:

'N uair chi' an sealladh so dhiubh fein,
Is dearbh gur leir dhaibh ceartas Dha;
'S bida 'n gruaidh a leaghadh as le nair
Nach lugha cradh na teine dian.

Togaidh an trompaid 'ris a fuaim,
"Na labhradh a's na gluaiseadh neach;"
Air chor gu'n cluinne gach beag a's mor,
A bheith thig air gach seors' amach.

"A dhaoine sanntach threig a choir,
'S a leag 'ur dochas an 'ur toic,
A ghlas gu teann 'ur eridhe suas,
'S a dhruid 'ur cluas ri glaoth nam bochd.

"An lomnochd cha do dhion o'n fhuachd,
'S do'n aerach thruagh cha d' thug sibh biadh,
Ged lion mi fein 'ur cìsd' de lon,
'S 'ur treuda' chur a'mod gach bliadhn'.

"Ni bheil sibh iomhuaidh air mo riogh'ehd,
As eugmhais firinn, iochd, a's graidh;
'S o reub sibh m' iomhaidh dhiubh gu leir,
Agraibh sibh fein 'nar sgrìos gu brath.

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"A nathraiche millteach 's oillteil greann,
Cha binn leam ceol 'ur crannaich ard,
'S cha 'n eisd o'r teaghlach ghobhlaich cliu,
Le driuchd a phuinn air a barr.

"Is sibhs' thug fuath da m' orduigh naomh,
Is leis nach b'ionmhuinn caomh mo theach;
Leis 'm bu bhliadhna suidhe nair,
Am aros tabhairt cluais do m' reachd.

"Cionnas a mhealas sibh gu brath,
A'm' sheirbhhis sabaid shiorruidh bhuan
Na cionnas bheir 'ur n-anam gradh,
De'n ni da'n tug 'ur nadur fuath?

"'Luchd mi-ruin agus farmaid mhoir
Da'n doruinn ionlan sonas chaich,
Le doilghios geur a' cnamh 'ur cri,
Mu son neach oirbh fein bheir barr.

"Cia mar a dh-fheadas sibh gu brath,
Lan shonas aiteach ann an gloir;
Far am faic sibhsé milte dream,
Ga'n ardach' os bhur ceann gu mor?

"Am fad 's bu leir dhuibh feadh moriogh'chd,
Neach b' airde inbhe na sibh fein;
Nach fadadh mi-run 's farmad cuirte,
Tein' ifrinn duibh a'm flaitheas De?

"Is sibhs' 'an slighe na neo-ghloin ghluais,
'S gu sonraicht' thruaill an leaba phosd;
Gach neach a thug do m' naomhachd fuath,
Ga'n tabhairt suas gu toil na feol'.

"Mar b' ionmhuinn leibh bhi losgadh 'n teas,
'Ur n-uabhair, dheasaich mi dhuibh fearg,
Leaba dearg theth 'san laidh sibh sios,
Am brachaibh-lin de lassair dheirg.

"Ged bheirinn sibh gu rioghachd mo ghloir,
Mar mhucan steach gu seomar righ;
'Ur nadur neoghlan bhiodh ga chradh,
Le'r miannaibh bazachadh chion bidh.

"Gach neach tha iomchuidh air mo riogh'chd,
Teannaibh sibhsé chum mo dheis,
Is cruinnichibh seachad chum mo chli,
A chrionach o na crannaibh meas."

"N sin tearbainidh e chum gach taobh,
Na caoraich o na gobhraibh lom;
Ceart mar ni'm buachaille an treud,
'N uair chuairtecheas e spreidh air tom.

"N sin labhraidh e ri luchd a dheis,
'Sibhsé ta deasaichte le m' ghras,
Thigibhsé, sealbhaichibh an rioghachd,
Nach faic a sonas crìoch gu brath.

"Spealg mise 'n geat' bha oirbhse duintt',
Le m' umblachd 's m' fhuilangas ro-gheur;
'S dh-fhosgail an t-sleadh gu farsuinn suas,
Am leith-taobh doras nuadh dhuibh fein.

"Chum oraibh na beath' ta 'm Parraiss De,
Le h-eibhnas teannaibh steach da coir;
'S a fearta iongantach gu leir,
Dearbhadh 'ur n-uile chreuchd 's bhur leon.

"An claidhe ruisgte bha laist ga dion,
O laimh 'ur sinnair Adhamh 's Eubh,
Rinn mise truail dhè m' chridhe dha,
'S a lassair bhath mi le m' fhuil fein.

"Fo dosraich urair suidhibh sios,
Nach searg 's nach orion am feasd a blath;
'S mar smeoraichean a measg a geug,
Chum molaidd gleusaibh binn bhur cail.

"Le 'maise sasaichibh 'ur suil,
Is oirbh fo sgail cha druigh an teas,
O 'duilleach curaidd olaibh slaint;
Is bith'bh neo-bhasmhor le a meas.

"Gach uile mheas tha 'm Parraiss De,
Ta nis gu leir neo-thoirmisgt' dhuibh;
Ithibh gun eagal o gach geig,
A nathair nimh cha teum a chaoidh.

"A's uile mhiann 'ur n-anma fein,
Lan shasaichibh gu leir 'an Dia,
Tobar na firinn, iochd, a's graiddh,
A mhaireas lan gu cian na 'n cian.

"Mor-innleachd iongantach na slaint,
Sior rannsaichibh air aird 's air leud,
'S feadh oibriche mo rioghachd mhoir,
'Ur n-eolas ciocrach cuiribh' meud.

"Ur n-eibhnas, mais' 'ur tuigs', 's 'ur gradh.
Bitheadh gu siorruidh fas ni 's mo;
'S cha choinnich sibh aon ni gu brath,
Bheir air 'ur n-anam cradh no leon.

"Cha 'n fhaca suil, 's cha chuala cluas,
Na thaig mi suas de shonas duibh,
Imichibh, 's biodh 'ur dearbhachd fein,
Sior-innse sgeul duibh air a chaoidh."

Ach ris a mhuinntir th'air a chli,
O ! labhraidh e 'na dhiog'ltas crunaidh,
'A chuideachd nach d'thug gradh do Dhin,
A chum an diabhuil siubhlaibh uam.

"S mo mhallachd maille ribh gu brath,
A chum 'ur cradh 's 'ur eur gu pian,
Gluaisibhsé chum an teine mhoir,
Ga'r rosdadh ann gu cian nan cian."

Mar again an talamh a's a cheil,
'N uair gabh e teaghlach Chorrach steach,
Ceart laimh riu fosglaidh 'n uaigh a beul,
'S i miannanaich air son a creich.

Is mar a shluig 'mhuc-mhara mhor,
Ionas 'n uair chaidh 'thilgeadh 'mach,
Ni slugan dubh an dara bais,
A charbad iathadh umpa steach.

San uamhaidh taobhaidh iad ri cheil,
A ghluais nam beath' gu h-eucorach;
Luchd mhionn a's mort a's fianuis-bhreig;
Luchd misg a's reubainn 's adhaltrais.

Mar chualaidh dh'ris an ceangal teann,
An slabhraidh tha gach dream leo fein;
'S an comunn chleachd bhí 'n caidreamh dlu,
Mar bhioran ruisgte dol nan ore.

Mar leoghan garg fo' chuibhreach cruaidh,
Le thosaibh reubadh suas a ghiais;
An slabhraidh cagnaigh iad gu dian,
'S gu brath cha ghearr am faclan phrais.

Bidh iad gu sìorruidh 'n glacaibh 'bhais,
'S an cridh' ga fhasgadh asd' le bron,
Ceangailt air cuan de phronnug laisd'
'S a dheatach uaine tachd an aron.

Mar bhairneach fuaighte ris an sgeir,
Tha iad air creangaibh goileach teann;
Is dibh-fheirg Dhe a' seideadh 'chuain,
Na thonnaibh buaireis thar an ceann.

'N tra dhuineas cadal cruaidh an suil,
Teas feirg 's an-dochas duisgidh iad;
A chnuimh nach basaich 's eibhle beo,
A' cur an doruinn shìorruidh 'meud.

Air ifrinn 'n uair a gheibh iad sealbh,
S lan-dearbhadh eo gu'n toir iad eis,
Faodaidh sinn pairt d'an gearan truagh,
Chuir anns na briathraibh cruaidh so sìos.

"O staidh na neo-ni 'n robh mi 'm thamh,
Cìod uime dh-ardach Dia mo ceann!
Mo mhìle mallachd aig an la,
'N do gabh mo mhathair mi' na broinn."

"Cìod uime fhuair mi tuisge riamh?
No ciall a's reusan chum mo stiuir?
Cìod uim' nach d'rinn thu cuileag dhiom?
Na durrag dhiùblidh ann san uir?"

"Am mair mi 'n so gu saogh'l nan saogh'l!
'N tig crìoch no caochladh orm gu brath,
Am beil mi nis san t-sìorrachd bhuan,
A' snamh a' chuain a ta gun traigh!"

"Ged aireamh uile reullta neimh,
Gach fear a's duilleach riamh a dh-fhas,
Mar' ris gach braon a ta sa' chuan,
'S gach gaineamh chuairticheas an traigh!"

"Ged chuiream mìle bliadhna seach,
As leith gach aon diubh sud gu leir,
Cha d'imich seach de'n t-ìorrachd mhoir,
Ach mar gu 'n toisicheadh i 'n de."

"Ach O! 'n do theirig trocair Dhia!
'S am pian e mi gu saogh'l nan saogh'l!
Mo shlabhraidh 'n lassaich e gu brath!
No glas mo lamh an dean e sgaoil!"

" 'M bi 'm beul a dh-ordaich Dia chum scinn,
Air feadh gach linn a chliu gun sgios,
Mar bhalagan-seididh fadadh suas,
Na lasraich uain 'an ifrinn shìos!"

"Ged chaidh mo thruaighe thar mo neart,
Gu deimhinn fein a's ceart mo blinn;
Ach ch'fhada bhios mi 'n so ga m' chradh,
Mu'm bi do cheartas saitheach dhiom!"

"No 'm bi thu dìol'te dhiom gu brath,
'N dench lagh an naduir chuair air cul?
Mo thruaighe mi! 'n e so am bas
A bhagair thu air Adhamh 'n tus?"

"Air sga do dhìol'tas 'm bi thu 'sniomh
Snaithin mo bheath' gu sìorruidh caol?
Nach leoir bhi mìle bliadhna' ga m' losg'
As leith gach lochd a rinn mi 's t-saog'!"

"Ged lean de dhìol'tas mi gu m' chul,
Cha 'n ardaich e do chliu, a Dhe,
'S cha'n fhiu do d' Mhorachd t-fhearg a chosg,
Air comharadh cho bochd rium fein."

"O Dhia! nach sgrios thu mi gu tur?
'S le d' chumhachd cuir air 'm anam crìoch,
'S gu staid na neo-ni tilg mi uait,
Far nach 'eil fulang, smuain, no gniomh."

"Ach O! se so mo thoill'tneas fein
Is nì'm beil eu-coir bunntainn rium;
Oir dh'fuit mi tairgse shaor de Chrìosd,
'S nìor ghabh mi d'a fhuil phrìseil suim."

"Mo choguis ditiidh mi gu brath,
An f'hiannuis bha ga 'm chaineadh riamh;
An-ìochd no eu-coir ann mo bhas,
Cha leig i charadh 'm feasd air Dia."

"Aitheanta thilg mi air mo chul,
A's ruith mi durachdach gu'm sgrios,
Is 'f'hiannuis fein a' m' chridhe mhuch,
A' druid' mo shuile roimh mo leas."

"Cia meud an dìogh'tas tha dhomh' dual
A's leith mo pheacaidh uamhor dan
Am peac' thug du'lan do dh-fhuil Chrìosd,
'S a dh-fhag gun eifeachd brìgh a bhais."

"Gidheadh nach 'eil de Bhuadhan fein,
Neo-chrìochanach gu leir o chian?
'S an toir mo chiont air ìochd a's gradh,
Gu'm fas iad crìochnaicht' ann an Dia?"

"An comas dut mo thilgeadh uat
Far nach cluinn do chluas mo sgreadh?
'M beil dorchadas an ifrinn fein
Far nach bu leir do Dhia mo staid?"

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"Ge truagh mo ghuidhe cha'n eisdar i,
A's fois no feth cha'n fhaidh mi chaoidh'
Ach beath' neo-bhasmhor teachd as ur,
Gu'm neartach' ghiulan tuille claidh."

Ach stad mo rann a's pill air t-ais
O shlochd na casgraidh dhein a nios,
Is feuch cionnas a bheir thu seol
Do'n drown tha beo nach teid iad sios.

A leughadair a'm beil e fìor,
Na chuir nì cheana sios am dhan?
Ma se 's gu'm beil thig s' lub do ghluin
Le urnuigh 's aithreachas gun dail :—

"A dh-ionnsuidh Iosa teich gu luath,
A' gabhail grain a's fuath do d' pheac',
Le creideamh fìor thoir umhlachd dha,
An uile aith'nta naomh a reachd.

"Gabh ris na h-oifigibh gu leir,
'S ri h-aon diubh na cuir fein do chul;
Mar Fhaidh, mar Shagart, 'us mar Rìgh,
Chum slainte, didean, agus iuil.

"Biodh eiseimpleir am bench do shul,
Chum d' uile ghluasachd 'stiuir da reir,
'S gach meadhon dh-ordaich e chum slaint'
Bì fein g'an gnathachadh gu leir.

"As 'fhireantachd 'dean bun a mhaìn,
'S na taic gu brath ri d' thoi!!' tneas fein;
'S mas aill leat eifeachd bhi na ghras,
Na h-altrum peacadh daimh a'd' chre.

"Mar singed robh de chionta mor,
Chum gloir do Thighearn' saorar thu,
Is chum de shonais shiorruidh fein,
Air fead gach re a' seinn a chliu."

AN CLAI GEANN.

'S mi 'm shuigh aig an uaigh,
Ag amhare ma bruaich,
Feuch clai geann gun snuadh air iar;
Is thog mi e suas,
A' tiomach' gu truagh,
Ga thionndadh mu 'n cuairt am laimh.

Gun aille gun dreach,
Gun aithne gun bheachd;
Air duine theid seach 'na dhail;
Gun fhiacail 'na dheud,
Nò teanga 'na bheul,
No slugan a ghleusas cail.

Gun ruthadh 'na ghruaidh
'S e ruisgte gun ghruaig;
Gun eiseachd 'na chluais do m' dhan;

Gun anail na shroin,
No aile de'n fhoid,
Ach lag far 'm bu choir bhi ard.

Gun dealradh 'na shuil,
No rosg uimpe dun',
No fradharc ri h-uil mar b' abh'sd.
Ach durragan crom,
A chleachd bhi san, tom,
Air cladhach' da tholl 'nan ait.

Tha n' eanachainn bha 'd chul,
Air tionndadh gu smur,
Gun tionnsgal no surd rir t-fheum;
Gun smuainteach' a'd' dhail,
Mu philleadh gu brath,
A cheartach' na dh-fhag thu 'd dheidh.

Cha 'n innis do ghnuis,
A nise co thu.
Ma's rìgh mo ma's diuc thu fein
'S ionann Alasdair mor,
Is traill a dhi loin,
A dh-eug air an otrach bhreun.

Fhir chlaghach na h-uaigh;
Nach cagair thu 'm chluais,
Co 'n clai geann so fhuair mi 'm laimh?
'S gu 'n cuirinn ris ceisd,
Mu gnath mu 'n do theasd;
Ge nach fregair e' m' feasd mo dhan.

'Mu bu mhaighdean deas, thu,
Bha sgiamhach a'd' ghnuis,
'S deagh shuidheach' a'd' shuil da reir?
Le d' mhaise mar lion,
A' ribeadh mu chri',
Gach oganaich chi'dh thu fein.

Tha nise gach adh,
Bha cosnadh dbut graidh,
Air tionndadh gu grain gach neach;
Marbhaig air an uaigh,
A chreach thu do'n bhuaidh,
Bha ceangailt' ri snuadh do dhreach.

No 'm breitheamh ceart thu,
Le tuigs' agus iuil,
'Bha reiteach gach cuis do'n t-sluagh;
Gun aomadh le pairt;
Ach diteadh gu bas,
Na h-eucoir bba daicheil cruaidh?

No 'n do reic thu a choir,
Air ghlacaid de'n or,
O 'n dream da 'n robh stòras pailt?
Is bochdainn an t-sluaigh,
Fo fhoirneart ro chruaidh,
A fulang le cruas na h-aire.

'S mar robh thusa fìor,
Ann a t-oifig am binn,
'S gun d'ring thu an dìreach fìar;
'S cho chinnteach an nì,
'N uair thainig do chrioch,
Gu'n deachaich do dhìt, le Dia.

No n' robh thu a'd' leigh,
A' leigheas nan creuchd,
'S a' deanamh gach eugail slàn?
A t-ioc-shlaintibh mor,
A' deanamh do bhosd,
Gu 'n dibreadh tu choir o'n bhas?

Mo thruaighe ' gun threig,
Do leigheas thu fein,
'N uair bha thu fo eugail chruaidh;
Gu'n fhognadh gun sta,
Am purgaid no m' pla-4,
Gu d' chumail aon tra o'n uaigh.

No 'n seanalair thu.
A choisinn mor chliu,
Le d' sheoltachd a stiùireadh airm?
Air naimhdean toirt buaidh,
Ga 'n curr ann san ruaig,
'S ga 'm fagail nan cruachan marbh.

'N robh do chlaidheamh gun hìeirt,
No 'n dh-fhag thu do neart,
'N uair choinnich thu feachd na h-uaigh,
'N uair b' eigin d'at geill',
A dh-aindeoin do dheud,
Do dh' armailt' de bheistean truagh?

'Tha na durraig gu treun,
Ri d' choluinn' cur seis,
'S a' coisneadh ort feisd gach la;
Is claigneann do chinn,
'Na ghearasdan dìon,
Aig daolagan diblidh 'n tamh.

Pairt a' claidheach' do dheud,
A steach ann a' d' bheul,
'S cuid eile ri reub' do chluas;
Dream eil nan sgud,
Tigh'n amach air do shuil,
A' spuinneadh 's a' rusg' do ghruaidh.

No m' fear thu bha poit,
Gu tric 's an taigh osd,
'S tu eiridheil ag ol nan dram?
Nach iarradh dhut fein
De fhlaithneas De,
Ach beirm a bhi 'g eiridh a' d' cheann?

Nach iarradh tu 'cheol,
Ach mionnan mu'n bhord,
Is feuchainn co 'n dorn bu chruaidh:
Mar bho no mar each,
Gun tuigse, gun bheachd,
'S tu bruchdadh 'sa sgeith mu'n chuaich?

Na 'n duin' thu bha ghluas'd
Gu ceanalta suaire,
Gu measara stuam mu d' bhord;
Le miannaibh do chre,
Fo chuibhreacadh geur,
'N am suidhe gu feisd 's gu sogh?

No 'n geocaire mor,
Bha gionach air lon,
Mar choin an-am feolach dearg;

A' toileach' do mhiann,
Bha duilich a riar,
'S tu geilleadh mar Dhia do d' bholg?

Tha nise do bhrù,
Da 'n robh thu a' lub',
De ghaineamh 's do dh' uir gle lan,
'S do dheudach air glas',
Mu d' theangaidh gun bhlas,
Fo gheimhleachaibh prais a bhaiss.

No 'm morair ro mhor,
A' thachair am dhorn,
Neach aig an robh coir air tìr:
Bha iochdumhor ri bochd,
A' cluthach' nan nochd,
Reir pailteas a thoir 's a nìth?

No 'n robh thu ro chruaidh,
A' feannadh do thuath,
'S a' tanach an gruaidh le mal;
Le h-agartas geur
A glacadh an spricidh
'S am bochdainn ag eigheach dail?

Gu'n chridh' aig na daoine,
'Bh'air lomadh le h-aois,
Le 'n claigneann maola truagh;
Bhi seasamh a' d' choir,
Gun bhoineid 'nan dorn,
Ge d' tholladh goth reot' an cluas.

Tha nise do thraill,
Gun urram a' d' dhail,
Gun ghearsom', gun mhal, gun mhod;
Mor-mholadh do'n bhas,
A chasgair thu tra,
'S nach d' fhuilg do strae fo'n fhod.

No 'm ministear thu,
Bha tagradh gu dlu,
Ri pobull 'an ughdaras De;
Ga 'm pilleadh air ais,
Bha 'g imenachd gu bras,
Gu h-ìfrinn na casgradh dhcin?

No 'n robh thu gun sgoinn,
Mar mhuinne mu chloinn,
Gun churam a h-oighreachd Dhe;
Na 'm faigheadh tu 'n rusg,
Bha coma co dhiu,
M' an t-sionnach bhi stiùireadh 'n treud;

Leam 's cinnteach gun d' fhuair,
Do dheanadas duais,
'N uair rainig thu 'm Buachaill' mor;
'N uair chuartich am bas,
A steach thu 'na laith'r,
Thoir cunntas a' d' thalant' do.

No 'n ceann thu bha lan,
De dh-innleachdan baiss,
Gu seolta ga 'n tath' r'a cheil';
G'an cur ann an gnìomh,
Gun umhail gun fhiamh,
A freagra' do Dhia 'nan deigh?

'N robh teanga nam breug,
Gun chuibhreach fo d' dheud,
A' togail droch sgeul air cach;
Gath puinsein do bheil,
Mar naithir a' teum,
'S a' lotadh nan ceud gach la?

Tha i nise na tamh,
Fo cheangal a bhaia,
Gun sgainneal a' plaigh na duthch';
A's durraga grannd,
Air lobhadh 'n h-ait,
An deigh dhaibh enamh gu cul.

'S mu lean thu do ghnaths,
Gu leabaidh do bhaia,
Gau tionndadh' na thra ri coir;
Car tamull na h-uair,
Dean flaitheas de'n uaigh,
Gus an gairmear thu suas gu mod.

Mar losgann dubh grannd,
Ag iomairt a smag,
Gu 'n eirich thu 'n aird o'n t-slochd;
Thoir coinneamh do Chriosd,
'Na thighinn a ris,
A dh' fhaotainn lan diol a' t-olc.

'N uair theid thu fo bhinn,
Ni cheartas do dhìt;
Ga d' fhogradh gu siorruidh uaith;
Gu lasair ga d' phian,
Chaidh dheasach' da'n Diabh'l,
'S a mhallachd gu dian 'ga d' ruag.

'N sin cruaidhichidh Dia
Do chnaimhean mar iar'n,
'Is t-fheithean mar iallaibh prais;
Is teannaichidh t-fheoil
Mar innein nan ord,
Nach enamh i le moid an teas.

No 'n ceann thu 'n robh ciall,
Is eolas air Dia,
'S gu'n d' rinn thu a riar 'sa choir;
Ged tha thu 'n diugh ruisgt',
Gun aithe', gun iuil,
Gun teanga, gun suil, gun aron.

Gabh misneach san uaigh,
Oir eiridh tu suas,
'N uair chluineas tu fuaim an stuic,
'S do thruaillachd gu leir,
Shios fagaiddh tu'd dheigh,
Aig durragan breun an t-sluic.

Oir deasaichidh Dia,
Do mhaise mar ghrian,
Bhiodh ag eiridh o sgiath na m' beann;
'Cur fradharc ro gheur,
'S na suilean so fein,
'S iad a' dealradh mar reullt' a' d' cheann.

Do theanga 's do chail,
Ni ghleusadh gun dail,
A chantainn 'na aros cliu!
'Is fosglaidh do chluas,
A dh-eisteachd ri fuaim,
A mholaidh th' aig sluagh a chuir.

'N uair dhealraicheas Criosd,
Na thigheachd a ris,
A chruinneach' na 'm firean suas;
'N sin bheir thu de leum,
Thoir coinneamh dha fein,
Mar iolair nan speur aig luaths.

'N uair dh-eireas tu 'n aird,
Grad chuiridh ort failt,
A mhealtainn a chairdeas fein,
Gun dealach' gu brath,
R'a chomunn no ghradh,
A steach ann am Parras De.

Fhir 'chluinneas mo dhan.
Dean aithreachas tra,
'M feadh mhairaes do shlaight 's do bheachd;
Mu'n tig ort am bas,
Nach leig thu gu brath,
Air geata nan gras a steach.

AM BRUADAR.

Ain bhith dhomhsa ann am shuain
A' brудар diamhain mar tha cach,
Bhi glacadh sonais o gach ni;
Is e ga'm dhibreadh ann's gach ait.

Air leam gun tainig neach am choir.
'S gu'n dubh'rt e rium:—"Gur gorach mi,
Bhi smuainteach greim a ghleidh do'n
ghaoith,
No fos gu'n lion an saogh'l mo chri.

"Is diamhain dut bhi 'g iarraidh saimh,
'N aon ni' no'n ait air bith fo 'n ghrein;
Cha chlos do d' chorp an taobh so 'n uaigh,
No t-anam 'n taobh so shuaimhneas De.

"An tra dh'ith Adhamh 'a meas an tus,
Am peacadh dhruigh e air gach ni:
Lion e na h-uile ni le saoth'r,
Is dh-fhag e 'n saogh'l na bhriste cri'.

"Air sonas 'anma chaill e choir,
Mar ris gach solas bha'n sa gharr'
O sin ta 'shliochd nan deoiribh truagh;
Mar uan a mearachd air a mhath'r.

"Ri meilich chruaidh ta'd ruith gach ni,
'An duil gu 'm faigh an inntinn clos;

Ach dhaibh tha 'n saogh 'l gun iochd no truas,
Mar mhuime coimheich fhuair gun thus.

"Mar sin tha iad gun fhois na tamh,
Ga 'n sarach' glacadh faileas breig;
'S a' deoth' l toil-inntinn o gach ni,
Is iad mar chiochan seasg nam beul.

"Bidh teann-dachd eigin ort am feasd,
'S do dhochas faicinn fuasgladh t-fheum,
An comhnuidh dhut mar fhad do laimh;
Ach gu brath cha'n fhaigh dheth greim.

"Cha teagaisg t-fheuchain 's dearbhadh thu,
O dhuil is earbsa chuir sa' bhreig,
A rinn do mhealladh mille uair,
'S cho fhada bhuat an diugh san de.

"An ni bu mho da'n tug thu miann,
Nach dh-fhag a mhealt'inn riamh e searbh?
Tha tuille sonais ann an duil,
Na tha'n an crun le bhi na sheilbh.

"Ceart mar an ros a ta sa' ghar,
Crion seargaidh bhla 'nuair theid a bhuain;
Mu'n gann a ghlacas tu e d' laimh,
Grad threigidh fhaileadh e 'sa shnuadh.

"Cha 'n eil neach o thrioblaid saor,
Am measg a 'chinne daoin' air fad,
'S eo lionmhor osna aig an righ,
Is aig an neach is isle staid.

"Tha 'smudan fein os ceann gach foid
Is doruinn ceangailt' ris gach math;
Tha 'n ros a fas air drisean geur,
'S an taic' a cheil tha mhill san gath.

"Ged fhaic thu neach 'an saibhreas mor
Na meas a sholas bhi tha chach;
An tobar 's gloine chi do shuil,
Tha ghruid na iochdar gabhail tamh.

"'S mu chuireas t-anail e 'na ghluais,
Le taruinn chabhaig suas a'd' bheul,
Duisgidh an ruaghan dearg a nios,
'S le gaineamh lionaidh e do dheud.

"'S ged fhaic thu neach 'an inbhe aird,
Tha e mar nead am barr na craoibh;
Gach stoirin a bagra' thilgeadh nuas,
Is e air luasgadh leis gach gaoith.

"An neach is fearr tha 'n saogh' l a riar,
Tha fiaradh eigin ann 'na staid,
Nach dean a sheoltachd a's a stri,
Am feast a dhireachadh air fad.

"Mar bhata' fìar an aghaidh cheil,
A ta o shuidheach' fein do-chur;
A reir mar dhireas tu a bharr,
'S cho chinnteach ni thu cam a bhun.

"Na h-ludhaich thionail beag no mor,
Do'n Mhana dhoirteadh orra 'nuas;

'N tra chuir gach neach a chuid's a chlar,
Cha robh air barr no dadum uath.

"Mar sin a ta gach sonas saogh' l't,
A ta thu faotainn ann a d' laimh,
Fa chomhair saibhreas, 's inbhe cuirt
Tha caitheamh, curam agus cradh.

"Ged charn thu or a'd' shlige suas,
Fa chomhair fasaigh 'n luath da reir,
Is ge do chuir thu innte riogh' chd,
A mheidh cha dirich i na deigh.

"Tha cuibhrionn iomchuidh aig gach neach,
'S ged tha thu meas gur tuille b' fhearr;
Cha d' thoir an t-anabharr tha'n an sud,
Am feasd an cudrom a's a' chradh;

"O iomluais t-inntinn tha do phian;
A' diulta 'n diug na dh'iarr thu 'n de;
Cha chomasach an saogh' l do riar,
Le t-anamianna 'n aghaidh cheil.

"Na 'm faigheadh toil 'na feol a run,
D'a mianna brudeil dh'iarradh sath;
Flaitheas a b' aird' cha'n iarrach i,
Na annta sud bhi siorruidh 's namh.

"Ach ge do b' ionmhuinn leis an fheoil,
Air talamh comhnachadh gach re;
Bhiodh durachd t-ardain agus t-uail,
Cho ard a shuas ri Cathair Dhe;

"Ach nam b' aill leat sonas buan,
Do shlighe tabhair suas do Dhia,
Le durachd, creideamh agus gradh,
Is sasaichidh e t-uile mhiann.

"Tha 'n cuideachd sud gach ni san t-saogh' l,
Tha 'n comas dhaoine shealbhadh' fìor;
Tha bhiadh, a's eudach agus slaint,
Is saorsa, cairdeas, agus sìth."

'An sin do mhosgail a's mo shunin,
Is dh-fhag mo bhruadar mi air fad;
Ghrad leig mi dhìom bhi ruith gach sgail,
Is dh-fhas mi toilichte le m' staid.

AN GEAMHRADH.

Nis theirig an samhradh,
'S tha 'n geamhradh teachd dlu oirn,
Fìor namhaid na chinneas,
Teachd a mhillleadh ar duthcha;
Ga saltairt fo chasaibh,
'S d'a maise ga rusgadh;
Gun iochd ann ri dadum,
Ach a' sladadh 's a' plann-drùinn.

Sgaol oirne a sgiathan,
 'S chuir e ghrian air a chulthaobh;
 As an nend thug e 'n t-alach,
 Neo bhaigheil 'gar sgiursadh;
 Sneachd iteachach gle-gheal,
 O na speuran tigh'n dlu oirn,
 Clacha meallain 's gaoth thuathach,
 Mar luaidhe is mar fhudar.

'N uair sheideas e anail,
 Cha 'n fhag anam am fluran;
 Tha bhilean mar shiosar,
 Lomadh lios de gach ur-ros;
 Cha bhi sgeadach air coille,
 No doire nach ruisg e;
 No sruthan nach tachd e,
 Fo leachdannan du-ghorm.

Fead reota a chleibhe,
 Tha seideadh na doinnionn,
 Chuir beirm ann san fhairege,
 'S a dh' at' garbh i na tonnan;
 'S a bhinnich an clamhuinn,
 Air airde gach monaidh,
 'S ghlan sgur e na reulltan,
 D' ar peile le'n solas.

Tha gach breathach a's duine,
 Nach d' ullaich 'na sheasan,
 Ga 'n sgiursadh le gaillionn
 Gun talla' gun eudach;
 'S an dream a bha gnìomhach,
 'Fas iargalt mi-dheireil;
 Nach toir iasad do leisgean,
 Ann san t-sneachda ged eug e.

Tha 'n seillein 's an seangan,
 A bha tionail an stòrais,
 Le gliocas gun mhearachd,
 A' toirt aire do'n doruinn;
 'G ithe bidh 's ag ol meala,
 Gun ghainne air lon aè,
 Fo dhion ann san talamh,
 O anail an reota.

Tha na cuileagan ciatach,
 'Bha diamhain san t-samhradh,
 'S na gathanan greine
 Gu h-eibhinn a' damhsa;
 Gun deasach 'gun churam,
 Roi' dhulachd a gheamhradh;
 A nise a' dol bas',
 Ann 's gach aite le teanntachd.

Ach eisd rium a shean-duin',
 'S tuig an samhlaidh tha 'm stori',
 Tha 'm bas a tighin teann ort,
 Sud an gheamhradh tha 'm oran;
 'S ma gheibh e thu a' d' leisgein,
 Gun deasach' fa' chodhail,
 Cha dean aithreachas criche.
 Do dhionadh o'n doruinn.

Gur mithich fas diaghaidh,
 'S do chiabhan air glasadh,

'Na 'm bearnaibh do dheudach,
 Is t-eudann air casadh
 Do bhathais air rusgadh,
 'S do shuilean air prubadh,
 Agus croit ort air lubadh,
 Chum na h-uire do leaba'.

Tha na sruthanan craobhach,
 Bha sgaoileadh a' d' bhallaibh,
 Gu mireagach buailteach,
 Clis gluasadach tana;
 A nise air traghadh
 O n' t aomachadh thairis,
 O'n a ragaich 'sa dh-fhuaraich
 Teas uabhar na fala.

Balg-seididh na beatha,
 Tha air caitheamh gun fheum ann,
 'S o chrup ann a' d' chliabh e,
 Gur h-e phian bhi 'ga sheideadh
 Tha 'n corp a chruit chiuil ul,
 Air diultadh dhut gleusadh;
 'S comhar einnt' air a thasgaidh,
 Bhi lasach' a theudan.

Theich madainn na h-oige,
 'S treoir mheadhon latha
 Tha 'm feasgar air ciaradh,
 'S tha ghrian ort a laidhe;
 'S mu bha thusa diamhain,
 Gun gnìomh is gun mhaithneas;
 Gu h-calamh bi d' dhusgadh,
 Mu'n duinear ort flaitheas.

'Reir caithe na beatha,
 'S tric leatha gun orioch i;
 Bidh an cleachadh fas laidir,
 Do-fhasach o'n inntinn;
 Na labhair an sean-fhacal,
 'S deimhinn leam 's fìor e,
 "An car theid san t-seana-mhaid'
 Gur h-ainmic leis dìreadh."

Achognaich threibhich
 Thoir-s' eiseachd do m' oran,
 'S leig dhio' bhi mi-cheillidh,
 Ann an ceitèin na h-oige;
 Tha aois agus ea-slaime,
 Air do dheigh ann an toir ort;
 'S mu ni h-aon aca greim ort;
 Pillidh t-eibhneas gu bron dut.

An aois a tha 'n toir ort,
 Bheir i leon ort nach saoil thu;
 Air do shuilean bheir ceathach,
 Is treabhaidh si t-aodann;
 Bheir i crith-reodh' mu d' ghruaig',
 Is neul uaine an aoig leis,
 'S cha toig aiteamh na grian ort,
 'Bheir an liath-reodh a chaoidh' dhìot.

Bheir nì's measa na sud ort,
 Failne tuigs' agus reusain;
 Dith leirsinn a' t-inntinn;
 Dith cuimhn' agus geire;

Dith gliocais chum gnothaich;
Dith mothaich a'd' cheudfath
'S gu'm fas thu mar leanabh,
Dhì spionnaidh a's ceille.

Fasaidh 'n cridhe neo-aithreach,
'S neo-calamh chum tionndadh,
Aon tagra' cha druigh air,
'S cha lub e d'a ionnsuidh;
Ceart mar tha 'n talamh,
'N an gaillionn a's teanndachd;
Ged robh milltean 'dol thairis,
Cha dean aile sa' chausair.

Faic seasain na bliadhna,
'S dean ciall uath a tharruinn;
'S mas aill leat gu'm buain thu,
Dean ruadhar 'san earrach;
Dean connadh san t-samhradh,
Nì sa' gheumhradh do gharadh;
'S ma dhìbreas tu 'n seasain,
Dhut 's eighn bhi falamh.

'S mar cuir thu siol fallain,
Ann an earrach na h-oige,
Cho chinnteach 's an bas dut,
Cuiridh Satan droch phor ann;
A dh-fhasas 'na dhubhaile,
'S 'na luidheannan feolmhor;
'S bidh do bhuain mar a chuir thu,
Ma's subhaile no do-bheirt.

Ma bhios t-oige gun riaghladh,
'S t-anamianan gun taod riu,
Gum fas iad cho fadhaich,
'S nach srian thu ri t-aois iad;
Am meangon nach sniomh thu,
Cha spion thu 'na chraoibh e;

Mar ghineas e gheugan,
Bidh fhreumhan a' sgoileadh.

Tha do bheatha neo-chinnteach
O 'n teinn a bheir bas ort,
Uime sin bi ri dicheall
Do shith dheanamh trathail;
'S e milleadh gach 'nise
Bhi gun churam cur dail innt';
'S ionann aithreachas crìche,
'S bhi cur sil mu Fheill-martuinn.

Tha ghrian ann sna speuraibh
A' ruith reise gach latha;
'S i 'giorrach' do shaoghail,
Gach oidhe a laidheas;
'S dlu ruitheas an spala,
Troì' shnathaibh do bheatha;
Tha' fighe dhut leine,
Nì beisdean a chaitheamh.

'S ma ghoidas e dlu ort,
Gun do dhuil bhi r'a thighinn;
'N sin fosglaidh do shuilean,
'S chi thu chuis thar a mithich;
Bidh do choguis 'ga d' phianadh,
Mar sgian ann a d' chridhe;
'S co-ionann a giulan,
'S laidhe ruist' ann an sgitheach.

Faic a chuilleag 'ga dteadh
Le sionntaibh an naduir,
'S o na dhithir i 'n seasain,
Gur h-eigin d'i basach';
Faic gliocas an t-seangain,
Na thional cho trathail,
'S dean eisimpleir leanail,
Chum t-anam a shabhal'.

DAIBHIDH MAC-EALAIR.

DAVID MACKELLAR, commonly called *Daibhidh nan Laoidh*, was another religious poet. The time of his birth is not known. He lived in Glendaruel after the beginning of last century. He was blind, and the people in that country still preserve some traditionary accounts of him, and of the manner in which his hymn was composed, the most striking of which is that after having composed it his sight was restored. In his youth he composed some profane pieces. The time of his death is likewise uncertain, but a grand-daughter of his lived in Glasgow not many years ago. This hymn was first published in Glasgow about the year 1750. It was so very popular in the Highlands that many persons got it by heart that had never seen the printed copy.

LAOIDH MHIC-EALAIR.

MOLADH do'n Tì 's airde gloir,
An Tì 's modha no gach neach;
Cruithear an t-saoghail gu leir,
Da'n cubhaidh dhuinn geill' air fad.

'S tu rinn an domhann 's na th' ann,
Na cuaintean domhain, 's am fonn;
'S chuir thu iasg g'a altrum ann,
'S thug thu ciall gu ghlaeadh dhuinn.

Rinneadh leat gealach a's grian,
Thogail fianuis air do ghloir;
Cha'n aithris mi a mìle trian,
De chruthachadh an Dia is mo.

'S tu rinn na reultan air fad,
A riaghlachadh gu ceart nan trath;
Gheall thu maraon fuachd a's teas,
Foghar ma seach agus Mairt.

'S tu rinn na h-ainglean air fad,
Tha 'n t-abharsair fo d' smachd gu mor:
Air slabhruidh laidir aig do Mhac,
Cumail a neart o theachd oirnn'.

Rinneadh leat an duine' ris,
A reir t-ìomhaidh chum go ghloir;
Ach chaill e 'n oidhreacht ud gun luach,
'S cha'n fhuasgalar i le or.

'S tu chuir am fradhare na cheann,
Chuir thu falt tro chlaigeann lom;
Thug thu eusas gu eisteachd dha,
'S gluasad a chuirp o na bhonn.

Chuir thu Adhamh an eadal trom,
Chaidh leigh nan gras os a cheann;
'S de dh-aisinn bho thaobh do rinn
A bhean, o'n do ghin gach clann.

Chuir thu e 'n garadh nan seud,
Far an robh eibhneas a ghraidh;
Dh-ith a bhean an sin a meas,
'S dh-fhuilig i 's a sliochd am bas,

Cha robh a teasargain aig neach,
O'n a chumhnanta rinn i bhris;
'N tra ruisgeadh an sgeudachadh ceart,
Bha chuis na h-eagal an sin.

Ach moladh do dh' Ard-Rìgh nam feart,
O nach b'aill leis teachd d'ar sgrìos;
'Nuair chunnaic e Adhamh na aire,
Rinn e cumhnant' nan gras ris.

Thainig Iosa 'nuas le thoil,
Thug e suas mar iobairt fhuil;
Mac na firinn, Uan gun chron,
M'ar ciontais-ne fhuair e ghuin.

Crochadh e ri crann an aird,
'S an t-sleagh saite tro a chorp;

Crun geur na peine chuir mu cheann,
Fhuair mac Dhe le naimhde lot.

Crun sgithich, an aite crun rìgh,
Mar thailceas, 's mar dhi-meas mor;
Domblas agus fion gour,
'N deoch a thug iad dha ri h-ol.

Na tairnean g'an cur an sas,
Am bosaibh a lamh le ord;
'S fuil a chridhe ruith a thaobh,
Ceannachd bu daoire nan t-or.

'Nuair chaidh Crìosd gu pein a bhais,
'S a dh' fhuilig e air son an t-sluaigh;
Sgoilt brat an teampuil sìos gu lar,
'S dhuig na mairbh an aird o'n uaigh.

Chreathnaich an talamh trom, le crith,
Air a ghrein gu'n tainig smal;
Le feirg Dhe, do chrath e 'n sin;
Dh-fhuilig Crìosd am bas re seal.

Dh-adhlaic iad an t-Uan fo lie,
Thug e buaidh, san uaigh cha d' fhan;
As a bhas thug e gheur-ghuin,
'S dh-eirich an treas la gun smal.

Na shuidh' aig deas-laimh athar a ta,
Crìosd le grasan os ar ceann;
A' cur oifig sagairt an gnìomh,
A' deasachadh a rioghachd dhuinn.

Thig an t-am san tig mac Dhe,
Creidibh sud gur sgeula fìor:
Le mìlteibh mìl' de dh' ainglibh treun,
Thoir oirne breith a reir ar gnìomh.

'N sin seinnean an trompaid gu h-ard,
Leis na h-ainglean 's aille snuagh;
Eiridh na mairbh an aird o'n uir,
'S bheir e cuntas uaith' an cuan.

Liubraidh gach uaigh na fhuair i-fein,
'S cha bhi neach de'n treud air chall;
Nochdar iad uil' am fiadhnais De,
'S e Mhac fhein is breitheamh ann.

Bithidh iadsan soilleir an sin,
Mar sholas dealrach an dreach;
Thig Crìosd nan coinneamh le gean,
'S bith sith an comunn nam fiath.

Ni thu 'n sin fearbadh air gach neach,
'S dìonaidh tu o'n fheirg na's leat,
Mhead 's tha air an dearbhadh dhut,
Cuirear iad fo dhion do bhràit.

Cuirear na gobhair air laimh chli,
Chum triall gu prìosan a' bhroin;
Druidear suas, 's gur cruaidh an sgeul,
Fiath-Innis Dhe air an sroin.

Mallaichidh 'n nighean a mathair,
Mallaichidh mhathair a clann;
'S mallaichidh 'n t-athair a mhac,
Nach do ghabh a smachd 'na am.

'S iomadh sgairteach, a's gul geur,
Ri h-am cluintinn sgeul an craidh;
Mallachadh a cheile gu leir,
Sgarachdainn ri Uan a ghraidh.

Sin la an dealachaidh bhochd,
G'an sgarachdainn a dh'aindeon riut;
G'an sgiursadh gu h-aineal an loisg,
'S gun duil aig anam tigh'n' a's.

An teach d'a mìleadh cuirear iad,
Fo dhioghaltas an Ard-Rìgh;
Gun duil ri furtachd no ri bas,
Gu brath, cha tig iad a nìos.

Fasaidh 'n cuirp cho chruidh ri prais,
Mar iarunn an cas san lamh;
G'an cumail beo ann an sìor phian,
Teine dian gun fhurtachd la.

Gach aon la mar bhlianna bhuan,
An lagan loisgneach, cruaidh an sas;

G'an liodairt le teas a's fuachd,*
Sud an duais ge fad an dail.

Latha cha bhi ann na dheigh,
Falaichear na reultan 's a ghrian;
Sgrìosar an saoghal gu leir,
'S neach cha teid an toll bho Dhia.

M'achanaich riuts', air sgath do mhic,
Mèdaich mo ghliocas le gras;
'S thoir dhomh mathanas 's gach cuis,
Seal ma'n druid mo shuil le bas.

* The ancient Caledonians entertained the idea that hell was a cold and inhospitable place, as the following stanza from an old poem will show:—

"'S maing a roghnaicheas Ifrinn fhuar,
'S gur h-i uamh nan droigheann geur,
Is beag orm Ifrinn fhuar. fhluach,
Atte bith-bhuan is searbh deoch."

The following lines from *Dan an Fhìr Chlaoin* give it this character:—

"I sin allaidh na freolne,
Led' thiugh-cheo as le t-uamh-bheidean
A thir nam pian gun bhladh gun bhaigh,
Dol ad dhal be sud mo dheisinn."

ROB DONN.

ROBERT MACKAY, otherwise called *Rob Donn*, was born in the winter season of the year 1714, at *All-na-Caillich*, in the parish of Durness, in the county of Sutherland, and in that part of the county, properly enough, till of late, designated by its inhabitants and others, "Lord Reay's country," and in the native tongue "*Duthaich Mhic-Aoidh*," or "The country of the Mackay." The bard was not the eldest son of his father; he had three brothers, of whom nothing remarkable is remembered. His father, Donald Mackay, or Donald Donn, is not remembered to have been of any poetic talent: but his mother's talents of that description are known to have been more than ordinarily high. She was remarkable for the recital of Ossian's poems, and the other ancient minstrelsy of the land. She lived to a very advanced age; and we have heard an instance of singular female fortitude evinced by her at the age of eighty-two. Having had the misfortune to break her leg, while tending her sheep at a considerable distance from home, she bound it up, contrived to get home unassisted; and while afterwards enduring the operation of setting the fracture, she soothed the pain by crooning a popular air.

If local scenery could be really imagined conducive in any way to the formation or training of poetic genius, of a truth the nursery of our bard might well lay claim

to that merit—"the emblem of deeds that *were* done in its clime." The surrounding localities of his native spot, we believe, are not surpassed in picturesque grandeur by any other in the Highlands of Scotland.

Rob Donn might say of himself, with Pope, that "he lisped in numbers." Ere he had yet but scarcely obtained even the power of lisping, an anecdote is recorded of his infant age of no ordinary description, though homely enough in its history. At the wonted season of making provision for the winter, according to the country's fashion, by slaughtering of beeves, our bard's father, on one occasion, happened to slaughter two, one of which was found inferior in quality to the other. The small-pox, at the time, was committing mournful devastations among the youth of the neighbourhood. While busied in the necessary avocation of curing their winter's beef, the father says, "Now, the best of this beef is not to be touched till we have seen who survives the small-pox to share it." The infant bard, scarcely yet able to articulate or walk, on hearing this, exclaimed, "'S *ole a' chuid sin do'n fhear a dh' fhalbhas!*" i. e. "He who departs will have a bad share of it, then!" "True, my boy," said the father, "and yours will never be a bad share, while you remain able to use it."

The first verse he is said to have composed, was when he had attained only his third year. Its occasion indeed testifies that his age could not have been much more at the time. It was the country's fashion for children, when they had little more than left the nurse's lap, to be dressed in short frock, or cassock, formed close to the body round the waist, and buttoned at the back. A tailor had fitted our youthful author with such an habiliment, and next morning the child was anxious to exhibit it; but his mother, and the domestics, having been summoned early to some out-door pursuits, Robert became anxious to get abroad in his new garb, but found himself quite defeated in every attempt to button it on. He took the alternative of sallying forth in a state of nudity; when, being met by his mother coming towards the house, she chided him for being seen in this state. Robert's defence was made in the following stanza:—

'S math dhomhsa bhi 'n diugh gun aodach,
Le slaodaireachd Mhurchaidh 'Ic Neill,
Mo bhroilleach chur air mo chulthaobh,
'S gun a dhunadh agam fhein!"

reproaching the tailor for the trick he had played him, in placing the buttons behind, and lamenting his own inability to accommodate the new dress to his person. His next exhibition of poetic promise was given in the same year, we are told, in the harvest season, when all the inmates of the family were employed in reaping. An old woman, who acted as nurse to the children, was on this occasion called to the sickle. She complained that the more active labourers had jostled her out of her place, and left her only to reap the straggling stunted stalks that grew in the border furrow. While muttering her disappointment, Robert, scarce able but to creep at his nurse's elbow, endeavoured to rally her with a verse:—

"Bi-sa dol a null 's a nall,
Gus a ruig thu grunn na clais,
Cha 'n 'eil air, ma tha e gann,
Ach na tha ann a thoirt as."

At the age of six or seven years, he attracted the particular attention of Mr. John Mackay, the celebrated *Iain Mac-Eachuinn*, a gentleman of the family of *Sherray*, then living on the neighbouring farm of *Musal*. This gentleman, of poetic talents himself, prevailed with our author's parents to allow their child to come into his service, or rather into his family, at the early age we have mentioned. In this family our author remained as a servant from this age till the period of his marriage. Here he experienced liberal treatment, and sincere, unvaried kindness, of which he ever retained a lively and grateful recollection, especially towards his master; and it is no trifling praise to both, that though they once or twice latterly had a difference, the bard's esteem and affection returned when the casual excitement had passed; and when it lay upon his mind, he was never once known to have given it the least utterance in any shape bordering upon disrespect, and after his death the bard composed an admirable elegy to his memory, which combines as forcible, energetic description of character and conduct, with as pure poetic power as can be found in any poetry of its kind. The bard most feelingly and pathetically concludes it with a solemn appeal of his having mentioned no virtue or trait of which he was not himself a witness.

A youth of our author's poetic mind could not be expected to remain long a stranger to the more tender susceptibilities of his nature. Nor has he left us in ignorance of his first love. It is the subject of one of his finest songs:—" *'S trom lean an airidh,*" &c. Here his passion breathes with an innocent, simple faithfulness, with an ardour and truth of poetic recital, that no lays of the kind can perhaps surpass.

After his marriage, Rob Donn first resided at the place of *Bad-na-h-achlais*, then probably forming a part of his late employer's tenure. It was, we believe, soon after this period, that Robert was hired by Lord Reay to the office of a cow-keeper, at that time an office, though a humble one, of considerable responsibility and trust. In this station he continued for the greater part of his after life-time. We have not been able to ascertain dates with precision, to say whether it was before or after having accepted this office that our bard enlisted as a private soldier in the first regiment of Sutherland Highlanders, which was raised in 1759. He did not enlist so much as a soldier, as he was urged by the country gentlemen holding commissions in that corps, and as he himself felt inclined to accompany them. The regiment was reduced in 1763, and our bard returned to his home.

Though we have said that he spent mostly the after period of life, since he entered the service of Lord Reay, in that office, it was not without interruption. He left his servitude at one time, and we are inclined to think it was then he went into the military service. While he had charge of Lord Reay's cattle, and his wife of the dairy, during the summer months, it was also his province to look over them during the winter months: and it became a part of his duty, or an employment connected with it, to thresh out corn for supplying the cattle with fodder. To the laborious exercises of the flail, the bard could never submit. He employed servants to perform this part of his duty. That was, however, taken amiss, and he was told that he must himself wield the flail or leave the situation. He chose the

latter alternative ; and removed, with his family, to the place of Achmore, in that part of the parish of Durness which borders upon Cape Wrath. Indeed, though we have no decided authority for the supposition, we are inclined to believe that the difference between him and his noble employer originated in another cause than that ostensibly alleged. The bard had been dealing his reproofs rather freely. No feeling of dependence, no awe of superior rank or station, ever restrained him from giving utterance to his sentiments, or from enjoying his satire, whenever what he conceived to be moral error, or evil example, called for reproof. And this was dealt with the dignity that belongs to virtue, refusing, as he always did on such occasions, to compromise that dignity by indulging in personal invective. But whatever was the cause of the difference that occasioned his removal, he was soon recalled, and left not the service again during the life of the chief.

Robert continued to attend his usual avocations till within a fortnight of his death, which took place on the 5th August, 1778, being then aged 64 years. The death of the bard caused a universal feeling of sadness, not only in his own native corner, but over the whole county. It might be said that there was no individual but mourned for him as a friend : those only excepted whose continued immoralities and errors had rendered them objects on which fell with severity the powerful lash of his satire.

His stories of wit and humour were inexhaustible ; and, next to superior intelligence and acuteness of mind, formed perhaps in his every-day character the most distinguishing feature. He had ever a correct and delicate feeling of his own place ; but if any one, high or low, superior or equal, drew forth the force of his sarcasm upon themselves, by assuming any undue liberty on their part, it was an experiment they seldom desired to repeat. His readiness and quickness of repartee often discovered him where he had been personally unknown before. At one time, when travelling northward through a part of Argyllshire, he met by chance with Mr. M'Donald, of Aghatriochdan, well known in his own country as a man of notable humour and distinguished talents. Robert addressed to this gentleman some question relative to his way ; and giving a civil answer, Mr. M'Donald added, " I perceive, my man, by your dialect, you belong to the north—what part there ? " " To Lord Reay's country. " " O ! then you must know Rob Donn ! " " Yes I do, as well as I know myself. I could point him out to you in a crowd. " " Pray do inform me, then, what sort of person he is, of whom I have heard so much. " " A person, I fear, of whom more has been spoken than he well deserves. " " You think so, do you ? " The last answer did not please the enquirer, who was poetic himself, thinking he had met with too rigid a censurer of the northern bard, and the conversation ceased, while they both proceeded together on their way. After a pause, Mr. M'Donald, pointing to Ben Nevis, which now rose in the distance before them, says, " Were you ever, my man, at the summit of yonder mountain ? " " I never was. " " Then you never have been so near to heaven. " " And have you yourself been there ? " " Indeed I have. " " And what a fool you have been to descend ! " retorted the bard, " are you sure of being ever again so nigh ! " M'Donald had caught a tartar. " I am far deceived, " said he, " if thou be not

thyself Rob Donn !” The bard did not deny it, and a cordial friendship was formed between them.

To Rob Donn’s moral character testimony has already been borne. It was uniformly respectable. To those acquainted with what may well be denominated the moral and religious statistics of the bard’s native country at that time, and happily still, it will furnish no inconsiderable test not only of his moral but of his strictly religious demeanour, that he was chosen a ruling elder, or member of the Kirk Session of the parish of Durness. In that country such an election was never made where the finger of scorn could be pointed at a blemish of character. It scarcely requires to be told, that his society was courted not alone by his equals, but still more by his superiors in rank. No social party almost was esteemed a party without him. No public meeting of the better and the best of the land was felt to be a full one, without Rob Donn being there.

In the bosom of his own humble but respectable family, we have good authority for saying that he was a pattern in happiness and in temper.* A family of thirteen were mostly all spared to rise around him, trained to habits of industry and of virtue. None of them became celebrated as inheriting their father’s genius ; but some of his daughters possessed more or less of the “airy gift ;” and from their attempts at repartee and impromptu, the father used frequently to draw much mutual and harmless enjoyment. His wife had a musical ear and voice unrivalled in the country ; and any ordinary pastime of their winter evenings was for the family and parents to join their voices in song ; while we believe, that when the father’s absence did not prevent, they never ceased to exemplify the most sacred lineaments of the immortal picture in “The Cotter’s Saturday Night.”

Rob Donn’s compositions may be classed into four kinds—Humorous, Satirical, Solemn, and Descriptive ; all these severally, with few exceptions, belonging to the species of poetry commonly called Lyrical. He was illiterate ; he knew not his alphabet. The artificial part of poetry, if poets will grant that expression legitimate, was to him utterly unknown. Perhaps he never took more than an hour or two to compose either his best or his longest songs. Even the most of the airs to which he composed are original, which presents as a single circumstance the resources of his mind to have been of no ordinary extent. His works were published in Inverness, with a memoir prefixed, in 1830.

In forming an estimate of the moral and poetical merits of Rob Donn, his biographer has been more guided by the opinions and prejudices of his countrymen, than by a just and impartial examination of the poet’s works. In poetry, as in religion, we may be allowed to judge men by their fruits. Rob has been held up as a man of high moral and religious worth ; but the editor himself admits, that many of his pieces are too indelicate for publication.

Many of his published pieces are such as no good man ought to have produced against his fellow creatures. His love of satire was so indiscriminate, that he often attacks persons who are not legitimate objects of ridicule. Little men and women are the unceasing objects of his satire ; and he does not spare the members of his own family.

He was proud of his own powers of satire, and seemed to enjoy the dread of those who feared the exercise of his wit. His satire is not rancorous and vindictive, but playful and sportive; more calculated to annoy than to wound. If he was not invited to a feast or wedding, next day he composed a satire, full of mirth and humour, but too indelicate to be admitted into his book. He has not the wit and poignancy of Macintyre, who composed his satires while in a state of irritation to punish his enemies.

As a writer of elegies, he is more distinguished for sober truth, than poetical embellishment. He hated flattery; and, in closing an elegy on the death of a benefactor, he declares that he had recorded no virtue that he had not himself observed.

As a poet he cannot be placed in the highest rank. He is deficient in pathos and invention. There is little depth of feeling, and very slender powers of description to be found in his works; and, when the temporary and local interest wears away, he can never be a popular poet.

Yet, Rob Donn has been honoured more than any of his brother poets in the Highlands. A subscription having been raised among his countrymen for a monument to his memory, it is now erected in the parish burying-ground of Durness, over his grave. Its foundation stone was laid on 12th January, 1829, with masonic honours, and a procession to the burying-ground, not only of the whole parish, but joined by numbers from the other parishes of "Lord Reay's country," headed by Captain Donald Mackay, of the 21st regiment of foot, who has done himself honour worthy of record, by his activity and zeal in raising the subscription, and bringing with his other coadjutors, this intention to its completion. The monument now stands a record of the bard's fame, and an honourable testimony of his countrymen's feelings. It is of polished granite, on a quadrangular pedestal of the same enduring material, and bears the following inscriptions:--

[*First Side.*]

IN MEMORY
OF
ROB DONN, OTHERWISE ROBERT MACKAY,
OF DURNESS,
THE REAY GAELIC BARD.
THIS TOMB WAS ERECTED AT THE EXPENSE OF A FEW OF HIS COUNTRYMEN,
ARDENT ADMIRERS OF NATIVE TALENT,
AND EXTRAORDINARY GENIUS,
1829.

[*Second Side.*]

"POETA NASCITUR NON FIT."
OBIIT 1778.

[*Third Side.*]

"BU SHLUAGH BORB SINN GUN BHREITHEANAS,
NUAIR A DH-FHALBH THU, MUR SGATHADH SUD OIRNN."

[*Fourth Side.*]

"SISTE VIATOR, ITER, JACET HIC SUB CESPITE DONNUS,
QUI CECINIT FORMA PRÆSTANTES RURE PUELLAS;
QUIQUE NOVOS LETO CELEBRAVIT CARMINE SPONSOS;
QUIQUE BENE MERITOS LUGUBRI VOCE DEFLEVIT;
ET ACRIUS VARIIS MOMORDIT VITIÆ MODIS."
ÆTATIS 64.

* The above lines, in memory of the bard, were written by the late Rev. Alexander Pope, minister of Reay.

ORAN DO PHRIONNSA TEARLACH.

An diugh, an diugh, gur reusontach
Dhuinn eiridh ann an sanntachas,
An tri-amh lath' air crìochnachadh,
De dhara mìos a' gheamhraidh dhuinn;
Dean'maid comunn failteach riut,
Gu bruidhneach, geireach, oranach,
Gu botalach, copach, stopanach,
Le cruil, le ceol, 's le damhsaireachd.

Dean'maid comunn failteach
Ris an la thug than an t-saoghail thu;
Dlaimid deoch-slaime nìs
An t-Seumais oig o 'n d' inntig thu;
Le taing a thoirt do 'n Ard Rìgh shuas,
Gu 'n d' fhuair do mhathair libhraigeachd,
Dheth h-aon bha do na Gaeil,
Mar bha Daibhidh do chlainn Israeil.

Tha cupall bhliadhn' a's ruidhe,
O 'nla thainig thu do dh' Alba so;
'S bu shoilleir dhuinn o 'n trath bha sin,
An fhailte chuir an aimsir oirnn.
Bha daoine measail, miadhail oirnn,
'S bha arach nì a seallbach' oirnn,
Bha barran tromha tìr' againn,
Bha toradh frith' a's fairg' againn.

An diugh, an diugh, gur cuimhne leam,
Air puing nach coir a dhearmad ort,
Mu bhreith a' phrionnsa rìoghail so,
Dhe 'n teaghlach d'hirich Albannaich;
Togamaid suas ar suilean ris,
Le urnaigh dhlù gun chealgairachd,
Ar lamhan na 'm biodh feum orra,
Le toil 's le eud 's le earbsalachd.

Togamaid fuirm a's meanmnadh ris,
Is aithnichear air ar durachd sinn,
Le latha chumail sunndach leinn,
As leth a' phrionnsa Stiubhartaich;
Gur cal' an am na h-eigin e,
Ar carraig threun gu stiùireadh air;
Thug barr air cheud am buadhannan,
'S tha eiridhe 'n t-sluaigh air dluthadh ris.

Cha 'n iognadh sin, 'n uair smuainichear
An dualachas o 'n tainig e;
'N doimhne bh' ann gu foghlumte;
Gun bhonn do dh' eis 'n a nadur dheth,
Mar Sholamh, 'n cleachdadh reusanta,
Mar Shamson, treun an lamhan e,
Mar Absalom, gur sgiamhach e,
Gur sgiath 's gur dìon d' a chairdean e.

Nach f'haic sibh fein an speis
A ghabh na speuran gu bh' 'g umhladh dha;
'N uair sheas an reannag shoillseach,
Anns an *line* an robhsa stiùireadh leis;
An comhar' bh' aig ar Slanuighear,
Ro Thearlach thigh'n do 'n duthaich so,
'N uair chaidh na daoine ciallach ud
G' a iarraidh gu Ierusalem.

A nis, a Thearlaich Stiubhairt,
Na 'm biodh an crun a th' air Seoras ort,
Bu lionmhor againn cuirtearan,
A' caitheamh ghun is chleacachan;
Tha 'm a' theuing ris an Tì sin,
Aig am seil gach nì ri orduchadh,
Gu 'n tearnadh e o 'n cheilg ac' thu,
'S gu 'n cuir e 'n seilbh do ehorach thu.

ORAN NAN CASAGAN DUBHA.

[A rinn am bard 'n uair chual' e gu 'n do bha-
cadh an t-eideadh Gaelach le lagh na rìoghachd;
agus muinntir a dhuthcha fein bhi uile air taobh
rìgh Deorsa 's a' bhliadhna 1745.]

LAMH' Dhe leinn, a dhaoine,
C' uime chaochail sibh fasan,
'S rach 'eil agaibh de shaorsa,
Fiu an nodaich a chleachd sibh;
'S i mo bharail mu 'n eighe,
Tha 'n aghaidh fheilleadh a's osan,
Gu 'm beil caraid aig Tearlach,
Ann am *Parlamaid* Shasuinn.

Faire ! faire ! 'Rìgh Deorsa,
'N ann a spors' air do dhileasan,
Deanamh achdachan ura,
Gu bhi dublachadh 'n daorsa;
Ach on 's balaich gun uails' iad,
'S fearr am bualadh no 'n caomhna,
'S bidh nì 's lugha g'a t-fheitheamh,
'N uair thig a leithid a riad oirnn.

Ma gheibh do namhaid 's do charaid
An aon pheanas an Albainn,
'S iad a dh-eirich 'na t-aghaidh,
Rinn an roghainn a b' fhearra dhiubh;
Oir tha caraid math cuil ac',
A rinn taobh ris na dh' earb ris,
'S a' chuid nach d' imich do 'n Fhraing leis,
Fhuair iad *pension* 'nuair dh-fhalbh e.

Cha robh oifigeach Gaelach
Eadar *Serjent* a's *Coirneil*,
Nach do chaidh a *chomission*,
'N uair chaidh 'm briseadh le foirneart;
A' mheud 's a fhuair sibh an uiridh,
Ged bu diombuan r'a ol e,
Bheir sibh 'm bliadhn' air ath-philleadh,
Air son unneagan *leosain*.

Cha robh bhliadhna na taic so,
Neach a sheasadh mar sgolair,
Gun *choisoin* rìgh B' atainn,
Gu bhi 'n a Chaptein air onair;
Chaidh na ficheadan as diubh,
Nach do leasaich sud *dolar*,
Ach an sgiursaigeadh dhachaidh,
Mar chu a dh-easbhuidh a *choitair*.

Ach ma dh-sontaich sibh rìreadh,
Ri bhuir sior dhol an mugha,
Ged a bha sibh cho rioghail,
Chaidh bhuir oisean am modhad;
'S math an airidh gu 'n faicte
Dream cho tais ribh a' cumha,
Bhi tilgeadh dhibh buir cuid bhreacan,
'S a' gabhail chasagan dubha.

Och! mo thruaighe sin Albainn!
'S tur a dhearbh sibh bhuir reuson,
Gur i 'n roinn bh' ann bhuir n-inntinn,
'N rud a mhill air gach gleus sibh;
Leugh an Gobharment sannt
Anns gach neach a thionndaidh ris fein
dhibh,
'S thug iad baoght do bhuir gionaich,
Gu 'r cuir fo mhìonaich a cheile.

Ghlac na Sasunnaich fath oirbh,
Gus bhuir fagail ni 's laige,
Chum 's nach bitheadh 'g ur cunntadh,
'N ur luchd-comh-stri ni 'b' fhaide;
Ach 'n uair a bhios sibh a dh-easbhuidh
Bhuir n-airm, 's bhuir n-acuinnean sraide,
Gheibh sibh searsaigeadh mionnach,
Is bidh bhuir peanas ni 's graide.

Tha mi faoin' bhuir truaighe,
Mar ni nach cuas a shamhuil,
A' chuid a's fearr de bhuir seabhaig,
Bhi air slabhruidh aig clamhan;
Ach ma tha sibh 'n ar leoghainn,
Pillibh 'n doghruinn s' 'na teamhair,
'S deanaibh 'n deudach a thrusadh,
Mu 'n teid bhuir busan a cheangal.

'N uair thig bagradh an nomaidd,
Gus an ait anns do phill e,
'S ann bu mhath leam a chairdean,
Sibh bhi 'n aireamh na buidhne,
D' am biodh spioraid cho Gaelach,
'S gu 'm biodh an sar ud 'n an cuimhne,
Gus bhuir pileadh 's an abheinn,
Oir tha i roimhibh ni 's doimhne.

Nis, a Thearlaich oig Stiubhaird,
Riut tha duil aig gach fine,
Chaidh a chothachadh cruin dhut,
'S a leig an duthaich 'n a teine;
Tha mar nathraichean folaicht',
A chaill an earradh an uraidh,
Ach tha 'g ath-ghleusadh an gathan,
Gu e'ridh latha do thighinn.

'S iomadh neach a tha guidhe,
Ri do thighinn, a Thearlaich,
Gus an eireadh na cuingean,
Dheth na bhuidheann tha 'n eigin;
A tha cantainn 'n an oridhe,
Ged robh an teanga 'g a bhreugadh,
"Lan do bheatha gu t-fhaicinn,
A dh' ionnsuidh Bhreatainn a's Eirinn."

'S iomadh oganach aimsichte,
Tha 's an am so 'n a chadal,

Eadar braighe Srath-Chluanaidh,
Agus bruncan Loch-abair;
Rachadh 'n cuisibh mhic t-athar,
'S a chrun, 's a chathair r' an tagradh,
'S a dh' ath-philleadh na Ceathairn,
A dhioladh latha Chulodair.

Ach a chairdean na cuirte,
Nach 'eil a' chuis a' cur feirg oirbh,
Na 'n do dh' fhosgail bhuir suilean,
Gus a chuis a bhi searbh dhuibh;
Bidh bhuir duais mer a' ghoibhar
A theid a bhleodhan gu tarbhach,
'S a bhith r' a' fuadach 's an fhoghar
Is runig nan gaothar r'a h-carball.

Ma 's e 'm peacach a 's modha
'S coir a chumhachd a chlaoidheadh;
Nach e Seumas an Seachdamh
Dhearbh bhi seasachach 'n a inntinn?
"C' uim' an dteadh sibh 'n onair,
Na bhiodh sibh moladh na daoidheachd?"
'S gur h-e dhluithachd d' a ohreideamh
A thug do choigich an rioghachd.

Fhuair sinn righ a Hanobhar,
Sparradh oirne le achd e,
Tha againn prionnsa 'n a aghaidh,
Is neart an lagha 'g a bhacadh;
O Bhith, tha shuas 'na do bhreitheamh,
Gun chroin 's ar dhis nach fac thu,—
Mar h-e a th' ann, cuir air aghairt
An t-aon a 's lugha 'm bi pheacadh.

ISEABAIL NIC-AOIDH

AIR FOMN—*Piobaireachd.*

An t-urair.

ISEABAIL Nic-Aoidh,
Aig a' chroddh laigh,
Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
'S i 'n a h-aonar,
Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
Aig a' chroddh laigh,
Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
'S i 'n a h-aonar;
Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
Aig a' chroddh laigh,
Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
'S i 'n a h-aonar;
Seall sibh Nic-Aoidh
Aig a' chroddh laigh,
Am bonnabh nam frith'
'S i 'n a h-aonar.

An ceud Siubhal.

Mhuire 's a Righ!

A dhuine gun mhnaoi,
Ma thig thu a chaoidh,
'S i so do thim;
Nach faic thu Nic-Aoidh,
Aig a' chrodh laoigh,
Am bonnabh nam frith',
'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Mhuire 's a Rìgh!
A dhuine gun mhnaoi,
Ma thig thu a chaoidh,
'S i so do thim;
Nach faic thu Nic-Aoidh,
Aig a' chrodh laoigh,
Am bonnabh nam frith',
'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Comharradh duibh
Nach 'eil gu math,
Air fleasgach amh
Bhi feadh a so,
'N uair tha bean-taigh'
Air Rìothan nan Damh,
Muigh aig a' chrodh,
Gun duine mar-ri.

Comharradh duibh
Nach 'eil gu math,
Air fleasgach amh
'Bhi feadh a so,
'N uair tha bean-taigh'
Air Rìothan nan Damh,
Muigh aig a' chrodh,
'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, &c.

An dara Siubhal.

Seall sibh bean-taigh
Air Rìothan nan Damh,
Muigh aig a' chrodh,
Gun duine mar-ri;
Seall sibh bean-taigh
Air Rìothan nan Damh,
Muigh aig a' chrodh,
'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Seall sibh bean-taigh
Air Rìothan nan Damh,
Muigh aig a' chrodh,
Gun duine mar-ri;
Seall sibh bean-taigh
Air Rìothan nan Damh,
Muigh aig a' chrodh,
'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Duine sam bith
Th' air son a' chluich',
De chinneadh math,
Le meud a chruidh,
Deanadh e ruith,
Do Rìothan nan Damh,
Gheibh e bean-taigh,
'S cuireadh e rith',

Duine sam bith
Th' air son a' chluich',
Do chinneadh math,
Le meud a chruidh,
Deanadh e ruith
Do Rìothan nan Damh,
Gheibh e bean-taigh,

'S i 'n a h-aonar.
Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, &c.

An Taobhluth.

Nach faic sibh an oibseig
Tha coslach ri glacadh,
Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh,
Ri crodh agus eachaibh,
Air achadh 'n a h-aonar.

Nach faic sibh an oibseig
Tha coslach ri glacadh,
Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh,
Ri crodh agus eachaibh,
Air achadh 'n a h-aonar.

'S neonach am fasan,
Do dhaoine tha dh' easbhuidh
Nan nithean bu taitneich'
Dhaibh fein e bhi aca,
Bhi fulang a faicinn,
Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh,
Ri crodh agus eachaibh,
Air achadh 'n a h-aonar.

'S neonach am fasan,
Do dhaoine tha dh' easbhuidh
Nan nithean bu taitneich'
Dhaibh fein e bhi aca,
Bhi fulang a faicinn,
Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh,
Ri crodh agus eachaibh,
Air achadh 'n a h-aonar.

Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, &c.

An Crunluath.

Seall sibh air a' cheannaidheachd,
An iomallan nam mullaichean,
Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach,
Na h-uile la 'n a h-aonar.

Seall sibh air a' cheannaidheachd,
An iomallan nam mullaichean,
Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach,
Na h-uile la 'n a h-aonar.

Innsidh mis do dh-iomadh fear,
'S an rannuidheachd 'n uair chluinnear i,
Gu'm beil i air a cumail
As na h-uile h-aite follaiseach,
Le ballanan a's cuinneagan,
An iomallan nam mullaichean,
Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach'
Na h-uile la 'n a h-aonar.

Seall sibh air a' cheannaidheachd,
An iomallan nam mullaichean,
Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach,
Na h-uile la 'n a h-aonar.

Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, &c.

Note.—This song was composed in praise of a young lady, the daughter of *Iain mac Eachuinn*, the bard's early friend, to the well known air of the pipe tune, "*Faillte Ithruinn*." To those who have attended to the variations of that air, as played properly upon the great Highland bag pipe, it cannot but appear as a very respectable effort, that the bard has met all its variations, quick and slow, with words and with sentiments admirably suited both to the air and to his subject.—*Vide Memoir of Edm. 1829*

PIOBAIREACHD BEAN AOIDH.

Urlar

THOGAIREADH bean Aoidh,
Thogaireadh bean Aoidh,
Thogaireadh bean Aoidh
Uain do dh-Aisir,
Thogaireadh bean Aoidh
'N aghaidh na gaoith',
'S rinn iad Mac-Aoidh
Aig Lochan-nan-Glaimhidheach.
'S folluiseach a dh-fhalbh i,
Callaidheachd an deigh Aoidh,
Thoilich i 'bhi 'n a mnaoi,
'N aite chan fasachail;
Chunna' mise mar bha i,
Turraban an deigh Aoidh,
'M bealach eadar da bheinn,
B' aill leo gu 'n tamhadh iad.
Chunnaic mi rud eile ris,
Dh-innis domh nach robh sibh saor,
H-uile h-aon de an ni,
Sgaoilt' feadh nan airidhnean.
'S chunnaic mi thu fein, Aoidh,
'N uair a rinn thu 'm pill,
Gurraidh cruinn anns a' bheinn,
'S duilich dhuibh 'aiceadha.

Sìubhal.

'S suarach an t-uidheam,
Do ghruagach no nighin,
Bhi pronnadh 's a' bruidhean,
Is cab oirre gaireachdaich.
Triall thun na h-uighe,
Gun ghnòthuch no guidhe,
A' mhealladh le bruidhean,
Paisteachan ba-bhuachail.
Ma tha agaibh de chridhe,
Na philleas mo bhruidhean,
Theid mis air an t-slighe,
'S feuchaidh mi 'n t-aite
An robh sibh 'n 'ur suidhe,
'N 'ur laidhe 's 'n ur suidhe,
'S mu 'n ruitheadh beul duibhe,
B' fhearr gun a chlaistinn.
'S suarach an t-uidheam, &c.

Crunluath.

Na cairdean bu deach 'n bha staigh,
Chairich iad ionadh 'n roimh',
Dh' fheuchainn an cumadh iad uaith,
Ailleas nach b' fheairde i,
Thionndaidh i 'bus ris an fhaigh,
'S bhoidich nach pilladh i troigh,
Chaoidh gus an ruigeadh i 'n taigh,
An b' abhaist d'i fath fhaighinn.
Dh-fhag i 'n t-aran a' bruich',
'S dh-fhalbh i o philleadh a' chruidh,
Dh-aiceadh i comhairl' 's am bith,
'S mharsail i dh-Aisir bhuainn.
Mhuinntir a thachair a muigh,
'S iad a fhuair sealladh a' chluich,

Anna 'n a ruith, teannadh o 'n taigh,
'N deigh 'Ille chracanaich.
Na cairdean bu dealaidh, &c.

RANN AIR LONG RUSPUIN'N.

[Sean long bheag, a bha air a caradh le cean naiche, bha 'n a shean duine, agus a bhrist roim he sin; charaich e an long so, le spruillean luithe chaidh a bhriseadh ri stòirn gearmhach air traigh fagus do Ruspuin; bha 'n ceannaliche posd' ri seann nighin tìnean ro 'n am eò, 's iad gun chlànn. 'N uair rinn e suas an long, 's ann le luth ranaich mar luchd a chaidh e leatha air a' cheud siubhal.]

SEANA mharaidh, seana cheannaich,
Le seana chailleig, 's iad gun sliochd;
Gun tuar conaich air a' chual chrannaich.
Is luath rainich air cheud luchd.
Bha sean acair, gun aon taic innt',
Air sean bhacan, ri sean taigh;
Leig an sean tobha gun aon chobhair,
An sean eithear air seana chloich.
Bha triuir ghaigseach gun neach caisrig',
Air dhroch eistreadh 'n an caol ruith.
Gu long *Ruspuinn* nach paigh cuspuinn.
An t-seana chupuil nam plaigh rith'.
'S mor an eis e do fhear *pension*,
Bha 's na rancaibh fada muigh,
Bhi air chul fraighneach air stiur Sine,
Gun duil sineadh ri deagh chluich.

ORAN NAN SUIRIDHEACH.*

FHEARAMH og' leis am miannach posadh,
Nach 'eil na sgeoil so 'g 'ur fagail trom?
Tha chuid a' s diomhair' tha cur an lin dibh.
Cha 'n 'eil an trian duibh a' ruigheachd fuian.
Tha chuid a' s faighreachail' air an oigh-
reachd s',
O 'm beil am *prise* a' doll air chall,
Mar choirean laidir, cur mail' air pairtidh.
Tha barail chairdean, a' s gradh gun bhonn.

Tha fear a' suiridh an dugh air inighean,
Gun bharaill ionraill nach dean e turn;
Bha i uair, 's bu chumha buairidh,
A ghuth d' a cluais, a' s a direach d' a suil.
An sean ghaol cinnteach bha aigar sinnsir'.
Nach d'fhuair cead imeachd air feadh na
duthch',
Nach glan a dhearbh i, gu 'n deach a' bhrì-
bhadh,
'N uair ni i bargan, 'nuair thig fear air.

* For the air, see "The Rev. Patrick McDo-
ald's Collection of Highland Airs," page 6,
No. 112.

Tha fàidh caochladh thig air an t-saoghal,
 Tha fàidh ann an fhirinn nach 'eil e crosd',
 Na h-àille h-àille dean a nì mar rinn i,
 Tha fàidh a h-àille ann an cunnart feasd,
 Tha fàidh h-àille, mur 'eil e spreidheach,
 Tha fàidh h-àille, tha e fein 'g a chosg,
 Tha fàidh h-àille, ghoraich a h-athair dholum,
 Tha fàidh h-àille, deonach le toic, 's le trosg.

O 'n tha 'n guo' u' pìr fas mar Fhaoilleach,
 Tha bitheadh strì agaibh ri bhì posd',
 Tha sonmhachd intinn cha 'n 'eil thu cinn-
 ach,
 He fad na h-aon oidheh' gu teand an lo ;
 An te a phairticheas riut a cairdeas,
 Ged tha i 'gradh sud le cainnt a beoil,
 Fo cheann seachduin, thig caochladh fleas-
 gaich,
 'S cha 'n fhaigh thu facal dh'i re do bheo.

Ach 's mor an naire bhì 'g an sarachadh,
 Oir tha pairt dhiubh de 'n inntinn stolt',
 Mach o pharantan agus chairdean,
 Bhì milleadh ghraidh sin tha fas gu h-og;
 Mur toir i aicheadh do 'n fhear a's fearr-
 leath',
 Ged robh sud craiteach dh'i fad a beo,
 Nì h-athair feargach, a beatha searbh dh'i,
 'S gur fearr leis marbh i, na 'faicinn posd'.

Faodaidh reason a bhì, gu treigeadh
 An fhir a 's beusaich' a theid 'n a triall;
 Ged tha e cairdeach, mur 'eil e pagach,
 Ud! millidh pracas na th' air a mhiann;
 Tha 'n duine suaice, le barrachd stuamachd,
 A' call a bhuannachd ri te gun chiall;
 'S fear oile 'g eiridh, gun stic ach leine,
 'S e cosnadh geill dh'i mu 'n stad e srian.

Mur 'eil stuamachd a' cosnadh gruagaich,
 Och! ciod a' bhuaidh air an beil a geall?
 Nach mor an neonachas fear an dochais so,
 Gun bhì enodach nì 's modha bonn;
 Fear eile sineadh le mire 's taosnadh,
 Le comunn faoilteach, no aigneadh trom,
 'S ge math na trì sin gu cosnadh aontachd,
 Cha 'n 'eil a h-aon diubh nach 'eil a' call.

Ma tha e pagach, ma tha e sgathach,
 Ma tha e narach, ma tha e mear;
 Ma tha e sanntach, ma tha e greun-
 nar,
 Ma tha e cainnteach, a's e gun chroin;
 Ma tha e boidheach, ma tha e seolta,
 Ma tha e comhnard, ma tha e glan;
 Ma tha e diomhain, ma tha e gnìomhach,
 Ud, ud! cha 'n fhiach le a h-aon diubh sin!

Ma tha e pagach, tha e gun naire,
 'S ma tha e sgathach, cha bheag a' chrois;
 Ma tha e gaolach, tha e 'n a chaora;
 'S ma tha e faoilteach, tha e 'n a throg;
 Ma tha e gnìomhach, their cuid, "Cha'n
 fhiach e,
 Tha 'm fear ud miodhair, 's e sud a chroin;"

'S ma tha e failligeach ann an aiteachadh,
 "Cha bhì barr aig", is bi'dh e bochd."

Co an t-aon fhear air feadh an t-saoghail,
 A tha nìs cinnteach gu 'n dean e turn;
 'S nach 'eil a h-aon de na tha mi 'g innseadh,
 Nach 'eil 'n a dhiteadh dha air a chul.
 An duine meanmnach, 's e toimhseil, ain-
 meil,
 Cha chluinn thu 'ainm ach mar fhear gun
 diu;
 'S nach fhaic thu fein, air son iomadh reu-
 soin,
 Gu 'n deach' an spreidh os ceann cille, 's
 cliu.

Tha fear fos ann, a dh-aindeoin dochais,
 A dh' fhaodas posadh gun mhoran char;
 Na'm biodh de chiall aig' na dh'aithnich
 riamh,
 Gu 'n do dh-eirich grian anns an airde 'n
 ear;
 Dean 'n a dhuaire e, a rugadh 'n cuaran,
 Thoir baile 's buar dha, a's treabhair gheal;
 Leig labhairt uair dha, ri athair gruagaich,
 'S bheir nì mo chluas dhut mar faigh e bean.

AM BRUADAR.

AIR FÒNN—"Latha sìubhal sleibhe dhomh."

CHUNNA' mise brudair,
 Fhir nach euala, thig a's cluinn;
 Ma 's breisleach e, cur tasg air;
 'S ma tha neart ann, bi 'g a sheinn;
 Na m' b' fhiur dhomh fein gu 'm faca mi,
 Am Freasdal, 's e air beinn;
 Gach nì a's nuch 'n a amhare,
 Is e coimhead os an cinn.

Chunna' mi gach seorsa 'n sin,
 A' tigh'n'n 'n an crothaibh, cruinn;
 'S na 'm b' fhiur dhomh, gu'n robh moran
 diubh,
 A b' eol domh ri mo linn;
 Ach co a bha air thos dhiubh,
 Ach na daoine posd' air sreing,—
 'S a' cheud fhear a thuit facal diubh,
 Cruaidh chasaid air a mhaoi.

Labhair glagair araidh ris,—
 "S tu leig mo naimeas leam,
 N uair phos mi ghobach, ardanach,
 Nach obadh enamhan rium;
 'S e 's cainnt an taobh mo leapa dh'i,
 An uair is pailte rum,
 Gu cealgach, feargach, droch-mheirneach,
 'S an droch-uair, teann a null."

"Their i ris, gu h-ain-meinneach,
 'N uair dh' eircas fearg 'n a sroin,

Gu 'm b' ole mi ann an argumaid,
'S nach b' fhearr mi thogail sgeoil,—
Cha b' ionann duit 's do e' ainm e sud,
'S dèag sheannachaidh e 's taigh-òs',
O! 's buidhe dhì-s' thug dhachaidh e,
B' e fein am fleasgach coir.

"Nuair chlosas mis' ri smuaineachadh,
Gach truaighe thug mo shar;
Their i sgeigeil, beumach, rium,
Gur ro mhath dh-eisinn sgeul;
Is their i ris na labhras mi,
Gu 'n canadh clann ni b' fhearr;
Aon ghnìomh, no cainnt, cha chinnich leam,
Nach di-mol i le 'beul."

Thuirte ise:—"Gu 'm b' eudach sud,
'S gu 'n robh e breugach meallt,"
Is thug i air mar b' abhaist d'i,
Nach abradh 'bheul-sa drannd;
'Tha 'n adharc sgorrach, eitidh;
Ach o 'n 's eigin d'i bhi ann,
O! ciod e 'n t-aite 'n cara dh'i
Bhì fas, na air a' cheann."

Thubhairt fear de 'n aireamh ud,
Bu tabhachdaiche bh' ann,
'A Fhreasdail, rinn thu fabhor rium,
Am pairt 'nuair thug thu clann;
Ged thug thu bean mar mhatthair dhaibh,
Nach dean gach darn a h-am,
Ach h-uile gnìomh a 's tarsuinne.
Mar ' thachras thigh'n 'n a ceann."

Fhreagair Freasdal reusanta:—
'S e 's feumail dhut bhi stuaim',
'S a liuthad la a dh' ead mi riad.
Is tu 'n t-eigin chruaidh,
Mu 'n do chumadh leine dhut,
Bha 'n ceile sin riut fuaight',
Is ciod iad nis na fathan,
Air am b' aill leat a cur bhut?"

"Nach bochd, dhomh, 'nuair thig *strainsear*,
Bhios ceolmhor, cainnteach, tinn,
'Nuair 's math leam a bhi fuilidh riuth',
'S ann bhios i fiamh ruinn?
'N uair dh' olas mi ga cuirteil leath',
'S e gheibh mi ead a cinn,
'S bida mise 'n sin 'n am bhreugadair,
Ag radh gu 'm beil i tinn.

"Cha tann i 'm baile dithribh leam,
Cha toigh leath' gaeth nam beann,
An t-aite mosach, fassachail.
Am beil an crubhadh gann,
'S ged chuir mi lann ri eaglais i,
Cha 'n fhada dh' fhanas ann,—
'An t-aite dona, tabhannach.
Bhì sluagh car neul 'n a ceann."

Sin 'n uair thubhairt Freasdal ris,—
'S e thig do 'n neach ni choir:
A bhi mi 's dluith' r' a dhleasannas,
Mar 's truime crois 'g a leon;

Ged shaoileadh tu gu 'm maitheadh dhut,
Na pheacaidh thu gu h-og;
Cha 'n fhear gu chamach ecranachair thu,
Fhad 's bhios a' chamachomhdh' s' beo.

"Cha 'n fhac thu fein o rugadh tu,
Aon cheum de m' obair-s' fìar,
Ged chunnaic mi mar chleachdadh tu,
Do dhreachdan 's do chiall:
Cia h-iomadh tric gu beartas,
Bh' air an ditheadh steach 'n ad chliabh,
Nach fhaic thu gur h-aon aisinn dhìot,
A chum air ais sud riamh.

"Aidich fein an fhirinn,
Agus chi thu 'n sin mar bha,
A' mheud 's a ghabh mi shaothair rith',
Gus an caochleadh i ni b' fhearr;
Dh-fheuch bochdainagus beartas dh'i,
Is euslaint agus slaint',
Is thainig mi cho fagus d'i,
'S a bagairt leis a' bhas.

"Nuair a dh' fheuch mi bochdain dh'i,
'S ann ortsa chuir i 'm fat;
'S cha mho a rinn an t-socair i
Ni b' fhosgarraich' ri each;
Le h-euslaint' 'nuair a bhun mi rith',
'S ann frionasach a dh-fhas;
An t-slainte bhuam cha 'n aidich i,
'S cha chreid i bhuam am bas."

Co sin a chite tighinn,
Dol a bhruidhean ris gu teann,
Ach duine bha cruaidh chruaidh
Air a' mhuaidh bu ghaoil 'n t'ann;
'S e 'g radh:—"Nuair thig mi 'n taice
rith',
'S ann bhios oirr' gart a's greann,
'S 'nuair their mi cainnt a 's dealaidh rith',
Gu 'n cuir i car 'n a ceann.

"Gur h-e trian mo dhìtidh oirr',
Nach bi i faoilidh rium;
Ni i sgeig a's cnaid orm,
Gun ghair' a' tigh'n a com;
'Nuair bhaithas sinn 'n ar n-aonaran,
Bhìd 'cainnt' 's a h-aogas trom,
Ach 'n uain thig na fìr gu fuirneil,
Gheibh sinn ol, a's cunn, a's fonn.

"A Fhreasdail, rinn thu seirbhe dhomh,
'S ann orm a chuir thu chuing,
'S gu 'm b' ead duit gu 'n robh m' aimsir,
Is mo mbeannmhadh air an claidh;
B' fhuaradh dhut 's na bliadhnaibh ud,
Mo riachad le mnaoi
Bhiodh umhail, cairdeil, rianail dhomh,
'S nach iarradh fear a chaidh."

"Dh' fhaodainn-sa do phosadh
Ris an t-seorsa tha thu 'g radh,
Ach 's aonan as a' chiad dhiubh,
Bheireadh riachadh dhut raidh;
An te de 'n nadur neanach ud,

'S nach toircadh pog gu brath,
Aon dram no deoch cha 'n olar leath',
'S cha dheonaich i do chach."

Air an dara dusal dhomh,
'N deigh dusgadh as mo shuain,
Chunnaic mi na daoine sin,
Ag sgaoileadh mach mu 'n cuairt;
S na h-uile bean bha pusda sin,
A' dol 'n an dunaibh suas,
Ach 's aon te as an fhichead dhiubh,
Bha buidheach leis na fhuair.

Labhair aon bean iunnsuicht' dhiubh,
Bu mhodha rum na each:—
"Am biadh, an deoch, 's an aodaichean,
Cha 'n fhaodainn bhi mi 's sathaicht';
Ach gu m' fhagail trom, neo-shunndach,
Cha 'n eol domh pung a's dach',
Na gealltanais mo thoileachadh,
Gun choimhlionadh gu brath.

"An duine sin tha mar rium,
Tha sior ghearan air mo shunnd,
Dhearbhaime fein air 'fhiacaill,
Ged nach d' iarr mi, nach do dhiult;
Bidh moran diubh mi-reusanta,
'Nuair gheibh thu 'n sgeul gu grunn,
Tha duil ac' gu 'n ghluais mireag riuth',
An spiorad nach 'eil ann't.

"'S neonach leam an drasda 'n so,
Sior abhaist nam fear posd',
Their gu ladarn' dana,
Nach do thoirmisg aithne pog;
Cia mor an diubheas beusan
Th' eadar eacoir agus coir,
Cha 'n eol domh aite-sensaimh,
Gun a chas air aon diubh dho."

Chunnaic mi 's an aite sin,
Bhi abhaisteach gu leoir,
Lathaoid mi gu'm bu reuson e,
O 'n tigeadh eudach mor;
Ged bh' ann ach fear gun chomas,
G iarraich comarran te gun choir,
S bha sior dhroch bheanchd aig ceud deth,
'S a bhean fein 'g a chas an spors.

Chuireadh e neul 'n am eanchainn-s',
A bhi 'g air-meachadh le cainnt,
A' mbeud 's a bh' ann de dh-argumaid,
'S an chomunn gearra greann';
Bha na ceadan pearsan sud,
'N an sensaimh ann an ranc,
'S bha casaidhean aig moran diubh,
Ma 'n aon neach bha toirt taing.

AN DUINE SANNTACH.

AGUS AN SAOGHAL. 'A' GEARAN AIR A CHEILE.

AN DUINE.

'S MI-CHOMAINNEACH thusa, Shaoghail,
'S b' abhaist dhut,
'S olc a leanadh tu ri daoine
A leanadh riut;
Am fear a cheangail sreang gu teann riut,
Leis a' ghluat;
'Nuair tharruinn gach fear a cheann fein d'i,
'S es' a thuit.

AN SAOGHAL.

Is sibhe tha mar sin, a dhaoine,
'S b' abhaist diubh.
'S olc a leanadh sibh ri saoghal
A leanadh ribh;
Ged chuir mise sorchan fodlaibh,
'S air gach taobh,
Mas sibh fein tha gabhal teichidh,
Soraigh leibh.

AN DUINE.

O, na 'n gleidheadh tu mis', a shaoghail,
Bhithinn dha do reir,
Oir tha na h-uile ni a's toigh leam
Fo na ghrein;
C' uim' an leigeadh tu gu dilinn
Mi gu peim,
'S nach 'eil flaitheas cho priseil dhomh
Riut fein.

AN SAOGHAL.

S ann bu choir dhut bhi cur t-eolais
Ni bu deis',
Far am biodh na h-uile solas
Ni bu treis',
Ged ni mis' an t-umaidh arach
Ri car greis,
'N uair a thogras e fein m' fhagail
Lanreum leis.

ORAN DO'N OLLA MOIRISTON.

LUINNEAG.

Binn sin uair-eigin,
Searbh sin og,
Binn sin uair-eigin,
Searbh sin og,
Binn sin uair-eigin,
'N comunn so dh' fhuairich,
Air an robh eurbail gle dhuaineil,
Ge bu ghuanach a shron.

A' BHLIADHNA NA CALUINN-S',
 Bu gheur ain faobhar a ghearradh an teud,
 Bh' eadar Domhnall 's an Morair,
 'S iad mar aon ann an comunn 's an gaol;
 Ach cia b' e ni bha 's na cairtean,
 Chaidh e feargach oirnn seachad an de;
 'S co a 's dacha bhi coireach,
 Na 'm fear a dh-fhagas am baile leis fein?
Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Chunnaic mis' air a' bhord thu,
 Bhladhna ghabh Sine Ghordon an t-at,
 'S cha chuireadh tu t-aodann
 Ann an comunn nach slaodadh tu leat;
 Ach 'nuair shaoil leat do shorchan,
 Bhi cho laidir ri tulchainn a' gheat',
 Shliob na b' na-chasan reamhar
 Dheth na loma-leacan sleamhuinn gun taic!
Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Dearbh cha ghabhainn-sa iognadh
 Aa an leac so chuir miltean a muigh,
 Dhe na corra-cheannaich' bhrisgach,
 Aig am faicte 'n da iasgaid air chrith;
 Ach an trostanach treubhach,
 Chuireadh neart a dha shleisd' an an sith,
 Ma thuit es' aig an doras,
 Cia mar sheasas fear eile 's am bith?
Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

'S ann tha ceumanan Freasdaill
 Toirt nan ceudan de leasan duinn,
 Deanamh iobairt de bheagan,
 Gu 'm biodh each air an teagasg r' an linn;
 Ach ma thuiteas fear aithghearr,
 Le bhi sealltuinn ro bhras os a chinn,
 Cha 'n 'eil fhios agam, aca,
 'Co a 's ciontaich' an leac no na buinn.
Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Tha mise fein ann an eagal,
 'G iarraidh fasaich no eag do mo shail,
 Is mi falbh air an leucaich,
 Air an d' fhuair daoine seasmhach an sar;
 Ach tha m' earbsadh tre chunnart,
 Mo gharbh-chnaimhean uile bhi slan,—
 Oir ged a tharladh dhomh clibeadh,
 Cha 'n 'eil aird' aig mo smigeid o 'n lar.
Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

An duin' og s' tha 'n a leigh,
 Tha mi claitinn tha tighinn a 'dheigh,
 Fhuair e leasan o dhithis,
 Chum gu 'n siubhladh e suidhicht' 'n a cheum;
 Ach mu 'n chuis tha d' a leantuinn,
 Cuireadh eul ri bhi cantuinn ni 's leir;
 Ach na 'm biodh brìgh na mo chomhairl',
 So an t-am am beil Somhairl' 'n a feum.
Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Ian Mhic-Uilleim 's an t-Srathan,
 Faoaidh deireadh do lathach'-s' bhi searbh,
 Ged tha 'n aimsir-s' cho sìtheil,
 'S nach 'eil guth riut mu phris air an tarbh;
 Chaidh luchd-fabhair a bhriseadh,

Na bha 'n dreuchd eadar Ruspunn's am Parbh;
 Am fear a thig le mor urrain,
 Gheibh e beud mìle mallachd 's an fhalbh.*
Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Note.—Dr. Morrison, the hero of this song, was for a long time in high esteem and favour in the family of Lord Reay; but at length a misunderstanding arising between them, he found cause to leave the family, reflecting, at the same time, on the fluctuating temper and unsteady favour of the great, and repeating the old Gaelic adage, "Is sleamhuinn an leac a th'aig doras an taigh mhoir."

MARBHRANN.

[Do dhithis mhinistear ro ainmeil 'nan duthaich, Mr. Iain Munro, Ministear Sgìre Eadarachaoilais, agus Mr. Domhnall Mac-Aoidh, Maighstir-agoille, sgìre Fair.]"

AIR FÒNN—"Oran na h-oise."

'S e mo bheachd ort, a bhais,
 Gur bras thu ri pairt,
 Gur teachdair' tha laidir, treum, thu;
 An cogadh no 'm blar,
 Cha toirear do shar,
 Aon duine cha tar do threigsinn;
 Thug thu an drasd
 Dhuinn buille no dha,
 Chuir eaglaisean ban, a's foghlum;
 Is 's fhuarsd dhomh radh,
 Gur goird do dhail,
 'S gur tric a' toirt bearn 'n ar Cleir thu.

Bhuin thu ruinn garbh,
 Mu 'n dithis so dh-fhalbh,
 'Nuair ruith thu air lorg a cheil' iad;
 C' uimo naeh d' fhag thu
 Bhuidhean a b' airde,
 A bhiodh do chach ro fheumail;
 A bhruidean a b' fhearr
 A tighinn o 'm beul,
 'S an cridheachan lan de reuson;
 Chaidh gibhteachan gra's
 A mheasgadh 'n an gnathas,
 'S bha 'n cneasdachd a' fas d' a reir sin.

Dithis 'ha 'n geall
 Air gearradh a bonn,
 Gach ain-iochd, gach feall, 's gach encoir;
 Da sholus a dh-fhalbh
 A earrannan garbh',
 Dh-fhag an talamh-sa dorch d' a reir sin;
 Ge d' tha e ro chrusaidh,
 Gu 'n deach' iad 's an uaigh,
 Tha cuid a gheibh buaidh a's feum dheth;
 Mar ris gach aon ni,
 Dh-aithris iad dhuinn,
 Chaidh 'n gearradh a tim an leughaidh.

* "Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end."

Johns. Van. Hum. Wishes.

Dithis a bh' ann,
 Bu chomhairl' 's bu cheann,
 Do phobull fhuair am g' an eiseachd;
 Dithis, bha 'm bas
 'N a bhriseadh do chach,
 Gidheadh gu 'm b' e 'm fàbhor fein e;
 Cha ladurn gu dearbh,
 Dhuinn chreidsinn 'nuair dh-fhalbh,
 Gu 'n d' fhreagair an earbs' gu leir iad;
 A dh' aindeoin an aoig,
 B' e 'n cairide gaoil,
 'Nuair sgair e o thir nam breug iad.

Tha sgeulan r' a inns'
 Mu dheighinn na dith's,
 A 's feumail a bhi sna ceudan;
 Feudaich mi radh,
 Cia teumach am bas,
 Nach tug e ach pairt d' a bheum uainn.
 Ged thug e le tinn,
 An corpa do 'n chill,
 Bidh iomradh ro bhinn 'n an deigh orr';
 Is iomadh beul cinn,
 Ag aithris 's gach linn,
 Na labhair, na sheinn, 's na leugh iad.

Sinne tha lathair,
 Tuig'maid an t-strachd-s',
 Is cleachdamaid tra air reuson;
 Nach faic sibh o'n bha,
 An lathachan s' gearr,
 Gu 'n ruith iad ni b' fhearr an reis ud;
 'S mac-samhuil dhuinn iad,
 Ged nach 'eil sinn cho ard,
 Anns na nitheanaibh crabhaidh, leughant';
 Na earb'maid gu brath,
 Gu 'n ruig sin an t-ait-s'
 Mur lean sinn ri pairt d' an ceuman.

Tha 'n teachdair s' air toir
 Gach neach a tha beo,
 'G an glacadh an coir no 'n eucoir;
 Na gheibh e 'n a dhorn,
 Cha reic e air oir,
 Rì gul, no ri deoir cha 'n eisd e.
 'Chi mi gur fhu
 Leis tighinn do 'n chuill,
 Gu fear th' ann an clud mar eideadh;
 'S ged dheanamaid dun,
 'Cha cheannaich e dhuinn,
 Aon mhionaid de dh-uin o 'n eug sin.

An dithis so chusaidh,
 Cha rachadh cho luath,
 Na 'n gabhadh tu uainn an eirig;
 Cha leig'maid 'n an dith's
 Iad as an aon mhios,
 Na 'm b' urradh sinn diol le seudan;
 Ach 's teachdair ro dhan'
 Thu, tighinn o 's aird,
 Buailidh tu stataibh 's deircean;
 Cha bhacar le 'pris,
 Air t' ais thu a ris,
 'S tu dh' easbhuidh an aoin mu 'n teid thu.

Glacaidh tu chloinn
 A mach bho na bhroinn,
 Mu 's faic iad ach soills' air eigin;
 Glacaidh tu 'n oigh,
 Dol an coinneamh an oig.
 Mu 'm feudar am posadh eighesachd.
 Ma 's beag, no ma 's mor,
 Ma 's scan, no ma 's og,
 Ma 's cleachdamh dhuinn coir no eucoir;
 Ma tha sinn 'n ar beo,
 Is anail 'n ar aroin,
 Cuirear uile sinn fo na feich ud.

Tha 'm bas os ar cinn,
 'G ar glacadh le tinn,
 'S le fradhrac ar cinn cha leir e;
 Ach tha glaoth aig' cho cruaidh,
 'S gu 'm faodadh an sluagh,
 A chluinntinn le cluasan reusoin.
 Nach dearc sibh a chul,
 Is fear aig' fo iuil,
 'S e sealtuinn le 'shuill gu geur air;
 An diugh eoid am fath,
 Nach bidh'maid air 'heard,
 'S gu 'n bhuin e ar nabuidh 'n de bhuainn.

A chumhachd a tha
 Cur chugainn a bhaia,
 Gun teagamh nach paghear 'fheich dha;
 Tha misneachd a's bonn
 Aig neach a tha 'n geall,
 Air tagradh na gheall do bheul dha,
 Oir 's athair do chlann
 A dh' fheitheas a th' ann,
 'S fear-taighe do 'n bhantraich fein e;
 'S e'n Cruithear a th' ann,
 A bheir gu neo-ghann,
 Na thoilleas sinn anns a' chreutair.

MARBHRANN,

DO MHAIGHSTIR. MURCHADH MAC-DHOMHNAILL,
 MINISTEAR SOIRE DHIURINNIS
 AN DUTHAICH MHIC-AOIDE.

'S e do bhas, 'Mhaighstir Murchadh,
 Rinn na h-aitean so dhorchadh,
 'S ged chaidh dail ann do mharbhrann,
 Labhradh balbhachd ri ceill.
 Na 'm biodh a' Chrìosdaidheachd iomlan,
 Cha rachadh di-chuimhn' air t-iomradh,
 No do ghnìomharan iomlaid,
 Ach leantadh t-iomchan-s' gu leir;
 Gur h-e chradh mi 'n am mheanmnadh,
 'S do luchd-graidh agus leanmhuinn,
 Meud do shaothrach mu 's d' fhalbh thu,
 'S lugh'd a luig as do dheigh;
 Bheir cuid leasanan buadhach,
 O bhruaich fasanan t-uaghach,
 Nach tug daiseachan suarach,
 As na chual iad bhuat fein.

Fìor mhasgull chionn paidhidh,
 No stad geistach le gabhadh,
 Bhrìgh mo bheachd-s' ann an danaibh,
 'S mi nach deandh, 's nach d' rinn :
 Ach na 'm biodh comain no sta dhut,
 Ann a t-alladh chur os aird dut,
 Co ach mis' do 'm bu chara,
 'S co a b' fhearr na thu thoill ?
 Bhuidhean mholtach-s' a dh-fhag sinn,
 Ged nach urr' iad a chlaistinn,
 'S coir bhi 'g aithris am pairtean,
 Gun fhabor, 's gun fhoill:
 Oir 's buain' a' chuimhne bheir barda,
 Air deagh bhuadhannaibh naduir,
 Na 'n stoc cruinn sin a dh-fhag iad,
 Is comh-stri chairdean 'g a roinn.

Bha do ghibhtean-sa laidir,
 Air am measgadh le grasan,
 Anns a' phearsa bha aluinn,
 Lom-lan de na cheill;
 An tuigs' bu luchdmhoir' gu gleidheadh,
 An toil a b' easgaidh gu matheadh,
 'S na h-uile h-aigheadh cho fathail,
 Fad do bheatha gu leir.
 Bhiodh do chomhairl' an comhnuidh,
 Le do chobhair 's do chomhnadh,
 Do luchd-gabhail na corach,
 Reir 's mar sheoladh tu fein;
 Dheanadh tu 'n t-aindeonach deonach,
 Is an t-aindeonach eolach—
 'S b' e fìor shonas do bheoshlaint,
 Bhi tabhairt corr dhaibh de leirs'.

Bha thu caomh ri fear feumach,
 Bha thu saor ri fear reusant',
 Bha thu aodanach, geurach,
 Mar chloich, ri eucòireach, cruaidh;
 Bu tu 'n tabhairteach maoiniach,
 Bu tu 'n labhairteach saothreach,
 Bu tu 'n comhairleach timeil,
 'S crìoch a' ghaoil ann ad fhuath;
 Tha e 'n a ladarnas gabhaidh,
 Bhi le h-eagal ag aicheadh,
 Nach 'eil stoc aig an Ard-Rìgh,
 Ni an aird na chaidh usainn;
 Ach 's fabor Freasdail, 's a's iognadh,
 No 'n ni a 's fuisge do mhiorbhuil,
 Am bearn so th' againn a lionadh,
 Gu blas miannach an t-sluaigh.

Leam is beag na thadh' fhoighneachd,
 Mu na thubhairt, 's na rinn thu,
 'S mu na chliu sin a thoill thu,
 O 'n la chaill sinn thu fein;
 Ach moran tartar is stroighlich,
 Air son fèich, agus oighreachd,
 Fagaidd beartaich mur fhine e,
 Air an cloinn as an deigh;
 'S e ni a 's minig a chi mi,
 Dh' aindeoin dìobhunaich time,
 Gu'm beil gionnach nan daoine,
 Tarruinn claoonadh 'n an ceill;
 Ach cha 'n 'eil ionairt no *motion*,
 Anns na freasdail so dhombas,

Nach toir *leasan* 'n am chodhail,
 Le seann not bho do bheul.

Toigheach, fàicilleach, fiamhach,
 Smuainteach, facalach, gnìomhach,
 Ann do ghnòthachaibh diomhair,
 Gun bhi diombain aon uair;
 Chaith thu t-aimsir gu saothreach,
 Air son sonas nan daoine;
 'S cha b' e truaillidheachd ahaighalt
 No aon ni chur suas.
 'Nuair tha nitheana taitneach,
 Dol a mugh' a chion cleachdaidh,
 B' e chuis fharmaid fear t-fhasain,
 'S cha b' e beartas a's uail's',
 A' dol o 'n bheatha bu sheirbhe,
 Tre na cathan bu ghairbhe,
 Dh-ionnsuidh Flaithes na tairbhe,
 Gu buan shealbhadh duais.

Gu'm beil cealgairachd chrabaidh,
 Air a dearbhadh gu gabhaidh,
 Tha 'n a gairisinn r' a claidinn,
 Is ro chraiteach r' a luidh;
 Nuair a thuit thu le bas bhuainn,
 Mar gu 'm briseadh iad braighdean,
 Dhuig na h-uile sin a b' abhaist,
 A bhi an nadur an t-sluaigh;
 Gu'm beil cath aig an Ard-Rìgh,
 Gu bhi gabhail nam pairtean,
 Anns na chruthaich e grasan,
 Thug air aghairt gach buaidh;
 Rinn sud sinne 'n ar fasach,
 Anns na talamh-s' an tra so,
 So a' bharail th' aig pairt diubh
 Tric 'g a ratainn air t-usaigh.

An duine thigeadh a suas riut,
 Ann an guth 's ann an cluasan,
 Cha 'n fhachas riamh a's cha chualas,
 Is 's e mo smuaintean nach cluinn;
 Ged bu bheartach do chrabhadh,
 Bha do mheas air gach talann,
 'S tu a thuigeadh na dana,
 'S am fear e dheanadh na rann;
 Chuid a b' airde 's a' bhuaidh sin,
 Tha 'd air stad dheth o 'n uair sin,
 Ach na daiseachan suarach,
 Tha mu 'n cuairt duinn a' seinn;
 'Nuair a cheilear a' ghrian orr'.
 Sin 'n uair ghoireas na biastan,—
 Cailleach-oidhch' agus strìanach,
 An coilltean fiadhaich, 's an glinn.

'S eol domh daoine 's an aimsir-s',
 Dh-fhas 'n an cuideachd gle ainmeil,
 Tigh'nn air nitheanan talmhaidh,
 Ann an gearrabhaireachd gheur;
 Ach 'n uair thogar o 'n lar iad,
 Gus na nithibh a's airde,
 S ann a chluinneas tu pairt diubh,
 Mar na paisdean gun cheill;
 Fhuair mi car ann do rianailh-s',
 Le do ghibhtean bha fialaidh,
 Nach do dhearc mi, ma 's fìor dhomh.
 An aon neach riamh ach thu fein,—

C'ail gach cuideachd a lionadh,
Leis na theireadh tu diomhan,
'S orioch do sheanchais gun fhíaradh,
Tighinn gu diadhaidheachd threun.

Bha do chuid air a sgoilleadh
Gu bhi cuideachadh dhaoine,
'S fhad 's a bha thu 's an t-saoghal,
'S tu nach fuodadh bhi paidht';
Chuid bu taitneich 'n an iomhainn,
Cha 'n 'eil facl mu 'n thuheall,
Cha bhi ceartas mu 'n iomradh,
Ach le 'n imrich, 'n am bas.
'S truagh am peanas a thoill sinn,
Thaobh nan clontan a rinn sinn,—
Bhi sior ghearradh ar goibhlean,
'S ar cuid thenghlaichean fas;
Gun cheann laidir gu fhoighneachd,
Co ní 'n airde na chaill sinn,
Cuid, d' an cradh, la is oidhehe,
Nach tig t-oighre 'na t-ait.

CUMHA DO MHR. MURCHADH.

[A rinn am bard an ceann bliadhna an delgh baie an duin' uasail sin, air iarrtas a mhic am fíor Gaeil saoire ionnaidhte, Mr. Padraig Mac-Dhonnachaidh, ministear Sgíre' Chille-moire an Earraghaid, air dha thighinn do 'n duthaich, agus a bhi sig am araidh an cuideachd a' bhaire.]

CO-SHEIRM.

'S cianail, a's cianail,
O!'s cianail a tha mi,
'N ceann na bliadhna,
O!'s cianail a tha mi,
A Mhaighstir Murchadh,
'S tu a' m' fhagail,
'S mairg nach d' fhuair sinn,
Linn no dha dhíot.

CHRIDHE na feile,
A bheil na tabhachd,
Cheann na ceille,
'S an fhoghlaim chrabhaidh,
Laimh gun ghanntair
An am dhut puigheadh,
An uachdar a' bhuird,
A ghuais na failte.
'S cianail, &c.

Tha mise 'n am sonar,
Mar son ann am fasaob,
'S ní gun fheum dhomh,
Aobhar ghairre,
Cuims' ann an cainnt,
Ann an rann no danachd,
Chionn 's nach 'eil thu ann
G' an claisinn.
'S cianail, &c.

Chaochail iad rianan,
O chioslaich am bas thu,
Cha 'n 'eil meas am bliadhna,
Air ciall, no air crabhaidh;
Thionndaidh na biastan
Gu riasradh grainneil,
Leo-san leig Dia,
Srian o 'n la sin.
'S cianail, &c.

Rinn cuid bron
Fa choir do bhaie-sa.
Ach ghabh iad sgios,
Ann am míos no dha dheth;
Cha 'n 'eil mis' mar iadan,
Riaraicht' cho tra dheth,—
An ceann na bliadhna,
'S cianail a tha mi.
'S cianail, &c.

'S caomh leam an teachlach,
'S a' chlann sin a dh-fhag thu,
'S caomh leam na fuinn,
Bhidhte seinn ann ad fhardaich;
'S caomh leam bhi 'g urachadh
Chlu uach tug bas dhíot;
'S caomh leam an uir th' air do thaobh,
Dheth na Bhaghaun!
'S cianail, &c.

ORAN A' GHEAMHRAIDH.

AIR FOKN—"Through the wood, laddie."

MOCH 's mi 'g eiridh 's a mhadainn,
'S an sneachd air a' bheinn,
Ann an lagán beag monaidh,
Ri madainn ro dhoinid,
'S ann a chuala mi 'n lonan,
Chuir an loinid o sheinn,
Is am pigidh ag eigheach
Ris na speuraibh, 's cha bhinn.

Bithidh am beithe crion, crotach,
Sior stopadh o 'fhas;
Mar ri gaith gharbh sheididh,
Agus ioma-chathadh 'g eiridh,
Crocan barraich a' geilleadh,
Mios eigneach an ail;
A' mhios cheatanach, fhuachaidh,
Choirneach, ghruamach, gun thla's.

Bi'dh gach doire dubh saigneach,
'N duil fuasgladh o bhíath;
Bithidh an smodhachd a' traoghadh,
Gus an fheumh as na shin e,
Crupaidh cairt ris gu dìonach,
Gus an crion i gu lár;
'N lon-dubh anns a' mhadainn,
Sior sgreadail chion-blaiths.



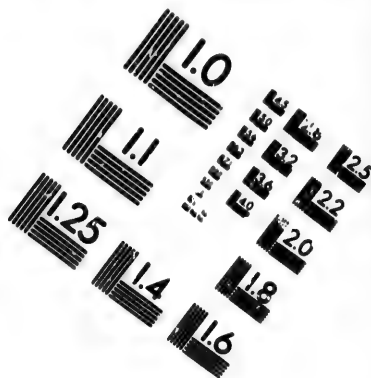
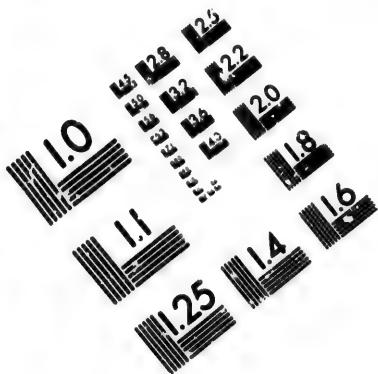
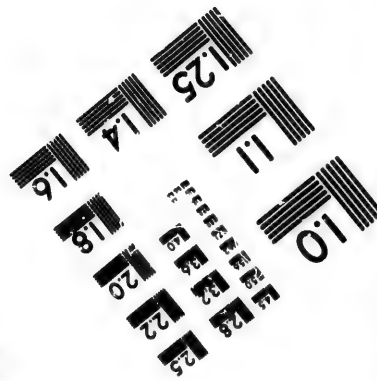
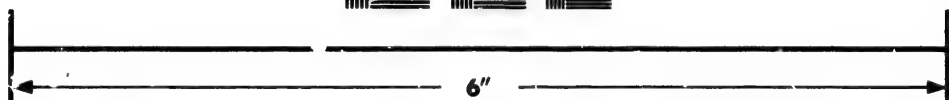
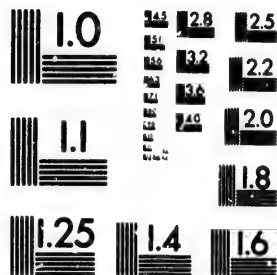


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01

Anna bhuidhe nighean Don'uill,
Na'm b'eol dut mo ni,
'S e do ghradh, gu'n bhi paidht',
Thug a mhan bhuam mo chli :
Tha e dhomh as t-fhianais
Cho ghniomhach, 's tra chi.
Diogladh 's a' smuaiseach,
'S gur ciuirrt' tha mo chiri.
Air gach tra
'S mi ann an stri,
'Feuchainn ri aicheadh,
'S e fas rium mar chraoibh.
Air, &c.

Labhar i gu h-aillensach,
Faitheagach rium:—
'Cha tar thu bhi lamh rium,
Gu caradh mo chinn :
Bha siathnar ga m' iarraidh,
Car bliadhna de thin :
'S eha b' airdh thar each thu
Thoir barr os an cinn.
Ha ! ha ! ha !
An d' fhas thu gu tinn
Mas e 'n gaol a bheir bas ort
Gu'm paidh thu ga chinn !
Ha ! &c.

Ach eia mar bheirinn fuath dhut
Ged' dh-fhuairidh the rium ?
'Nuair a's feargach mo sheannachas,
Ma t-ainm air do chul,
Thig t-iomhaigh le h-annaschd
Mar shamhladh na m' uidh,
Ar suoilaidh mi gur gaol sin,
Nach caochail a chaidh.
'S theid air a radh,
Gu'n dh-fhas e as ur,
'S fassaidh e 'n tra sin,
Cho airdh ri tur !
'S theid, &c.

On a chualas gu'n gluaisear thu,
Bhuam leis an t-saor,
Tha, mo s'uaib air a buaireadh
Le bruaidairan gaol,
'Gu'n an cairdeas a bha aid
Cha tar mi bhi saor.
Ga mo bharnaigeadh laimh riut
'S e gha dhomh mar mhaor.
Ach ma tha
Mi ga do dhi,
B'fheairde mi pag bhuat
Mas fagadh tu 'n tìr.
Ach ma tha, &c.

AN RIBHINN ALUINN EIBHINN OG.

Tha Deors' air a' Mhaidsear
Ro dhan' ann an cairnt,
An ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.

Sior chur an ceill,
Gu robh e-san fo staint*
An ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.
Ach 'nuair theid an t-osa,
Mu 'n bhord ann an rancaibh,
Olaidh e gu cairdeach,
Deoch-slaime na laintighearn,
Bith h-uile fear do chach,
Mach o Salaidh, toirt taing dha,
An ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.

Mu 'm faca mo shuil thu,
'S e 'n cliu ort a fhuaire mi,
A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.
Mar gu'm bu bhan-de thu,
Gu 'n geilleadh an sluagh dhut,
A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.
Shaoil leam gu'm bu bhead,
A chuid mhor bhasa luaidh riut,
Gus ma shin an ceol,
Sa sin gun tug iad a suas mi,
Ach chreid mi h-uile drann dheth,
'S an danns 'nuair a ghluais thu,
A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.

Shuidh mi ann an cuil,
Mar gu 'n duisgteadh a tranns mi,
A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.
Is dh'amaireadh an triuir ud,
Le 'n suilean, 's le sannt ort,
A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.
Do reir mar a dh-fhaodainn
A h-aodann a rannsachadh,
Dhuraigeadh Salaidh.
Am Maidsear 'n a bhantraich;
Tha aobhneas air Deorsa,
Mu 'n bhron bh' air a' Ghrannadach,
A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.

Cha 'n 'eil a h-aon,
'S a' Bhataille d' an eol thu,
A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.
Nach 'eil ort a bruaider,
Mas fuaigallt' no posda,
A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.
Gus an ruig e Tearlach,
Am maidsear a b' oige;
Ged bu chruaidh 'ainm
Ann an armait righ Deorsa,
Chaochleadh e faobhar,
Le gaol fa do choir-am,
A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.

Am fear a bhios an gaol,
Cha 'n fhaodar leis 'fhuadach,
A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.
'S ann is cruaidh a 'chas,
Gus am paidhear a dhuais dha,
A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.
Fuilligidh mi suil,
Ne fuilligidh mi cluas dhomh,

* B' bhi cheana posd'.

Ma tha son de 'n triuir ud,
 As tric thasa luaidh' riut,
 Cho tinn le do ghaol,
 Bis an aon fhear a's fuath leat,*
 A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.

'S e 'n t-aobhar nach ordaichinn,
 Salaidd do 'n Choirneil,
 A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.
 Eagal gu 'm bitheadh cach
 Ann an naimhdeas r' a bheo dha,
 A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.
 Creutair cho caoimhneil riut,
 Is maighdeann cho boidheach riut,
 Ri ! bu mhor an diobhail,
 Gu 'n cailleadh tu g' a dheoin iad,
 Suiridhich an t-saoghail,
 Le aon fhear a bhoadh,
 An ribhinn, aluinn, eibhinn, og.

ORAN EILE

DO 'N MHAIGHDEINN CHEUDNA.

AIR FOMN—"Sweet Molly."

LUINNNAO.

*Fear a dhannas, fear a chluicheas,
 Fear a leumas, fear a ruitheas.
 Fear a dh-eideas, no ni bruidhean,
 Bi 'n creidheach' aig Salaiddh.*

DH-FHALBH mi duthohan fada, leathan,
 'G amharc inigheanan a's mhnathan;
 Eadar Tunga 's Abar-readhain,
 Cha robh leithid Salaiddh.

Fear a dhannas, &c.

An Dun-eideann 's an Dun-didhe,
 'S a h-aille ceum a rinn mi dh-uighe,
 Cha 'n fhaca mi coltach rithe,
 Bean mo chridhe Salaiddh.

Fear a dhannas, &c.

'S math a claisinn, 's math a fradharc,
 Blasd' a caill agus na their i,
 'S math do 'n fhear a tharadh 'n gaire,
 Do dhoireachan Salaiddh.

Fear a dhannas, &c.

'S math a migh, 's is math a saigh i,
 'S math 'n a guth i, is math 'n a dath i;
 'S math 'n a suidhe 'n ceann na sreath' i,
 Bann na laidhe 's fearr i.

Fear a dhannas, &c.

Fear a dh' iarras i 's nach fhaigh i,
 'S fear nach iarr i a chionn aghaidh,
 Cha robh fhios a'm ce an roghainn
 Thaghainn an aon dha sin.

Fear a dhannas, &c.

* Do Rob Donn Sal "an aon fhear a b' fhuath leatha."

Caipitein treun nan Grenadeer,
 'S airde leumas, 's fearr a ruitheas,
 Cha 'n eil ait an dean i suidhe,
 Nach bi e-san laimh rith'.

Fear a dhannas, &c.

Na 'n racha' dealbh a chur 's a' bhrataich,
 Ann an arm an Iarla Chataich,
 Bhiodh iad marbh mu 'n deant' a glacadh,
 Ged bhicdh neart a' Phap' orr'.

Fear a dhannas, &c.

Note—Sally Grant, the subject of the foregoing two songs, was a girl of easy virtue, who followed the Sutherland fencibles. She was at first mistress to the Earl who commanded; she then served the officers, and finally the privates and drummers. Rob composed another song, called "Mor nigh 'n a Ghobarlain," on the same girl, but the Editor has left it, and a number of others of the same description, out of the book on account of their indelicacy.

BRIOGAIS HIC RUAIRIDH.

[Rinneadh an t-oran so leis a' bhard aig banais "Iseabail Nic-Aoidh," nighean Iain 'Iò-Eachainn, air dh' bhi posda ri Iain, mac Choinnich Suthar-'ain. Bha cruinneachadh anabarrach sluagh air a' bhanais de dh-uaislean na duthcha; ach air do dh-Iain Mac Eachuinn agus am bard our a mach air a obheil goirid roimh 'n am sin, cha d' fhuair am bard eulreadh thun na bainne, ged bha e chomhnuidh ann an atte fagus do laimh. Ach air do Choinneach Sutharlan, athair fhir na bainne, thighinn air an ath mhad'inn an deigh a' phosaidh, agus Rob Donn ionndrainn, thubhairt e ri Iain Mac Eachuinn, gu 'm b' fhearr eulreadh a thoirt do 'n bhard 'n a thrath, no gu 'n cluainte sgeula mu 'n bhanais fathast. Bha fios aig Iain Mac Eachuinn, nach tigeadh am bard air 'aillleas, ged chuireadh e fios air. An sin chuir na h-uaislean uile, 'n an ainm fein, fios air, agus mur tigeadh a leis an teachdairleadh sin, gu 'n rachadh iad fein uile g' a shireadh. Thainig Rob Donn gu toileach; air bha mor speis aig do dh-Iain Mac Eachuinn. 'S d' a theanghlach, ged thainig eadar iad aig an am sin. Air an t-ailliche dh-ionnsuidh taigh na bainne, dh-athghnigh Rob Donn ris an teachdaire thainig d' a iarraidh. An do thach' e d' amhullteach 's am bith 'n am measg o thoisich a' bhanais? Thuit an teachdaire nach eua e-san ach aon rud—Gu 'n do chaill "Mac Ruairidh beag," gille thainig an cois i hir na bainne, a bhrìogais. Bu leor so leis a' bhard agus mu 'n d' rainig e taigh na bainne, ged nach robh ann ach astar da mhille bha 'n t-oran deanta; agus cho luath 's a shuidh e, thoisich e air a ghabhail.]

LUINNNAO.

*An d' fheadh, no 'n d' fhaireich,
 No 'n cuala sibh,
 Co idir thug briogais
 Mhic Ruairidh leis?
 Bha bhrìogais ud againn
 An am dal a chadal,
 'S 'n a' bhrìogais a' mhad'inn
 Cha d' fhuaradh e.*

CHÀIDH bhriogais a stampadh,
Am meadhon na conlaich,
'S chaidh Uisdean a dhamhs',
Leis na gruagaichean ;
'Nuair dh-fhag a chuid misg e,
Gu'n tug e 'n sin briosgadh,
A dh-iarraidh na briogais,
'S cha d' fhuair e i.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Na 'm bitheadh tu laimh ris,
Gu 'n deanadh tu gaire,
Ged bhidheadh an siataig
Na d' chrucachanan ;
Na faiceadh tu 'dhronnag,
'Nuair dh-ionndrain e 'pheallag,
'S e coimhead 's gach callaid,
'S a' suaitheachan.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Iain Mhic Eachuinn,
Ma 's tusa thug leat i,
Chur grabadh air peacadh
'S air buaireadh leath' ;
Ma 's tu a thug leat i,
Cha ruigeadh tu leas e,
Chaidh t-uair-sa seachad
Mu 'n d' fhuair thu i.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Chaitriona Nigh 'n Uilleim,*
Dean briogais do 'n ghille,
'S na cumadh sud sgillinn
A' thuarsadal ;
Ciod am fios nach e t-athair,
Thug leis i g' a caitheamh,—
Bha feum air a leithid,
'S bha uair dheth sin.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Briogais a' chonais,
Chaidh chall air a' bhanais,
Bu liutha fear fanaid
Na fuaidheil oirr' ;
Mur do ghleidh Iain Mac-Dhomhnuill,
Gu pocan do 'n or i,
Cha robh an Us-mhoine
Na luaidheadh i.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Mur do ghleidh Iain Mac-Dhomhnuill,
Gu pocan do 'n or i,
Cha robh an Us-mhoine
Na ghluaisceadh i.
Mu Uilleam Mac-Phadruig,
Cha deanadh i sta dha,
Cha ruigeadh i 'n aird'
Air a' chrucachan dha.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Tha duine 'n Us-mhoine
D' an ainm Iain Mac-Sheorais,
'S gur ionantas dhomhas
Ma ghluais e i ;

* Bean Iain Mhic Eachain.

Bha i cho cumhang
Mur cuir e i 'm mughas,
Nach dean i ni 's modha
Na buarach dha.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Na leigibh 'i braigh' e,
'M feadh 's a bhios e mar tha e,
Air eagal gu 'n saraich
An luachair e ;
Na leigibh bho bhail' e
Do mhointeach nan coille,
Mu 'n tig an labhallan,
'S gu buail i e.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Ach Iain Mhic-Choimnich,*
'S ann ort a bha 'n sonas,
Ged 's mor a bha dhonadas
Sluaigh an so ;
'Nuair bha thu cho sgiobalt,
S nach do chail thu dad idir,
'S gur tapsaidh a' bhriogais
A bhuannaich thu !
An d' fhidir, &c.

ORAN AIR SEAN FHLEASGACH,

AGUS SEANA MHAIGHDEAN,

MU 'N ROBH SCEUL IAD BHI DOL A PHOSADH.

Tha mhaighdean 's an aite-s'
Tha aireamh de bhliadhnaibh,
Is shaoil leam nach posadh
Neach beo i, chion briadh ;
Ach 's garbh-dheanta calg-fhionnach
Calbhar r' a bhiadhadh,
An gille dubh ciar-dhubh,
Tha triall 'na gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh,
Ciar-dhubh, ciar-dhubh,
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh,
Tha triall 'na gaoith.

A Mhairread, cha choir dhut
Bhi gorach no fiata,
Tha mairist ni 's leoir dhut,
An comhnuidh 'ga t-iarraidh ;
Ni 's grainnde cha 'n eol domb,
'S ni 's boidheche cha b' fhiach thu,
Na 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh,
Tha triall 'na d' gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

Tha ministear coir ann,
Is moran de chiall aig' ;
'N a thaoitear do 'n inghean,
Gun iomrall gun fhiaradh ;

* Fear na bainne.

Is b' fhear leis, an oigh
Bhi gun phosadh seachd bliadhna,
Na 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh
Bhi triall 'na gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

Ged bhiodh ann a phocaid,
De dh-or na th' aig Iarla,
Bu mhor a' chuis bhroin e
Do 'n oigh tha e 'g iarraidh ;
Suillean a's sron,
Agus feosag, a's faclan
A' ghille dhuibh chiar-dhuibh,
Tha triall 'na gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

'S olc an leannan oinid
An t-olach s' 'n a fhionaig,
'N a laidhe 'n a chota,
'N a rogaire miodhoir,
A shailtean 'n a thoin,
Is a shron ris a' ghriosaich ;
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh
Tha triall 'na gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

Tha pung ann a chaileachd,
Thug barr air na ciadan ;
Tha 'aogas ro ghraunda,
'S e air faileadh 'n t-srianaich ;
An uair bha e an Gruididh,
Cha taobhaicheadh fiadh ruinn,
Leis a' ghille dhubh chiar-dhubh,
Bhi triall 'n an gaoith,
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

Ged tha e cho daocheall,
Is aogas cho fiadhaich,
Bithidh feum air 's an tir so,
Air tioman de 'n bhliadhna,
A thoirt ghabhraidh air mheann,
'S a chur chlann dheth na ciochan ;
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh
Tha triall 'na gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

'Nuair a bha sin cruinn
Anns a' bheinn, 's sinn ri fiadhach,
Bu tric a bhiodh tu 'n sas
Anns an t-sauce-pa, is biadh ann ;
Bhiodh eagal air bais oirnn,
Gu 'n cnamhadh tu bian oirnn,
A ghille dhuibh chiar-dhuibh,
Tha triall 'na gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

ORAN NAN GREISICHEAN BEAGA.

AIR FOKK—"Cro nan Gobhar."

CHUNNA' mi orannanach,
Quimir ri ceannaireschd,

'N Acha-na-h-Annaid,
Cur feannag a cheile ;
Sheall n' le annas air,
'S shin r' ri teannadh ris,
Thug mi mo bhoineid dhìom,
'S bheannaich mi fein da.
Tha mi ro bhuidheach
Air chomhairl' nam breitheamhan.
Dh-ordaich gach dithis dhiu
Bhi le aon cheile ;
Faodaidh slìochd tighinn
An deigh na buidhinn so,
Fathast a bhitheas
'N an iongantais feille.

Chaidh mi air m' aghairt,
Is sharaich e m' fhoighidinn,
Feuchainn le a' lughad
C' ait' am faighinn da ceile ;
Fhuair mi 'n taigh Choinnich i,
C' uime gu 'n ceilinn,
'S a h-apanan deiridh
Cho ghoirid r' a fheileadh-s'.
Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tomas a's Domhnall,
Seoras a's Alasdair,
'S coltach 'n an coluinn
A' cheathrar r' a cheile ;
B' fhearr leam te thapaidh
Bhiodh seachad air leth-cheud,
Na a faicinn air leth-trath,
Aig fear dhiubh mar cheile.
Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha iomadh aguil eile
Tha againn gu tarantach,
Naidheachd 'g a h-aithris
A baile Dhun-eideann,
Nach 'eil uile cho ait'
Ann an oibrichibh freasdail,
Ri faicinn nam peasan
A' maitheadh a cheile.
Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha mise fo chachdan,
Nach urradh mi leasachadh,
Nach fhaigh mi aon fear dhiu
Ni maitse do Cheitidh ;
Tha truas aig mo chrìche
Ri seasgaich' na h-ighinn,
Nach faigh sinn aon leighich,
Chuireas dithis ri cheil' diu.
Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Cuirear do 'n eilean iad,
'S thugar mir fearainn dhaibh,
'S bheir iad an air'
Air na gearrain 's a' oheitein ;
Air eagal am pronnaidh
Ri fiodh no ri bolla,
Tha tub aig a' Mhorair
Ni taigh dhaibh le cheile.
Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha agam-sa tuilleadh
De leithid an fhirionnaich-s';
'S air chor a's gu'n cluinnear iad,
Seinneam air seis iad ;
Domhnall beag biorach,
Air posadh an uraidh ;
'S tha dithis de 'n fhine
Aig a' mhinisteir fein diu.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Na greisichean beaga,
Oir 's iad is maoir eaglais,
Tha duil ac' mo thagrach,
Air son magnidhnean beumach ;
Bithidh mise fo eagal,
'Nuair chluinneas mi 'm bagradh,
O 'n thachair mi eadar
An sagart 's an cleireach.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha duil a'm gur duilich leis
Mis' chur an eunnart,
'S gu 'n do chaomhain mi 'n cuilean,
'S gu 'm bu mhuileach leis fein e ;
'S ma chreideas mi 'm ministeir,
An deigh 's na dh-innis e,
'S e 'm moncaidh an uiridh,
Mu mhire na 'n Greibhear.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha sgeula r' a h-aithris,
Mu Bhaile-na-Cille,
Gu 'n robh iad fo iomas
An uiridh le cheile ;
Am bliadhna 'n an dithis,
E-fein 's an cu buidhe,
Gun triall ac' gu uidhe
Ach 'n an suidh' aig na h-eibhlean.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Buidheach am baganach
Seoras na h-eaglais,
Chualas na creagan
Toirt freagairt d' a eigeachd ;
Shamblach mi 'm fleasgach ud
Ris a' gharra-ghartan,
Chualas na fhaoinn,
'S a' gharra-ghartan r' a eisdeach.
Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha duil a'm gur duilich leis
Mur b' fiodh mi 'macan,
Gu 'n sraibh an garran,
M' fleasgach cho treun ri ;
Seas thusa fa 'chomhair,
Is amhaire a crodhan,
'S an te thug an dreobhan air,
Thomhais i fein e.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

ORAN NA CARAIDE BIGE.

Tha dithis anns an duthaich-s',
Tha triall gu dhol a phusadh ;

'S gur beag an t-aodach ur,
Ni gun dhoibh a's leine.

*Hei tha mo run duit,
Ho, tha mo run duit,
Hei tha mo run duit,
A ruin ghil' na treig mi.*

Dithis a tha 'og iad,
Dithis a tha boidheach,
Dithis tha gun oirleach
A chorr air a cheile.

Hei, tha mo run duit, &c.

Ma bhios macan buan ac',
'S gu 'n teid e ris an dual'chas,
Cuiridh e gu luath
An cu-ruadh as an t-saobhaidh.

Hei, tha mo run duit, &c.

Ach ma theid a chrusach,
Sgaoilt' air feadh na duthcha,
Theid prospig ris na suilean,
Tha duil a 'm, mas leir iad.

Hei, tha mo run duit, &c.

O R A N .

[Do dh' fhear chaidh a chordadh ri nighin oig,
ach cha bhiodh e toilichte mu 'n tochradh, mur
tugadh iad dha gamhuinn eile bharrachd air na
bha iad toileach thoirt seachad; agus air so a
dhiultadh dha, threag e a leannan.]

'S ann a bhuail an iorghuill,
Air an t-suiridheach tha 'n so shios,
Chuir e 'uigh' air cèile,
'S gu 'n do reitich iad 'n an dios ;
Shaoil mi fein 'n uair thoisich iad,
Gu 'n cordadh iad gun sgios ;
Ach chum asraidh beag do ghamhuinn iad,
Gun cheangal corr is mios.

Sin, 'n uair thuirt a' mhaighdean,
Nach foighnich sibh rium fìor,
Is innsidh mi a rìreadh,
Gu 'm bu chaochlaideach a rian ;
Gu robh e cheart cho deonach,
Ri duin' og a chualas riamh ;
'S a nis gu 'n ghabh e bhuar dhìom,
O nach d' fhuair e 'n gamhuinn ciar.

Cha e sin air aghairt,
'S ann do Shaghair chaidh e 'n tus,
Chuir iad fìos 'n a dheighidh,
Thigb'nn air aghaidh ann a chuis ;
'S e roghnaich es' an taillearachd—
'S i b' fhearr leis na bhi puid' ;
O nach d' fhuair e 'n gamhuinn asraidh,
Ged fhaigheadh e 'm bas de 'n sput.

Dh-aithnich mi 's an amnarc eart,
Gu robh do thomhas gannt,

Chunnaic mi air t-lomhuinn,
 Gu robh 'n iom-chomhairl' 'n ad cheann;
 'S nach robh do spiorad diomhair,
 'G a do ghriosadh 's a' cheart am;
 'Nuair b' fhearr leat gamhuinn caoile,
 Na do bhean, 's do ghaol, 's do chlann.

H-ulle fear a chi thu,
 'G a do dhiteadh air do ohul,
 Ged leasaich sinn an t-airgead dhut,
 Mu cheithir mharb 's ni 's mo,
 'S e their gach filidh faeil riut,
 Gu spot ohur air do ohliu,
 Gu 'n d' rinn an gamhuinn bacainn,
 Do chontract' chuir air cul.

'S mis a fhuair mo charadh,
 Leis na fearaibh as gach taobh,
 A' mheud 's a bha 'g am iarraidh dhiubh,
 'S nach b' fhiach leam duin' ach thu;
 Shaoil mi fein 's an fhoghar,
 'Nuair a thag mi thu a triuir,
 Nach fanadh tu cho fada bhuam,
 Ged b' fhiach an gamhuinn crun.

AM BOC GLAS.

Ox tha mi na m' aonar,
 Gu'n teann mi ri spors;
 Gu'n cuir mi mar dh-fhaodas mi,
 'M boc air sheol.
 'S gu'n leig mi fios dhachaigh
 A dh-innsaidh nan Catac',
 Gur h-e 'm boc glas,
 A bhios ac air an tos.
Pe he fanndarai feininn oth-oro,
Hithil fanndarai feininn oth-oro,
Fa-thel-oth fanndarai feininn oth-oro,
Hithil shiubhal e,
Hannadarai hith-horo,
Fa-thel-oth, fa-thel-oth.

'S iomadh oganach snearail,
 Bha fearail gu leor;
 A chunna' mis
 Ann an cogadh righ Deors'.
 'S cha'n fhaca mi boc,
 Ga thogail air feachd,
 Ach aona bhoc glas
 A Bh' aig mac an Iarl' oig.
Pe he fanndarai, &c.

'Nuair thigeadh am Foghar,
 Co dhianadh a bhuain?
 Co dhianadh an ceanghal,
 No sgrudhadh an sguab?
 Co chuireadh na siamanan,
 Ceart air na tudanan?
 Ach am boc luideach,
 Na'm faigheadh e duais.
Pe he fanndarai, &c.

Gu'n tug iad a' chobhair ud,
 Bhuaine gun fhios;
 A's dh' fhagadh na gobhair
 Gun bhaine gun bhliochd;
 Tha sine nigh'n Uilleim,
 A caoine 'sa tuireadh,
 'S suilear a' eileadh
 Air son a' bhuic ghlaic.
Pe he fanndarai, &c.

Note.—This song was composed on a rake in Sutherlandshire, who, having got a number of young women in the family way, was obliged to take refuge in the Sutherland fencibles, where the poet gave him the name of *Boc Glas*—a name that he retained during life. The tune is excellent, and may justly be entitled the first of the Sutherlandshire pipe jigs. It was the poet's own composition. He also composed several other popular airs of great merit.

ORAN.

[Do dh' fhear a bha suiridh air nighinn oig,
 agus fear eile bhi 'g a toir bhuaidhe; bha mar
 hair na h-inghinn (a tha labhairt 's a' cheud rann)
 'n a banarach aig Morair Mac-Aoidh, agus e-san
 'n a bhuachaille; agus am fear bha toirt na h-inghinn
 bhuaidhe 'n a Lhreachadair.—Tha t-oran air
 a sgrìobhadh do reir dearbh Ghlaic a bhard fein
 oir cha ghabhadh e seinn air caochladh doigh.]

LUINNEAG.

Tha 'n gille math ruadh,
'S e laidir, luath,
Cha 'n urr e bhi suas
'S nach d' fhuair e i.
Tha 'n gille math ruadh,
'S e laidir, luath,
Cha 'n urr e bhi suas,
'S nach d' fhuair e i.

FHLEASGAICH tha 'g imeachd
 An aghaidh na gaoith,
 Gun duil aig mo nighinn
 Thu thighinn a chaidh
 Gu 'm b' fhearr a b' bhuaidhe
 Am buaile Mhic-Aoidh
 Na fleasgach na fighe
 Le fhicheadh bo ian
Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

Cha 'n urradh mi dhearbhadh
 Mar chearb air bhuir clann,
 Gur-ann anns na cairdean
 Tha mheir' air am fonn
 'Nuair theid gach mearachd
 A chronachadh tholl,
 Bidh fuigheall an innich
 'S an ime cho trom.
Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

* Flichead maide na beairte.

Tha Seumas Mac-Cullach,
'N a dhuine 'm beil speis,
Tha onoir bho 'leanabas
'G a dhearbhadh 'n a bheus;
Tha fear anns a' bhaile-s'
Gun chol aeh an spreidh,
Tha e 'n uidheam na goide
Ni 's faide no eis'.
Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

Mo chomhairl' a nighean,
'S na suidhich do bhonn,
Air rud bhios 'n a pheanas,
'S 'n a mhearachd dhut tholl,
Tha duil agad achdaidh
Ri beartas 'n a steoll,
Le fuighleach an innich,
'S cha chinnich e boll.
Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

Na 'm faiceadh sibh 'm fleasgachan
Tapaidh a th' againn,
Ag iomart nan casan
Mu seach air na maidean,
Le 'iteachan innich
A' pilleadh 's a' glagartaich,
Cnap aig a' mhuidh,
'S an t-slinn a' feadaireachd.
Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

ORAN FHAOLAIN.

[Sgalag a bh'aig a' bhard, air an robh Faolan
aca mar leas ainm. Cha robh Faolan aeh 'n a
chreutair fachanta, agus b' abhaist do dh' ing-
heanan a' bhaire a bhl' g a thilgeadh air a cheille
mar leannan.]

LUNNEAG

*Gu neartaich an sealbh,
'S gu leasaich an sealbh,
An t-abhagan marbh ud, Faolan.
Gu neartaich an sealbh,
'S gu leasaich an sealbh,
Comhairl' marbh ud, Faolan.*

Thaig a' bhard a' bhard,
'Nuair a' bhard a' bhard,
O 'n eir a' bhard a' bhard,
Oir chual a' bhard a' bhard,
An t-urram a' bhard a' bhard.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Thainig oirnn Iain le naidheachd a nuas,
Cha chreid mi nach cual' an sgr' e,
Gu 'n deachaidh uainn Curstaidh
Le briosgadh do Chlurraig,
Eagal bhi dlu air Faolan.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Tha Curstaidh a's Deonadh,
A's Ceitidh nigh'n Deorsa,
Is Mairi bhuidh' og nan caorach,

'G an deasachadh mor, gu leasachadh prois,
A fhreasdal 's gu 'm pos iad Faolan.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Tha Curstaidh bheag Dhonn,
'S a eridhe ro throm,
Air eagal nach crom rith' Faolan;
Tha Mairi ag radh nach dean e dh'i sta,
Nach 'eil e ni 's fearr no caolan!
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

An uair a fhuair Ceitidh sealladh dheth ris,
'S e thubhairt i fein a's faoilt oirr'.
Ged nach 'eil mi 'g a' fhajcinn
Cho sgìobalt ri palrt,
'S ann tha e ni 's fearr na shaoil mi.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Cha 'n aithne dhomh nighean,
No bean air an fhod,
A bheireadh d' an deoin an gaol da,
O'n tha e gu siogaideach, rugaideach, marbh,
Cha bhoe, is cha tarbh, aeh laos-boc.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Gu'm beil a' bhean againn 'n a laidhe ri lar,
'S i 'g acain gu brath a caol-druim
Cha chuir i dhuinn tuilleadh
A' mhin air a' bhuirn;
Aeh dheanadh i taobh ri Faolan.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Tha bean-an-taigh' againne
Leth-cheud do bhliadhnaibh,
'S tha i cho lath ri caora,
'S ged nach 'eil fiacail idir 'n a ceann,
Cha lughad a geall air Faolan.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Tha Ceitidh a's Curstaidh, gu briosgant' an cuil,
O 'n tha iad an duil ri daoine;
'Nuair bhios mi beartach,
Gu 'n toir mi dhaibh gun,
Na 'n deanadh iad mun air Faolan.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Comhairl' a bheirinn a nis ort a Phadaidh,
O 'n nach 'eil nair 'na t-aodann,
'Nuair ni mi 'n ath chrathadh
Gun toir mi dhut greim,
Na 'n leigheadh tu br * * m air Faolan.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Shaoil leam nach labhradh e
Mu'n a' bhuntat',*

* The bard and Faolan being one day planting potatoes in a field near a public-house, some acquaintances of the former came that way, who went in to have some refreshment, and took him along with them. Faolan also followed, and got his "shell," but instead of returning again to his work, he went home and told the bard's wife that his master had abandoned the potatoe planting and went on the spree, and that he could not work by himself. On Rob returning home at night, Faolan's story was related to him, and before supper was ready this song was composed on him.

Ach bidh e nì's paight' no shaoil leis,
Na 'n tigeandh an donas do 'n bhail-s' 'na
dheann,
Gu tugainn air cheann da Faolan.
Gu neartaich an seallbh, &c.

TURUS DHAIBHII' DO DH' ARCAMH.

[Bha Dalbhidh so 'n a bhunachailte, agus 'n a
aireach, aig dufu' nasat araidh, ann am bail' eile,
beagan mhiltean bho 'aite fein; agus 'nuair a bha
Dalbhidh dol dachaigh leis an im agus leis a'
chaise, gu mbeighatir, fhuair e air bata ceilpe,
bha dol an rathaid; ach 's ann chaireadh leis an
stoirn iad air tìr ann an Arcamh, 's ged a b' ann
's a' ghrund a rachadh Dalbhidh, cha deanadh
na nabaidhnean moran caoidh air a shon.]

Nach cruaidh, craiteach, an t-aiseag,
A fhuair Dhaibhidh do dh' Arcamh,
Dh-fhalbh an caise, 's a' cheilp, a's e-fein.
Nach cruaidh, &c.

O 'n chaidh a bhas dheanamh cinnteach,
Shuas mu bhraighe Loch-Uinnseard,
Gu'm bu ghajreach guth minn as a dheigh.
O 'n chaidh, &c.

Thubhairt nigh'n Dho'uill 'Ic Fhiunnlaidh,
Ris an t-Siorramh neo-shuundach,
Dearb cha mhise an t-aon neach tha 'n eis.
Thubhairt nigh'n, &c.

Ma chaill thusa t' fhear impidh,
Chaill mise an fhear aon-taigh;
Co nis is fear-punndaich do 'n spreidh?
Ma chaill thusa, &c.

Bha do nabaidhnean toigheach,
Anns gach bagh 'g iarraidh naidheached,
'S leis a' chradh bh'orr', cha'n fhaigheadh
iad deur.
Bha do nabaidhnean, &c.

Ach o 'n chual iad thu philleadh,
O na cuaintean, gun mhilleadh,
Shin an sluagh ud air sìleadh gu leir.
Ach o 'n chual iad, &c.

Mach o acaraidh thrailleil,
Bhios a' streup mu do cheairde,
Cha bhi creutair gun chradh as do dheigh.
Mach o acaraidh, &c.

Ach ma 's bas dut mas tig thu,
'S ann bhios deuchainn a ghliocais,
Aig an fhear bhios cur lic ort le speis.
Ach ma 's bas, &c.

Sgrìobhar sìos air a braighe—
"So am bail' 's am beil Daibhidh,
A luchd na h-eucoir, thig bas oirbh gu leir."
Sgrìobhar sìos, &c.

Sgrìobhar suaicheantas Dhaibhidh;
Ceann gaibhre, a's cabag,
Rotach gleadhraich, a's faladair geur.
Sgrìobhar suaicheantas, &c.

Ceann griomach a bhagair,
Suil mhiogach nam praban,
Beul blogach nan cagar 's nam breug.
Ceann griomach, &c.

'S ann tha 'n eachdairidh ghabhaidh,
Nis mu ais-èirdh Dhaibhidh,
'S e tighinn dachaigh 'n a stairneanach treun.
'S ann tha 'n eachdairidh, &c.

Leis gach deoch a bha blasda,
Is ionadh biadh nach do chleuchd e,
'S ann is fearr e 'na phearsa mar cheud,
Leis gach deoch, &c.

Dh-fhas e stailceanach, puinnseach,
'S ann is treis' air gach puing e,
Cuiribh 'cheist ris a' mnaoi aige fein.
Dh-fhas e stailceineach, &c.

Tha mnathan uaisl' anns a' mhachair,
O na chual iad mar thachair,
Chuid bu stuama an cleachdaibh 's am beus.
Tha mnathan naisl' &c.

A bhiodh deonach gu 'n tachradh,
Gnothuch coir anns na cairtean,
Bheircadh oirnn' dol a dh' Arcamh gu leir.
A bhiodh deonach, &c.

* * * * *

ORAN AN AINM DITHIS NIGHEAN

IAIN MHIC EAMHAINN

[Te dhaibh air tighinn dachaigh a' sgoll,
agus gun speis aice nis, na 's a' fhear do 'n du-
thaich; agus an te eile, na 's a' bhaile o 'n
bhaile, a' moladh na dachaigh.]

Cia b' e dheanamh mar rinn mis',
Bu mhisd se e gu brath,
Dhol do 'n dheinn, an aghaidh m' inntinn,
Mhill e mi mo shlaight;
Pairt de m' acain, braigheach Mheirceinn,
'S aig gun mharcaid e.
Ach spain a's copraich, 's ba-theach fos-
gailt',
'S graine shòp ri lar.

Cha 'n 'eil seomar aig Rìgh Breatainn,
'S taitneich' leam na 'n Carn,

Oir tha e uaignidheach do ghruagach,
'S ni e fuaim 'nuair 's aill;
Fèur a's coille, bla a's duille,
'S iad fo iomadh neul,
Is iise le *echo*, mar na teudan,
Seirm gach seis a 's fearr.

Cha b' aite comhnuidh leam air Dhomhnach,
A bhi 'n roig no 'n earn,
Oir, mur robh strìanach ann air bhliadna,
Cha robh riumh ni b' fhearr;
Fuaim na beinne, 's gruaim a' ghlinne,
'S fuathach leam a' ghair;
O! cradh mo chridhe, reubadh lighe,
An t-ait an tighe 'm fearr.

Cìod am fath mu 'n tug thu fuath sin,
Do na bruachaibh ard?
Nach fhaic thu fein, 'nuair thig an spreidh,
Gur feumail iad le 'n al?
Cha chradh cridhe, air larach shuidhe,
Fuaim na lighe lain,
Do 'n gnath bhi claghaich roimh a h-aghaidh,
Is fear na deighidh a' fas.

Na bha fìrinneach dheth t-amhran,
'N fhad 's bha 'n samhradh blath.
Rinn e tionndadh oidheche-Shamhna,
'S bheir an geamhradh 'shar;
Duille shuidhicht' barr an fhiodha,
Dh-fas i buidhe-bhan,
'S tha mais 'n t-Srath' air call a dhath,
Le steall de chathadh lair.

Gleidhidh 'n talamh thun a' t-samhraidh,
Sin a chrann e 'n drasd,
Beath a's calltunn latha bealltuinn,
Gealltanach air fas;
Bidh gruth a's crathadh air na srathan,
'S teirgidh 'r. catheadh-lair,
Nach grinn an stealladh, glinn a' stealladh,
Laoigh, a's bainne, 's barr!

'S barail leam-sa gu 'n do chaill sibh,
Air na rinn sibh chais;
Dhol do shliabh, gun chur, gun chliathadh,
'S na robh biadh a' fas;
B' fheàrr bhi folluiseach an Goll-thaobh,
Na bhi 'n comunn ghraigh,
Air mo dholladh leis an chonnadh,
Lalmh ri bolle fail.

Note.—This is a contrast between the pleasures of a town and a pastoral life, as if by two young ladies, (daughters of the celebrated "*Iain Mac-Fachuinn*,") one of them returned from the town of Thurso, where she had been sent to school, and the other, yet ignorant of town, upholding the pleasures of rural retirement. The beauties of the bard's own native strath are delineated in strains so sweet that we have only to regret that he did not more frequently indulge his muse in descriptive poetry.

MARBHRAN IAIN GHRE.

ROGHAIRD.

[Agus e air còchladh ann an Siorramachd Pheairt, air a shlighe dol dachaigh do Chat-taobh.]

Tha rogairean aortnealach, trom,
'N taobh bhos agus tholl do na *Chrasg*.
O 'n chual iad mu 'n cuairt an Ceann-cinn-
idh,
Gu 'n do dh-eug e an Siorramachd Pheairt;
Dh-aindeoin a dhreachdan 's a chiall;
Cha do chreid duine riumh a bha ceart,
Aon smid thainig mach air a bheul
'S cha mho chreid e fein Rìgh nam feart.

Cha 'n aithne dhomh aon ni cho laidir,
'S an t-saoghal-s', ri bas, gu toirt teum;
'N t-strac thug e an drasd' oirnn air aghairt,
Gun do marbh e fear Roghaird do leum.
Tha Satan ro bhronach, 's cha 'n ioghnadh,
Ged fhaigheadh e 'n t-aon-sa dha fein,
Air son nach 'eil fathach air sgeul aig'
Fear a sheasas dha 'aite 'na dheigh.

'S fad a bho chunnacas, 's a chualas,
Gar teachdaire gruamach am bas;
Gidheadh gu'm beil cuid bh'ann an daoch ris,
Toirt rud-eigin gaoil da na drasd'
Tha duil ac' an Cat-thaobh 's an Gall-thaobh,
Nach urr' iad a mholadh gu brath,
Air son gur h-e fein thug a' cheud char
A fear thug cuig ceud car a cach.

Sibhse tha mor agus mion,
Sibhse tha sean 's a tha og,
Thugaibh cheart air' air a' bhas,
'Nuair is beartaich' 's is laine bhuir crog;
Oir thig e mar mheirleach 's an oidhech',
Ged robh sibh uile cruinn mu na bhord;
'S cha 'n fheudar a mhealladh le foill,
'S gu 'n do mheall e Ceann-feadna nan
rog.

Rinn deamhnan is triualcean talmhaidh,
Election mu chealgair bhiodh treun,
Co bu starach', bu charaich', 's bu cheil-
geich',
'S a b' fhearr chuireadh lith air a' bhreig;
B' e Satan am breitheamh bu shine,
Da 'm b' aithne gach fine fo 'n ghrein;
'S b' i 'bharnal nach fhaigheadh e leithid,
Mur robh e 's na Greadhaich iad fein.

Bu mhath leam an ciontach a bhuaiadh,
'S cha b' aill leam duin' uasal a' shealg;
'S ged chuireas mi gruaim air a' choireach,
Cha gabh an duin' onarach fearg;
Tha Caiptein Rob Gre air a' dhiultadh,
Le breitheanas Prionnsa nan cealg;
Rinn coimeasgadh Reothach a chumadh,
Gu uails' agus duinealas gharg.

Tha breugan a's cuir air am fagall,
Do 'n fhear a 's fearr talann g' an inns';
Cha cheadaich a' chuis e do Bhatair,
Tha onoir a's ardan 'n a ghrìd;
Ge comasach Iain a bhrathair,
Cha 'n fhaigh e an draod' i chion aois;
Ach an sin gheibh e obair an t-Satain,
Ceart comb-luath 's is bas do fhear Chra-
oich.

MARBHRANN,

VILLIEM MHUILLEIR, AN CEARD.

O 'nuair 's a chaidh Uilleam fo 'n uir,
Gur tearc againn suil tha gun deur,
Do mhuilleir, a bhrachair, no 'chocair,
No 'mhathan da 'n nos bhi ri spreidh;
Cha mhodha na clamhain a's gaothair,
Tha subhach 's an fhoghar-s' 'n a dheigh;
Air son gu 'm buin iomall na cloinne,
Gach ubh a's gach eireag dhaibh fein.

'S glan a tha 'n talamh-s' 'n a fhasach,
O 'nuair chaidh thu bas o cheann mios;
Ge maiseach na macain so dh-fhag thu,
Cha seas iad dhuinn t-aitse 'n an, dios;
'S ann a tha acuinn do cheairde,
Mar rud chaidh 'n an claraibh 's an diosg;
An t-ord a's am balg ris an teine,
An rusp, a's an t-innein, 's an t-iorp.

'S giorra mo sgil, na mo dhurachd,
Gu innseadh do chliu mar is coir;
'S minig a dheare mi do chruinn-leum
Do 'n aite 'm bu chinntich' do lon;
Sgiathan do chota fo t-achlais,
Is neul an tombac' air do shroin;
Bhiodh gaoir aig na coin 'g a do ruith,
Agus mir air dhroch bhrùich ann do dhorn.

Air fhad 's a theid cliu ort a leantuin,
Cha 'n urrainn mi chantainn gu leoir;
'S tu dh-fhuineadh, a ghuiteadh, 's a chriath-
radh,
'S tu dh-itheadh, 's a dh-iarradh an corr;
'S tu rachadh do 'n t-eruthan a chlisgeadh,
'Nuair ghabhadh na h-uisgean gu lon:
Bu choitach ri rapas na seilcheig,
An easgann mu thimcheall do bheoil.

Cha'n aithne dhomh neach feadh na talm-
hainn-s
A' choiteir, a' shearbhannt, no 'thuath,
Nach ionndraineadh Uilleam, as aodann
Oir shiubhladh e 'n sgìre ri uair;
Nis o 'n a chual iad gu 'n deach' e,
Tha rud-eigiu smal air daoib' uails',
Air son nach 'eil neach ac' s a' mhachair,
A ghlanas taigh-cac no poit fhuail.

MARBHRANN,

DO THRIUIR SHEANN FHEARAOACH.

[CLANN FHIR TAIGH RUSPUINN.]

AIR FONN—"Latha 'siubhal sleibhe dhomh."

'N an laidhe so gu h-ìosal,
Far na thiodhlaic sinn an triuir,
Bha fallain, laidir, imtinneach,
'Nuair d' inntrig a' bhliadhn' ur;
Cha deach' seachad fathaist,
Ach deich latha dh'i o thus;—
Clod fhios nach tig an teachdair-s' oirnn,
Ni 's bràise na ar duil?

Am bliadhna thim' bha dithis diubh,
Air tighinn o 'n aon bhroinn,
Bha iad 'n an da chomrad,
O choinnich iad 'n ann cloinn;
Cha d' bhris an t-aog an comunn ud,
Ged bu chomasach dha 'n roinn,
Ach ghearr e snaith'n na beath-s' ac',
Gun dail ach latha 's oidhech'.

Aon duine 's bean o 'n tainig iad,
Na braithean ud a chuaidh,
Bha an aon bheatha thimeil ac',
'S bha 'n aodach de 'n aon chloimh;
Mu 'n aon uair a bhasaich iad,
'S bha 'n nadur d' an aon bhuaidh;
Chaidh 'n aon siubhal dhaoine leo,
'S chaidh 'n sineadh 's an aon uaigh.

Bu daoine nach d' rinn briseadh iad,
Le fìosrachadh do chach;
'S cha mho a rinn iad aon dad,
Ris an can an saoghal gras;
Ach ghineadh iad, a's rugadh iad,
Is thogadh iad, a's dh-fhas—
Chaidh strac de 'n t-saoghal tharais orr',
'S mu dheireadh fhuas iad bas.

Nach 'eil an guth so labhrach,
Ris gach aon neach againn beo?
Gu h-araidh ris na seann daoine,
Nach d' ionnsuich an staid phoad';
Nach gabh na tha 'nan dleasan,
A dheasachadh no lon,
Ach caomhnadh ni gu falair dhaibh,
S a' falach an cuid oir.

Cha chaith iad fein na rinn iad,
Agus oighreachan cha dean,
Ach ulaidhnean air shliabh ac',
Bhios a' biadhach chon a's eun;
Tha iad fo 'n aon dìteadh,
Fo nach robh, 'nach bi mi fhein,
Gur duirche, taisgte 'n t-or ac',
Na 'nuair bha e 'n tos 's a mheinn.

Barail ghlic an Ard-Rìgh—
Dh-fhag a pairt de bhuidhean gann,
Gu feuchainn iochd a's oileanachd,
D' an dream d' an tug e meall;

C' arson nach tugta porsan,
Dhe 'n cuid stòrais aig gach am,
Do bhòchdan an 'Ti dheanaicheadh,
An corr a chur 'na cheann?

An deagh na rinn mì rusgadh dhuibh,
Tha duil agam gan lochd,
'S a liuthad facl firinneach
A dhirich mì 'n ur n-uehd,
Tha eagal orm nach eisd sibh,
Gu bhì feumail do na bhòchd;*
Nì 's mo na rinn na fheasgach ud,
A sheachduin gus a nochd.

Note.—Two of these bachelors were somewhat remarkable, having been born together, brought up together, and died within a night of each other. They were buried in the same hour, in the same grave, and by the same company of men. Their whole study, from their youth, was to hoard up money, and had much of it hid under ground, which they neither had the heart to use themselves, nor to bestow upon their friends, none of which has yet been found.

* It is said that a wandering beggar called upon them for alms seven days previous to their death, whom they refused to relieve, a circumstance at which the bard hints above.

MARBHRANN

DO DH' IAIN MAC-EACHUINN.

[An duin' uasal, aig an do thogadh am bard,
'n a theaghlach, o 'n bha e 'n a bhalachan og;
agus bu duin' e a chòisinn a leithid a chliu, o a
luich-eòlais air fad, 's gu 'n d' aidich iad uile, gu
'n robh am marbhrann so gun mhearachd, agus
gu h-àraidh na briathran mu dheireadh dheth,
's gu 'n abradh gach neach mar an ceudna a
chluinneadh am marbhrann, agus d' am b' eol
Iain Mac-Eachainn gu 'n robh e ceart.]

Iain Mhic-Eachainn, o dh-eug thu,
C' ait an teid sinn a dh-fhaotainn
Duine sheasaa 'n ad fhine,
An rathad tionail no sgaoilidh.
'S nì thèinnt' gur beart' chunnairt,
Nach dean duine tha aod' e,
'S ged a bheirt' de 'n al' og e,
'S tearc tha beo fear a chi e.

Dearbh cha b' ionann do bheatha,
'S do dh' fhir tha fathast an caomhnadh,
Thionail airgead a's fearann,
'S bi'dh buidhean eile 'g an sgaoileadh;
Bhios iad fein air an gearradh,
Gun ghuth an caraid 'g an caoineadh,
Air nach ruig dad do mholadh,
Ach "Seall sibh fearann a dhaor iad."

Tha iad laghall gu litreil,
'S 'n an doibhtearan gearra,
Is iad a' paidheadh gu moltach,
Na bhios a' air a cheile;

Ach an corr, theid a theagaidh,
Gur cruaidh a chelltinn o 'n fheile,
Is tha 'n sporan 's an suilean,
Cheart cho duint' air an fheumach.

Leis an leth-onoir riataich-s',
Tha na ciadan diubh faomadh,
Leis am fearr bhì fo fhiachan,
Fad aig Dia na aig daoine;
Thig fo chall air nach beir iad,
'S e ceann mu dheireadh an dteadh,
"C' uim nach tug sibh do 'n bhòchd,
Am biadh, an deoch, a's an t-aodach?"

Ach na 'm b' urrainn mi, dhuraighdinn
Do chliu-s' chur an ordugh,
Ann an litrichean soilleir,
Air chor 's gu 'm beir an t-al' og air;
Oir tha t-iomradh-s' cho feumail,
Do 'n neach a theid ann do roidean.
'S a bha do chuid, fhad 's bu mhaireann,
Do 'n neach bu ghainn' ann an stòras.

Fhir tha 'n latha 's an comas,
Ma 's aill leat alla tha fùthail,
So an tim mu do choinneamh,
An coir dhut greimeachadh dlù ris;—
Tha thu 'm batal a' bhais,
A thug an t-armunn-s' do 'n uir usainn,
Glacadh gach fear agaibh 'ollg,
'S mo lamh-s' gu 'n cothaleh i cìlu dhuibh.

Oir ged tha cuid a bhios fachaidh,
Air an neach a tha falaidh,
'S i mo bharail-s' gur achdaidh
Bu choir an achiung so iarraidh;—
Gu 'm bu luath thig na linnean,
Nì chuid a's sine dhinn callach
Nach dean sinn iobairt do bhith-bhuantachd,
Air son tri fichead do bhliadh-rach'.

'S lionmhor neach bha gun socair,
A chuir thu 'n stoc' le do dheilig,
Agus bath-g'iollan gorach,
Thionail eolas le t-eisdeachd;
Dearbh cha 'n aithne dhomh son neach,
Mach o umaidhnean spreidhe,
Nach 'eil an inntinn fo cùdthrom,
Air son do chuid, no do cheile.

Fhir nach d' ith mìr le taitneas,
Na 'm b' eol dut acrach 's an t-saoghal,
Fhir a chitheadh am feumach,
Gun an eigh' aig a' chluinntinn;
B' fhearr leat punnd dheth do chuid bhunt,
Na unnea cuid-throm air t-linntinn;
Thig thu t-aran 's na h-uigean,
'S gheibh do shliochd iomadh-fill' e.

Chi mi 'n t-aim-beartach uasal,
'S e lan gruamain a's airtneil,
'S e gan airgead 'n a phocaid,
Air an taigh-òsda dol seachad;

Chi mi bhantrach bhoichd, dheurach,
Chi 'n deireach lan acrais,
Chi mi 'n dille 'dan ruisgte
Le e falbh anns na ragaibh.

Chi mi 'n ceol-fhear gun mheas air,
Call a ghibhtean chion cleachdaich,
Chi mi feumach chion comhairl',
A' call a ghnòthuich 's a thapadh.
Na 'm bitheadh air' agam fhìarachd,
Cìod e is ciall do 'n mhòr acain-s',
'S e their iad uile gu leir rium :—
“Och ! nach d' eug Iain Mac-Eachuinn !”

Chi mi 'n t-lomadaidh sìuaigh so,
'N an culaidh-thruais chionn 's nach beo
thu,
'S ged e 'n call-s' a tha 'n uachdar,
Chi mi buannachd nan olach ;—
O 'n a thaisbean domh 'm bliadhna.
Iomadh biadhach nach b' eol domh,
Mar na reannagan riallaidh,
An deigh do 'n ghrian a dhol fo orr'.

'S tric le marbhrannan moltach,
A bhios cleachdach 's na duthchaibh-s',
Gu 'm bi coimeasgadh masgair,
Tighinn a steach ann 'n a bhruehdan
Ach ged robh mis' air mo mhionnan,
Don Ti tha cumail nan duilean,
Cha do luaidh mu 'n duine-s',
Ach buaidh a channa' mo shuil air.

MARBHRANN EOGHAINN.

LUINNEAG.

'S cian fada, gur fada,
'S cian fada, gu leoir,
O 'n la bha thu fo sheac-thinn,
Gur aon ag acain do dhroin ;
Ma tha 'n tim air dol seachad,
'Snach d' rinn thu cleachdach air choir,
Ged nach dail duit ach seachdain,
Dean drogh fhasan a leon.

'S tric thu, Bhais, cur an ceill dhuinn,
Bhi sior eigheachd ar cobhrach ;
'S tha mi 'm barail mu 's stad thu,
Gu 'n toir thu 'm beag a's mor leat ;
'S ann o mheadhon on fhoghair,
Fhuair sinna rabhadh a dh-fhoghnadh,
Le do leum as na cuirtean,
Do na chuil am beil Eoghann.
'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.

Ach na 'n creidead. sinn, Aoig, thu,
Cha bhiodh 's saoghal-s' 'g ar dalladh,
'S nach 'eil h-aon de ahloichd Adhaimh,
Air an tarailt leat cromadh ;

'S i mo bharail gur fìor sud,
Gur ard 's gur ìosal do shealladh ; *
Thug thu Pelham a morachd,
'S an d' fhuair thu Eoghann 's a' Pholladh ?
'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.

Tha thu tigh'n air an t-seors' ud,
Mu 'm beil bron dhaoine mora,
'S tha thu tighinn air muinntir,
Mu nach cluinntear bhi coine ;
Cha 'n 'eil aon 's an staid mheadhoin,
Tha saor fathast o dhoghrunn,
Do nach buin a bhi caitiris,
Eadar Pelham a's Eoghann.
'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.

Tha iad tuiteam mu 'n cuairt duinn,
Mar gu 'm buailt iad le peitear,
Dean'maid ullamh, 's am fuaime so,
Ann ar cluasan mar tharum ;
Fhir a 's lugha measg moran,
An cual thu Eoghann fo ghalar ?
Fhir a 's mo anns na h-aitean-s',
An cual thu bas mhaighatir Pelham ?
'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.

Ach a chuidheachd mo chridhe,
Nach toir an dithis-s' oirn sgathadh !
Sinn mar choinneil an leantair,
'S an da cheann a' sior chaitheamh ;
C' ait an robh anns an t-saoghal,
Neach a b' ils' na mac t' athar-s' ?
'S cha robh aon os a cheann-sa,
Ach an righ bh' air a chathair.
'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.

Note.—Among Rob Donn's elegies, it would be difficult to distinguish the best. But as a test of his own abilities as a poet we would at once fix upon *Marbhrann Eoghainn*, where he makes his subject a general one—the uncertainty of time, and the calls to preparation for death sounded to mankind in the simultaneous fall of the high and the low, the rich and the poor. The use made of the circumstances that led to it exhibits a poet's mind. Rob Donn had heard accounts of the death of Mr. Pelham, the first minister of state. The same day when this intelligence reached him, he took a stroll to the neighbouring mountains of Durness, in search of deer. He was for that day unsuccessful ; but judging, as a sportsman, on such occasions, that better fortune might attend him the following morning, instead of returning home he determined to spend the night, and await the dawn, at a solitary house situated at the head of Loch Erribol, that he might be the more nigh to surprise his game when morning arrived. The bleak dreariness of this spot of itself might present almost to any mind a striking contrast to all that we deem comfortable, social, or desirable in life. Here was a solitary hut (still standing), where the bard was to pass the night. And here was a solitary man, decrepid in old age, stretched on his wretched bed of straw, or heath, and so exhausted by a violent attack of asthma, that the bard pronounced him, in his own mind, surely in the very grasp of the King of Terrors. The idea of Mr. Pelham's death, called away from the summit of ambition and worldly greatness, contrast-

* “*Fallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas, Regumque turres.*”—*Hor. Carm. lib. i. Carm. iv.*

ed with this individual's state, set *Gir* author to the invoking of his muse. Ewen was unable from weakness to converse, or even to speak with the bard, who, kindling a fire for himself, sat down, and the elegy being composed, he was humming it over. He soon found, however, that Ewen had still his bodily sense of hearing, and his mental sense of pride. When the bard came to the recital of the last verse, the concluding lines of which may be thus metrically rendered though we acknowledge not poetically,—

"Among men's sons where could be found
One lowly, poor, like thee?
And where in all this earth's wide round,
But kings, more high than He?"

Ewen, summoning the remains of his strength to one effort of revenge for the insult in the former two lines, seizing a club, crept out of bed, and was at the full stretch of his withered arm wielding a blow at the bard's head, who only observed it just in time to avoid it. He used, we may believe, the mildest measures to pacify Ewen's cholera. He related the circumstance afterwards to some of his friends; and, though others frequently spoke of it as a good joke, the bard could never indulge, we are told, even in a smile, upon the subject. He spoke of it with solemnity; and did not desire to hear the circumstance repeated. Ewen's elegy has been frequently compared to the well known Ode of Horace, "*Solivir acris hiems*," &c.; and had Rob Donn studied Horace, we would doubtless say that he had, at least in view the lines, "*Pallida mors aquo pulsat pede*," &c. *—*Memoir*, 1829.

*Regarding this elegy, an anecdote is recorded, which exhibits the estimation in which it was held by the author's countrymen best able to judge of poetic merit. Mr. Mackay (*Jahn Mac Eachdunn*) happened to be on a visit to Mr. Murdoch Macdonald, minister of Inverness, when on a Sabbath morning the weather became so very boisterous that Mr. Macdonald expressed doubts whether it were proper to go to church, or to detain the people by the usual length of service—express-

ing a fear, at the same time, that if once begun, he might forget himself, and detain them long. His guest urged the propriety of not detaining the people—"But I will tell you," said he, "what you had better do; just go to church, and sing to them, '*Macdhonn Eoghann*,'—it will be greatly more instructive than any sermon you can give." Mr. Macdonald's esteem for Ewen's elegy did not go quite so far, as to cause him to adopt the advice.

R A N N.

[A rann am bard, air madainn, ann an taigh ministear 'Shleibhte, air an turas bha e san eilean-sgiathanach. Thainig bard de mhuinntir an Eilein do thaigh a' mhinistear, agus iad ri 'm biadh maidne. Dh-farr am ministear air rann a dheanadh air:—"Sgiath ehoaidh, im, nua, piomb thombaca, agus Sagart." Rann am bard Sgiathanach so, mar chithear; agus thubhairt Rob Donn, "'S bochd dh-fing thu 'n Sagart,' agus ann an tiota rinn e fein a'n rann mu dheidreadh.]

THUIRT AM BARD SGIATHANACH.

A' mhuc mar bhiadh,
'S an sgiath mar bhord,
'S an Sagart nach itheadh an t-im,
Sparraim a' phìob 'n a thoin.

THUIRT ROB DONN.

Bhiadhainn an Sagart gu grinn—
Bheirinn dha 'n t-im air a' mhuic;
An targaid air a laimh chli,
A's piob-thombaca 'n a phìbic!

DONNACHADH BAN.

DUNCAN MACINTYRE, commonly called *Donnacha Ban nan oran* was born at Druimlaghart, in Glenorchay, on the 20th March, 1724. He spent the early part of his life in fishing and fowling, in which he always took the greatest pleasure. Although he discovered an early inclination to poetry, he produced nothing worthy of being preserved till after the memorable battle of Falkirk, in which he fought, under the command of Colonel Campbell, of Carwhin, on the 17th of January, 1746. He engaged as the substitute of a Mr. Fletcher, of Glenorchay, for the sum of 300 marks, Scots, to be paid on his return. Mr. Fletcher gave him his sword, which he unfortunately lost, or rather threw away, in the retreat; and as he returned without it, he was refused the stipulated pay. It was then, and for that reason, that he composed his poem, entitled "*The Battle of Falkirk*," in which he has given a minute and admirable description of what passed under his eye; and especially of the sword *Claidheamh ceannard Chloinn-an-Leisdir*.)

He endeavours to excuse himself for his retreat, and more especially for parting with such a useless weapon; and he could have entered the army of the prince with much more zeal, had he been among the Jacobites. He, therefore, indulges his inclination in the descriptions he gave. The resentment of a bard, was not, in former days, incurred with impunity. The poem was known everywhere, recited in all parts. The famous battle of Falkirk was enough to give it publicity; and the ridicule so ingeniously, though indirectly, aimed at the gentleman who refused so paltry a sum of money to one who risked his life on his account, was well understood in the whole country. But Macintyre was not satisfied with all he said of the useless sword. He complained of the injustice done him, to the Earl of Breadalbane, who obliged Mr. Fletcher to pay him his wages.

The first time he saw Macintyre after paying him, was at a market; being incensed at him for daring to complain of him, and more so because of his audacity in lampooning him, he stepped up, and taking his staff, struck him, exclaiming, "Go, fellow, and compose a song to *that*." The humble poet of nature was obliged to submit in silence to the unworthy treatment, and, shrugging his shoulders, walked away. But the pain he felt was momentary; not so the wound of the passionate man, inflicted by the sharp edge of genius. It was probed by the disapprobation of all who witnessed his conduct, which recoiled on himself as a more severe punishment than he had given to the young poet of rising fame.

Duncan Macintyre, being a good marksman, was appointed forester to the Earl of Braidalbane, in *Coire-Cheathaich*, and *Beinn-dorain*; and afterwards to the Duke of Argyll, in *Buachaill Eite*. In these situations he invoked the rural muse, on the scenes of his delightful sports, when he described them in the celebrated poems, entitled "*Beinn-dorain*," and "*Coire-Cheathaich*," in strains that are inimitable, and have rendered his name immortal. Good judges of Gaelic poetry seem to be at a loss to which of these productions to give the preference. The first required powers, and knowledge of the noble amusement of the chase, and of the music of the bagpipes, to which few can aspire. And while we affirm that he was never equalled in this species except by the celebrated M'Donald, in his praise of *Morag*, we must conclude it to be his master-piece. And where is any to be compared to the last? which is indeed unrivalled.

Public schools were but thinly established in the Highlands of Scotland in his early days; and his place of residence was distant from the parochial school, so that our author derived no benefit from education. He possessed no advantage in reading the works of others, nor had he an opportunity of getting his own productions written. One advantage he had that was common to all lovers of song—he heard the poetry of his country recited; and, so tenacious was his memory, that not a line, or a word, of his own composition escaped it, which had only been written when sent to the press. A clergyman transcribed them from oral recitation. The first edition of his poems and songs was published in 1768. He went through the Highlands for subscribers, to defray the expense. During his life his work came to three editions, and since then, one edition was printed in Glasgow in 1833.

He afterwards served in the Earl of Breadalbane's Fencible regiment, during the

period of six years, (1793—1799) until it was discharged; he was a considerable time in the city guard of Edinburgh; and after that lived a retired life, subsisting on what he could have saved of the subscriptions of the third edition, which he published in 1804. The collection contains lyric, comic, epic, and religious compositions, all of merit, and composed solely by himself, unassisted in any way but by the direction and power of his own genius. His poetical talents, therefore, justly entitle him to rank among the first of the modern bards. He died at Edinburgh, in October, 1812. In his younger days he was remarkably handsome, and throughout his whole life possessed an agreeable and easy disposition. He was a pleasant and convivial companion; inoffensive, and never wantonly attacked any person; but, when provoked, he made his enemy feel the power of his resentment. See his verses to Uisdean and others. Neither he nor M'Donald knew when to set bounds to their descriptions, and in their satires went on beyond measure.

Duncan Macintyre lived to see the last edition of his poems delivered to his subscribers. The Rev. Mr. M'Callum, of Arisaig, "saw him travelling slowly with his wife. He was dressed in the Highland garb, with a checked bonnet, over which a large bushy tail of a wild animal hang; a badger's skin fastened by a belt in front, a hanger by his side, and a soldier's wallet was strapped to his shoulders. He was not seen by any present before then, but was immediately recognized. A forward young man asked him 'if it was he that made Ben-dourain?' 'No,' replied the venerable old man, 'Ben-dourain was made before you or I was born, but I made a poem in praise of Ben-dourain.' He then enquired if any would buy a copy of his book. I told him to call upon me, paid him three shillings, and had some conversation with him. He spoke slowly; he seemed to have no high opinion of his own works; and said little of Gaelic poetry; but said, that officers in the army used to tell him about the Greek poets; and Pindar was chiefly admired by him."

Of his works, the poems and songs composed when following the pursuits of his youthful pleasures, are incomparably the best. It would be endless to attempt to mark the particular beauties in them. The reader must peruse them all in their native garb; the natural scenes of his darling pursuits are well known, but in his description everything assumes a novel appearance, and in the enchanted scenes that rapidly pass, we wonder that we never observed such beauties before in so bewitching colours. His soul was poured out in the animating and interesting strains. His language is simple and appropriate; chaste and copious. He is most felicitous in the choice of words, idioms, and expressions. He was a man of observation and thought, and revolved the subject of his study often in his mind. M'Donald is learned, and indicates the scholar on all occasions; he was the pupil of nature. M'Donald could not compose on the spur of the moment, a reply *in promptu*. There is, however, an instance in which Macintyre proved that he was not deficient in that manner. When he composed the inimitable panegyric of John Campbell of the bank, he waited on that gentleman, repeated the poem, and demanded a bard's gift. "No;" replied Mr. Campbell, "what reward do you deserve for telling

the truth? You must confess that you could say no less of me; and, moreover, I doubt that you are the author; of that you are to convince me; let us hear how you can dispraise me, and then I shall know if you have been able to compose what you have repeated." Well, Macintyre commenced in the same measure, and continued in flowing and ready numbers till the gentleman was glad to stop him by giving him his reward.

Of his love songs the best is that composed to his wife "Mairi Bhan og." It seems an inexhaustible subject, in which he pours out the happy thoughts and elevated sentiments of the lover, in similes and comparisons taken from the most delightful scenes of nature, and the field of mental enjoyments. The 6th and 7th stanzas are truly beautiful.

The Lament of Colin Campbell, Esq., of Glenure, would alone immortalize his name. The subject was well adapted to awaken melancholy feelings of the most poignant nature. Mr. Campbell fell the victim of envy and ill-will, arising from ill-founded suspicion. What pathos and tenderness! The mournful strains that so eloquently describe the fatal events were not those of a mercenary bard; they were the painful feelings of a foster-brother, poured out in the most earnest and pathetic effusions of a mind alive to the sentiments of an unfeigned sympathy.

His final leave of the mountains, dated 19th September, 1802, is full of tenderness, and sentiment, appropriate to his age and reminiscences.

ORAN DO BHLAR NA H-EAGLAISE BRICE.*

AIR FOKK—"Alasdair a Gleanna Garadh."

LATHA dhuinn air machair Alba,
Na bha dh-armailt aig a chluigse,
Thachair iad oirne na reubail,
'S bu neo-eibhinn leinn a chuideachd;
'Nuair a chuir iad an ratreut oirnn,
'S iad 'nar deigh a los ar murtadh,
'S mur de namaid feum le'r casan,
Cha tug sinne sràd le'r musgan.

'S a dol an coinneamh a Phrionnsa,
Gu'm bu shunndach a bha sinne,
Shaoil sinn gu'm faigheamaid cuis dheth,
'S nach ro dhuinn, ach dol g'a sireadh;
'Nuair a bhuail iad air a cheile,
'S ard a leumamaid a pilleadh,
'S ghabh sinn a mach air an abhainn,
'S dol g'ar n-amhaich ann san liane.

'N am do dhaoina dol nan eideadh,
Los na reabalaich a philleadh,
Cha do shaoil sinn, gu na gheill sinn,
Gar sinn fein a bhite 'g lomain;
Mar gu'n rachadh cu ri caoirich,
'S iad 'nan ruith air aodainn glinne,
'S ann mar sin a ghabh iad sgaoileadh
Air an taobh air an robh sinne.

* This is the author's first song.

Sin 'nuair thainig each 'sa dhearbhadh iad
Gu'm bu shearbh dhuinn dol nan cuideachd;
Se'n trup Ghallda g'an robh chall sin,
Bha Coluinn gun cheann air cuid diubh:
'Nuair a thachair ribh Clann-Domhnuill,
Chum iad comhail air an uchdan,
Dh-fhag iad creuchdan air an reubadh,
'S cha leighiseadh leigh an cuislean.

Bha na h-eich gu cruithreach, srianach,
Girteach, iallach, fiamhach, trupach;
'S bha na fir gu h-armach, foghlumt',
Air an sonnrachadh gu murta.
'Nuair a dh-aom sinn bharr an t-sleibh',
Is moran feum againn air furtach,
Na bha beo bha cuid dhiubh leoint',
'S bha sinn bronach mu 'na thuit ann.

Dh-oirich fuathas ann san ruaig dhuinn,
'Nuair a ghluais an sluagh le leathad;
Bha Prionnsa' Tearlach le chuid Frangach,
'S iad an geall air teachd 'nar rathad:
Cha d' fhuair sinn facal comand'
A dh-iarraidh ar naimhdean a sgathadh;
Ach comas sgaoileadh feadh an t-saoghail,
'S cuid againn gu'n fhaectain fhathad.

Sin 'nuair thainig mise dhachaigh
Dh-ionasuidh Ghilleaspuig o'n Chrannaich,
'S ann a bha e 'n sin cho fhiata,
Ri broc liath a bhiodh an garraidh;
Bha e duilich ann san am sin,
Nach robh ball aige r'a tharruinn,
'S mor an diubhail na bha dhi air,
Claidheamh sinnsireachd a sheanar.

Moran iarruinn air bheag faobhair,
Gu'm be sud aogas a chlaidheimh;
'Se gu lubach, leumnach, bearnach,
'S bha carcam ann, ann san amhaich;
Dh-fhag e mo chruachainse bruite
Bhi 'ga ghiulan feadh an rathaid,
'S e cho trom ri cabur fearna,
'S mairg a dh-fhairdeadh an robh rath air.

'Nuair a chruinnich iad nan ceudan
'N la sin air sliabh na h-eaglais,
Bha ratreud air luchd na Beurla,
'S ann daibh fein a b' eigin teicheadh;
Ged' a chaill mi ann san am sin
Claidheamh ceannairt Chloinn-an-Leasdair;
Claidheamh bearnach a mhi-fhortain,
'S ann bu choltach e ri greidlein.

Am ball-teirmeisg a bha meirgeach,
Nach d'rinn seirbheis a bha dleasach;
'S beag an diubhail leam r'a chunnadh,
Ged' a dh-ionndrain mi mu fheasgar,
An claidheamh dubh nach d'fhuair a sgaradh,
'S neul an t-suthaidh air a leath-taobh;
'S beag a b'fhu e 's e air lubadh,
'S gu'm b'e diuthadh a bhuill-deis e.

An claidheamh braoisgeach, bh'aig na daoine,
Nach d'rinn caonnag 's nach tug buillean,
Cha robh eugas air an t-saoghal,
'S mairg a shaornich leis an cuimeasg;
An claidheamh dubh air 'n robh an t-aimh-
leas,
Gu'n chrìos, gun chràmbalt, gun duille,
Gu'n roinn, gun fhaobhar, gun cheana-bheart
'S mairg a tharladh leis an cunnart.

Thug mi leam an claidheamh bearnach,
'S b'ole an asuinn e se' chabhaig,
Bhi ga ghiulan ar mo shiasaid,
'S mairg mi riamh a thug o'n bhail' e;
Cha toir e stobadh no sathadh,
'S cha robh e laidir gu gearradh;
Gu'm b'e diuthadh a bhuill airm e,
'S e air meirgeadh air an fharadh.

Chruinnich uaislean Earraghaell,
Armaillt laidir de *Mhalisi*,
'S chaidh iad mu choinneamh phrionns' Tear-
lach,
'S duil aca r'a champ a bhrìsteadh;
'S ioma fear a bh' ann san ait ud
Nach robh sabhailt mar bha mise,
A'mheud sa dh-fhag sinn ann san araich,
Latha blar na h-Eaglais'-brice.

ORAN DO'N MHUSG.

AIR Fonn—"Mo dhuth an Tomaidh."

'S IOMADH car a dh-fheudas,
Thlugh'n air na fearaibh,
Is theag' gu'n gab iad gaol
Air an te nach faigh iad;
Thug mi fìthead bliadhna
Do'n chiad te ghabh mi,
Is chuir i rithid cul rium,
Is bha mi falamh.

Is thainig mi Dhun-eideann
A dh-larraidh leannain,
Is thuir an Caiptein Caimbeul,
'S e 'n geard'a bhaile,
Gu'm b'aithne dha bantrach
Ann aite falaich,
'S gu'n deanadh e aird
Air a cur a'm' charabh.

Rinn e mar a b'abhaist
Cho mhath 's a ghealladh,
Thug e dhomh air laimh i,
'S an paigheadh mar ri;
Is ge b'e bhi 's a feoraich
A h-ainm no sloinneadh,
Their iad rithe Seonaid,
'S b'e Deorsa seannair.

Tha i soitheamh, suairce,
Gun ghruaim, gun amalán,
Is i cho ard an uaisle
Ri mnaoi san fhearann;
Is culaidh a m' chumail suas i,
O'n tha mar rium,
Is mor an t-aobhar emuairein
Do'n fhear nach faigh i.

Leig mi dhìom Nic-coiseam
Ged' tha i maireann,
Is leig mi na daimh chrocaich
An taobh bha 'n aire,
Is thaobh mi ris an og mhaio
'S ann leam nach aithreach
Cha n'eil mi gu'n storas
O'n phos mi 'n ainm.

Bheir mi fhein mo bhrìathar
Gum beil i ro mhath,
Is nach d'aithnich mi riamh oirre
Cron am falach,
Ach gu foinneamh, àinealt,
Direach, fallain,
Is i gu'n ghaoid gu'n, ghiomh,
Gu'n char fìar, gu'n chamadh.

Bithidh i air mo ghiulan,
'S gur math an aithidh,
Ni mi fhein a sgaradh
Gu math 's a giansadh;
Chuirinn ri an t-uilleadh
Ga cumail ceanalt,
Is cuiridh mi ri m' shuil i,
'S cha diult i aingeal.

'Nuair bhios cion an stòrais
Air daoine ganna,
Cha leigeadh nigh'n Dheorsa
Mo phoca falamh;
Cumaidh i rium ol
Ann 's na taighean leanna,
'S paidhidh i gach stopan
A ni mi cheannach.

Ni i mar bu mhiann leam
A h-uile car dhomh,
Cha 'n innis i breug dhomh,
No sgeula mearachd;
Cumaidh i mo theaghlach
Cho math 's bu mhath leam,
Ge nach dean mi sòthair
No obair shalach.

Sgithich mi ri gnìomh,
Ged' nach d'rinn mi earras,
Thug mi boid nach b' fhiach leam,
Bhi ann a'm sgaisig;
Sguiridh mi g'am phianadh,
O'n thug mi 'n aire,
Gur h-e'n duine dhomhain
Is faide mhaireas.

'S i mo bheanag ghaolach
Nach dean mo mhealladh,
Foghnaidh i dhomh daonnan
A dheanamh arain;
Cha bhi faillinn aodaich
Orm no anart,
'S chaidh curam an t-saoghail
A nis as m'aire!

MOLADH BEINN-DORAINN.

AIR FORN—"Pìobaireachd."

Urlar.

An t-urram thar gach beinn
Aig Beinn-dorain!
Na chunnais mi fo 'n ghrein,
Si bu bhoiche leam;
Monadh fada, reidh,
Cuile 'm faighte feidh,
Soilleireachd an t-sleibhe
Bha mi sonnraich;
Doireachan nan gung,
Coill' anns am bi fear,
'S foineasach an spreidh,
Bhios a chomhnaidh ann;
Greadhainn bu gheal oir,
Faoghaid air an deigh,
'S laghach leam an areud
A bha aroiniseach.
'S aigeannach fear cutrom,
Gun mhòrchuile,
Thèid fasanda na eideadh,
Neo-spòrsail;

Tha mhanntal uime fein,
Caidhtiche nach treig,
Bratach dheang mar cheir
Bhios mar chomhdach air;
'S cùluidh g'a chuir eug,
Duin' a dheanadh teuchd,
Gunna bu mhath gleus,
An glac ogansich;
Spor anns am biodh bearn,
Tarran air a ceann,
Snap a bhuailleadh teann
Ris na h-ordaibh i;
Ochd-shlìneach gun fheall,
Stoc de'n fhioldh gun mheang,
Lotadh an damh seang,
A's a leonadh e.
'S fear a bhiodh mar cheaird,
Riu' sonnraichte,
Dh-fhodhuadh dhaibh gun taing,
Le chuid seolaidhean;
Gheibhte sud ri am
Padruig anns a' ghleann,
Gilleas a's coin sheang,
'S e toirt orduidh dhaibh;
Peileirean nan deann,
Teine g'an cuir ann,
Eilid nam beann ard,
Thèid a leonadh leo.

Stubhal.

'Si 'n eilid bheag, bhinneach,
Bu ghuiniche sràonadh,
Le cuinnein geur, biorach,
A sireadh na gaoithe,
Gasganach, speireach,
Feadh ohreachainn na beinne,
Le eagal ro' theine,
Cha teirinn i 'n t-sonach;
Ge d' thèid i na cabhaig,
Cha ghearain i maothan;
Bha sinnsearachd fallain,
'Nuair a chineadh i h-anail,
'S toil-sinntan leam tannag,
Ga' laing an a chluinntinn,
'Si 'g iarraidh a leannain
'N am darrasidh le coineas,
'S e damh a chinn allaidh
Bu gheal-cheireach fannan,
Gu casparach, ceannard,
A b' fharamach rasoineadh,
'S e chomhnuidh 'n Beinn-dorain,
'S e colach m'a fhaoinibh.
'S ann am Beinn-dorain,
Bu mhor dbomh r'a innseadh
A liuthad damh ceannard,
Tha fannuinn san farith ud;
Eilid chaol, canngach,
'S a laoghach 'ga leantuin,
Le 'n gasgana geala,
Ri bealach a dreachd,
Ri fàoidh Choire-chruithir,
A chuideachda phiceach;
'Nuair o chineas i h-iongan
'S a thèid i na' deannaidh,

Cha saltradh air thalamh,
 Ach barran nan inean,
 Co b'urraim g'a leantainn,
 A dh-fhearsaibh na rioghachd ?
 'S arraideach, farumach,
 Carach air grine,
 A choisridh nach fhanadh
 Gne smal air an inntin,
 Ach cnochlaideach, curaideach,
 Caol-ghasach, ullamh,
 An aois cha chuir truum' orra,
 Mulad no mi-ghean ;
 'Se shlansich an culaidh,
 Feoi' hals, agus mhuineil,
 Bhi ta' dhachd am bunailt,
 An cuile na frithe ;
 Le ailleas a fuireach,
 Air fiasach 'nan grunn,
 'Si 'n assinn a mhuime,
 Tha cumail na ciche,
 Ris na laoi gh bhreaca, bhallach,
 Nach meathlaich na sianntan,
 Le 'n cridheacha meara,
 Le bainne na cioba,
 Griseanach, eangach,
 Le 'n girteagan geala,
 Le 'n corpannan glanna,
 Le fallaineachd fìor-uisg ;
 Le farum gun ghearan,
 Feadh ghleannan na milltiol ;
 Ge d' thigeadh an sneachda
 Cha 'n iarradh iad aitreabh,
 'S e lag a Choir'-altrum
 Bhios aca g'an didean :
 Feadh stacan, a's bhacan,
 A's ghlaingan diomhair,
 Le 'n leapaichean faguch
 An taic Eas-an-t-sithan.

Urlar.

Tha 'n eilid anns an fhrith
 Mar bu choir dh'i bhi,
 Far am faigh i millteach
 Glan-feoirneanach ;
 Bruchorachd a's ciob,
 Lusan am bi brigh,
 Chuireadh sult a's igh
 Air a loineinibh.
 Fuaran anns am bi
 Biolaire gun dith,
 'S millse lea' na 'm fion
 'S e gu'n oladh i ;
 Cuiseagan a's riag,
 Chinneas air an t-sliabh,
 B' annsadh lea' mar bhiadh
 Na na foghlaichean.
 'S ann do'n teachd-an-tir
 A bha soghar lea',
 Sobhrach a's cala-bhi
 'S barra neoinenan ;
 Dobhrach, bhallach, mhin,
 Ghobhlach, bharrach, shliom,
 Lointean far an cinn
 I'na mothraichean ;
 Sud am porsan bidh

Mheudaicheadh an oll
 Bheireadh iad a nios
 Ri am do-loheinn ;
 Chuireadh air an druim
 Brata saile cruinn,
 Air an carcais luit
 Nach bu lodail.
 B' e sin an-caidreamh grinn
 Mu thra-neoine,
 'Nuair a thionaladh iad cruinn,
 Anns a' ghloimuinn ;
 Air fhad 's ga'm biodh an oidhch',
 Dad cha tigeadh ribh,
 Fagadh bhun an tuim
 B' alte comhnuidh dhaibh ;
 Leapaichean nam fadh,
 Far an robh iad riamh,
 An aonach farsuinn fial,
 'S ann am mor-mhonadh.
 'S iad bu taitneach fiamh,
 'Nuair bu daith' am bian,
 'S cha b'i 'n airo am miann,
 Ach Beinn-dorain.

Siubhal.

A bhein lusanach, fhaileanach,
 Mheallanach, liontach,
 Gun choimeas 'ga falluinn
 Air thalamh na Crìosdachd ;
 'S ro-neonach tha mise,
 Le boichead a sliosa,
 Nach 'eil coir aic' an eiste
 Air tiotal na rioghachd ;
 'S i air dubladh le gihitean,
 'S air luisreadh le miosan,
 Nach 'eil bichiont' a' bristeadh
 Air phriseanaibh tire ;
 Ian trusgan gun deireas,
 Le usgraichean coille,
 Barr-guo air gach doire,
 Gun choir 'ort r'a innseadh ;
 Far an uchd-ardaich coileach,
 Le shrutaichibh loinneil,
 'S eoin bhuchalach bheag' ell
 Le'n'ceileiribh lionmhor.
 'S am buicean beag sgiolta,
 Bu sgiobalt' air grine,
 Gu'n sgiorrachd, gu'n tubaist,
 Gu'n tuisleadh, gu'n diobradh,
 Crodhanadh, biorach
 Feadh coire 'ga shireadh,
 Feadh fraoich ags fìrich,
 Air mhìre 'ga dhìreadh ;
 Feadh ranaich, a's barraich
 Gu'm b' araidheach inntinn,
 Ann an iosal gach feadain,
 'S air airde gach creagain
 Gu mìreanach, beiceasach,
 Easgonach, sinteach ;
 'Nuair a theid o 'na bhoile
 Le clisge sa' choille,
 A's e ruith feadh gach doire,
 Air dheireadh cha bhi e ;
 Leis an eangaig bu choile
 'S e b' eutruime sinterg,

Mu chnocanaibh donna
 Le ruith dara-tomain.
 'S e togairt an coineamh
 Bean-chomuinna o's 'n iosal.
 Tha mhaolseach bheag bhraunga
 Sa' ghleannan a choruhnaidh,
 'S i fuireach san fhireach
 Le minneinan oga ;
 Cluas bhiorach gu claisteachd,
 Suil chorrach gu falcinn,
 'S i earbsach 'na casan
 Chur seachad na mointich :
 Ged' thig Caoillte 's Cuchullainn,
 'S gach duine de'n t-seors' ud,
 'S tha dhaoine 's do dh-eachaibh,
 A' fasta righ Deòran,
 Nan tearnadh i craiceann
 O luaidhe 's o lasair,
 Cha chual' a's cha 'n fhac i
 Na ghlacadh r'a beo i ;
 'S i grad-charach, fai-chasach,
 Aigeannach, neonach,
 Geal-cheireach, gasganach,
 Gealtach ro' mhadadh,
 Air chaisead na leachdainn
 Cha saltradh i comhnard :
 Si noigeannach, groigeasach
 Gog-cheannach, sornach ;
 Bior-shuilleach, agur-shuilleach,
 Frionasach, furaichair,
 A fuireach ea' mhunadh,
 'Sna thuinich a seorsa.

Urlar.

Bi sin a' mhaolseach luaineach,
 Feadh oganan ;
 Biolaichean nam bruach
 'S aite-comhnuidh dh'i,
 Duilleagan nan craobh,
 Bileagan an fhraoich
 Criomagan a gaoil,
 Cha b'e 'm fofrus.
 A h-aigheadh eutrom suaire,
 Aobhach aig gun ghruaim,
 Ceann bu bhraise, ghuanaishe,
 Ghorsaiche ;
 A' ohre bu cheanalt' stuaim,
 Chalaich i gu buan
 An gleann a' bharrach uaine
 Bu nossaire.
 'S tric a ghabh i cluain
 Sa' chreig mhoir,
 O'n is miosail leatha bhi 'Luan
 A's a Dhomhnach ann ;
 Pris an dean i suain
 Bichionta mu'n cuairt,
 A bhristeas a' ghaath tuath,
 'S nach leig deo oirre,
 Am fasgadh doire-ohro,
 An talce ris an t-sroin,
 Am measg nam faillean oga
 'S nan coisagan.
 Masgadh 'n fhuarsain mhoir,
 'S e pailte gu leoir,
 'S blanda le' na'm beor

Gu bhi poit orra.

Deoch de'n t-sruthan uasal
 R'a ol aice,
 Dh' fhagas fallain,
 Fuasgailteach, oigheil i :
 Grad-charach ri uair,
 'S eathlamh bheir i cuairt.
 'Nuair thachradh i'n ruaig,
 'S a bhiodh toir oirre.
 'S mao-bhuidh daith' a snuagh,
 Dearg a dreach sa tuar,
 'S gurro-iomadh buaidh
 Tha mar chladh oirr' ;
 Fulangaoh air fuaichd,
 Is i gun chum' air luath's ;
 Urram claisteachd ohluas
 Na Rinn-corpa dh'i.

Siubhal.

Bu ghrinn leam am pannal
 A' tarrainn an ordugh,
 A' direadh le furum
 Ri carraig na Sroine ;
 Eadar sliabh Craobh-na-h-ainnis,
 A's beul Choire-dhainghein,
 Ru bhiadhchar greidh cheannard
 Nach ceannaich am porsan ;
 Da thaobh choire-rannoich
 Mu sgeith sin a' bhealaich,
 Coire reidh Beinn-Aohuladair,
 A's thairis mu'n chonn-lon :
 Air Iurgain na Laoidhre
 Bu ghreadhnach a' choisri,
 Mu larach-na-Feinne
 'S a' Chraig-sheilich 'na dheigh sin,
 Far an cruinnich na h-eildean
 Bu neo-speiseal mu'n fhoghlach :
 'S gu'm b'e 'n aighear a's an eibhneas
 Bhi faicheachd air reidhleoin,
 'A comb-mhacnus r'a cheile,
 'S a' leumnaich feadh mointich ;
 Ann am pollachaibh daimseir
 Le sodradh gu meannach,
 Gu togarrach mearrachdasach,
 Ain-fheasach gorach.
 'S cha bhiodh iot air an teangaidh
 Taobh shois a' Mhill-teanail,
 Le fion-uillt na h-Annaid,
 Blas meala r'a ol air ;
 Sruth brighmhor geal tana,
 'S e siothladh tor 'n ghaincamb,
 'S e 's millse na'n caineal,
 Cha b' ain-eolach oirnn e :
 Sud an' ioc-shlaime mhairceann,
 A thig a iochdar an talaimh,
 Gheibhte lionmhoireachd math dh'i
 Gu'n a cheannach' le storas ;
 Air faruinn na beinne
 Is daichenla sealladh,
 A dh'fhas anns a' chaitheamh
 A' bheil mi 'n Rinn-corpa :
 Le gloinead a h-uise,
 Gu mao-bhlaid a brisg-gheal,
 Cacin, cuomhail, glan, miosail,
 Neo-mhisgeach ri poit' air :

Le fuarainibh grinne
Am bun gruamach no biolair,
Coinneach uaine mu'n iomall,
A's iomaíach seorsa :
Bu ghlan uachdar na linne
Gu neo-bhuaisreasach milis,
Tigh'n 'na chuairteig o'n ghrinneal
Air slinnein Beinn-dorain.

Tha leth-taobh na leachdainn
Le mais' air a comhdach,
'S am frídh-choirean creagach
'Na shesamh g'a choir sin,
Gu stobanach, stacanach,
Slocanach, laganach,
Cnocanach, crapannach,
Caiteanach, romnach ;
Pasganach, badanach,
Bachlagach, boldheach
A h-aiseirine corrach,
'Nam farsaichsan mollach,
'Si b'asadh dhomh mholladh,
Bha sonas gu leoir oirr' :
Cluigeanach, gucagach,
Uchd-inach, comhnard.
Le dithean glan, ruiteach,
Breac, misleanach, sultmhor :
Tha 'n fhrídh air a busgadh
San trusgan bu choir dh'i.

Urlar.

'S am monadh farsuinn faoin
Glacach, sronagach :
Lag a' Chaire-fhraoich
Cuid bu bhoiche dheth ;
Sin am fearann caoin
Air an d'fhas an aoidh,
Far am bi na laoiigh
'S na daimh chrocach ;
A's e deisearach ri grein,
Seasgairnachd g'a reir,
'S neo-bheag a' an eildeig
Bhi chomhnaidh ann.
'S glan fallain a cre,
Is banail i 'na beus ;
Cha robh h-anail breun,
Ge b'e fhogadh i.
'S e 'n coire choisinn gaol
A h-uil' oganaich,
A chunna' riamh a thaobh,
'S a ghabh eolas air :
'S lionmhor feadan caol
Air an eirich gaith,
Far am bi na laoiich
Cumail codhalach ;
Bruthaichean nan learg
Far am biodh greidh dhearg,
Ceann-uighe gach sealg
Fad am beo-shlainnt' ;
A's e lan do'n h-uile maoin,
A thig amach le braon,
Faile nan suth-chraobh,
A's nan rostann an.
Gheibte tachdar eieg
Air a corra,
A's bhi 'gan ruith le leus
Anne na mor-shruthan ;

Mordha cumhann geur,
Le chrann glubhais fein,
Aig fir shubhach, threubhach
'Nan dornaibh :
Bu sholasach a' leum'
Bric air buinne reidh,
A' ceapadh chutleag eutrom
'Nan dorlaichean ;
Cha 'n'eil muir no tir
Am beil tuille brigh,
'S tha feadh do chrìch'
Air a h-ordachadh.

An Cruinluath.

Tha 'n eilid anns a ghleannan so,
Cha 'n amadan gu'n eolas
A leanadh i mar b aithne dha
Tig'n farsada na codhail,
Gu falteach bhi 'na h-earalas,
Tig'n' am faigse dh'i mu'n caraich i,
Gu faicilleach, gle earraigeach,
Mu'm fairich i ga coir e ;
Feadh shlochd, a's ghlòe, a's chamhanan,
A's ehlach a dheanadh falach air,
Bhi beachdail air an talamh,
'S air a' char a thig na neoil air :
'S an t-asdar bhi 'ga tharruinn air
Cho macanta 's a b' aithne dha,
Gu'n glacadh e ga h-aindeoin i
Le h-anabharra seoltachd ;
Le tur, gun ghainne baralach,
An t-suil a chuir gu danara,
A' stiùireadh' na du'-bannaiche,
'S a h-aire ri fear-croice ;
Bhiodh rudan air an tarruinn
Leis an lubt' an t-iarrunn-earra,
Bheireadh ionnsai' nach bi'dh mearachdach
Do'n fhear a bhiodh 'ga seoladh ;
Spor ur an deis a teannachadh,
Buil' uird a' sgailceadh dainghean ris,
Cha diult an t-srad, 'nuair bheanas i.
Do'n deannaigh a bha neonach :
Se 'm fular tioram tean-abaich
Air chul an asgairt ghreannanaich,
Cuir smuid ri acuinm mheallanaich
A baraille Nic-Coiseam.
B'ionmhuinn le fir cheanalta,
Nach b'aineolach mu sporra,
Bhi timcheall air na bealaichean
Le fearalachd na h-oige :
Far am bi na feidh gu farumach,
'S na fir 'nan deigh gu caithriseach,
Le gunna bu mhath barrandas
Thoir aingil 'nuair bu choir dh'i ;
S le cuilean foirmeal togarrach,
'G am biodh a stiùir air bhogadan,
'S e miol'airteich gu sodanach,
'S nach ob e dol 'nan codhail ;
'Na fhubuidh laidir, cosgarrach,
Ro iantinneach, neo-fhoistinnach,
Gu guineach, sgiamhach, gob-easgaidh,
San obair bh'aig a sheorsa ;
'S a fhrìogan cuilg a' togail air,
Gu maildheach, gruamach, doichealach,
'S a gheanachan onnasaichd fògailt.'

'Comh-bhogartaich r'an agornan,
Gu'm b' araidheach a' charachd ud,
'S bu chabhagach i 'n combnuidh,
'Nuair a shineadh iad na h-ionannan
Le h-athghoirid na mointich ;
Na beanntaichean 's na bealaichean
Gu'm freagrach iad mac-talla dhut,
Le fuaim na gairme gallanaich
Aig farum a' choin romaich :
'Gan tearnadh as na mullaichean
Gu linnichean nach grunnaich iad,
'S ann a bh' iad iad feadh na tuinne ;
Anns an luineinich 's iad leointe
'S na cuileinean gu fulaasach
'G an cumail air na munaibh,
'S nach urrainn iad dol tuilleadh as,
Ach fuireach, 's bli gun deo annt',
'S g' do thuit mi began riu,
Mu'n innsinn uil' an dleasas orra,
Chuireadh iad a' m' bhreialich mi
Le deisimearachd chomraidh.

COIRE-CHEATHAICH.

Sa Coire-cheathaich nan aighean siubhlach,
An coire runach, is urar fonn,
Gu luraich, miadh-fheurach, min-gheal,
sughar,
Gach lusan fhuar bu chubhsaidh leam ;
Gu molach du-ghorm, torrach luisreagach,
Corrach pluireanach, dlu-ghlan grinn ;
Caoin, ballach, ditheanach, cannach, mis-
leasach,
Gleann a' mhilltich, 'san lionmhor mang.

Tha falluinn dhuine, ga dainghean, dubailt',
A mhaireas uinne, mu'n ruig i lom,
Do'n fheur is eul-fhinne dh' fhas na h-urach,
'S a bharr air lubadh le driuchda trom,
Mu choire guanach nan torran uaine,
A' bheil luibh a's luachair a suas g'a cheann ;
'S an fhasach guasach an cas a bhuannadh,
Nam b' aite oruidhe, 'm biodh tuath le'n suim.

Tha trusan faoilidh air cruil an aonaich,
Chuir suit is aoidh air gach taobh a d' chom,
Min-fheur chaorach is barraibh bhronnan,
'S gach lus a dh' fheadadh bhi 'n aodainn
thom,
M'an choir' is aoidheala tha r'a fhaotain,
A chunnac daoinne an taobh so 'n fhrainn ;
Mur dean e caochladh, b' e 'n t-aighear
saoghailt'
Do ghillean aotrom bhi daonnan ann.

'S ann ma'n Ruidh-aistigh dh' fhas na cuair-
tagan,
Cluthar, cuaisheanach, cuannar, ard,
Na h-uile clusineag 's am barr air luasgadh,
'S a ghaith 'g an agasbadh a null 'sa nall :
Bun na cipe is bar a' mhilltich,
A chuisag dhiresach, 's an fhiteag cham ;

Muran brioghar, 's an grunnaig lionmhor,
M' an chuilidh dhiomhair, am bi na suinn.

Tha slabh na lairig an robh mac-Bhaidi,
'Na mhothar fasaich, 's na strachda trom ;
Slios na ban-leachdainn, cha 'n i is laire,
'S gur tric a dh' araich i 'n lan damhl donn :
'S na h-aighean dara nach teid a 'n bha-thaigh,
A bhios le 'n alach gu h-ard 'nan grunn,
'S na laigh gu h-uiseil a la 'sa dh'oidheche,
'S na h-uiread cruinn diubh air druim Clach-
fionn.

Do leanan chaoimhneil gu dearcaach, braoil-
engach,
Breac le foireagan is cruinn dearg ceann
'N creamh 'na charaichean, am bac nan staidh-
richean,
Am bearnan-bride, 's a pheighinn rioghail,
S an canach min-gheal, 's am misleann aon ;
'S a h-uile mir dheth, o'n bhun is isle
Gu h-ionad cirean na orich' is aird'.

'S rimheach cota na craige moire,
'S cha 'n eil am folach a' d' choir 'san am.
Ach meunann coinntich, o 's e bu nosaire,
Air a chomhdachadh bhos a's thall :
Na lagain chomhnard am bun nan sronag,
Am bi na soghraichean, milis, roineagach,
Molach, romach, gach seors' a th' ann.

Tha mala ghrumach, de'n bhiolar uaine,
Mu'n h-uile fuanan a th' ann san fhonn ;
Is doire shealbhaig aig bun nan garbh-chlach,
'S grinneal ga-nbheich' gu meanbh-gheal,
pronn ;

'Na ghluhaibh plumbach air ghoil gun aon teas,
Ach colleach buinn tighin' a grunnn eas lom,
Gach struthan uasal 'na chualaich eul-ghorm,
A' ruith na sputaibh, 's na lubaibh steoll.

Tha bradan tarra-gheal sa choire gharbhlaich,
Tha tig'n o'n fhaire bu ghailbheach tonn,
Le luinneis mheannach a' ceapa' mheanbh-
chuilcag,

Gu neo-chearbach le cham-ghob crom :
Air bhuinne borb, is e leum gu foirmeil,
'Na eideadh colgail bu ghorm-glas druim,
Le shoillean airgeid, gu h-iteach meana-bhreac
Gu lannach, dearg-bhallach, earr-gheal sliom.

'S Coire'-cheathaich an t-aighear prisell,
'S an t-aite rioghail mu'm bidht' a' sealg,
Is bidh feidh air ghulan le lamhach fudair,
A' cur luaidhe dhu-ghorm gu dlu nan calg :
An gunna gleusda, s' an cuilean eutrom,
Gu fuileach, feumanach, treubhach, garg,
A ruith gu siubhlach, a gearradh shurdag,
'S a dol g'a dhulan ri cursan dearg.

Gheibhte daonnan mu d' ghlaicibh faine,
Na h-aighean maola, na laigh, 's na maing.
Sud bu mhiann leinn 'am madainn ghrianaich,
Bhi dol g' an an iarraidh, 's a' fadach
bheann,

Ged thigeadh sìontan oirnn' uisg a's dile,
Bha seol g'ar didéan mu'n chrìch san am,
An creagan leal am bun na frithe,
'S an leabaidh dhìona, 's mi m' shineadh ann.

Sa'mhadainn chiuln-ghil, an am dhomh dus-
gadh,

Aig bun na stuice be 'n sugradh leam ;
A' chears le sgiuacan a' gabhail tuchain,
'S an collesach cuirteil a durtail orom ;
An dreathan zurdail, 's a ribheid chiuil aige,
A' cur nan amuid deth gu lughor binn ;
An druid 's am bru-dhearg, le moran uinon,
Ri ceileir sunnach bu shiubhlach rann.

Bha coin an t-sleibhe 'nan caitain gle-ghloin,
A' gabhail bheusan air gheig sa' choill,
An uiscach cheutach, 's a luinneag fein aice,
Feadan speiseil gu reidh a seinn :
A chunach, 'sa smeorach, am bar nan ogan,
A' gabhail orain gu eolmhor binn :
'Nuair ghoir an cuannal gu loinneil, guanach,
'S e 's gloin' a chualas am fuaim sa' ghleann.

'Nuair thig iad comhla' na bheil a' d' choirse
De'n h-uile seorta bu choir bhi ann ;
Damb na croice air srath na mointich,
'S e gabhail cronain le dreocam ard ;
A' dol san fheithe gu bras le h-eibhneas,
A' mire-leumnaich ri eildeig dhuinn ;
Bi sin an ribhin' a dh' fhas gu mileanta,
Foinneamh, finealta, dìreach, seang.

Tha mhaoiseach chul-bhui air feadh na dus-
luing

Aig bun nam fìuran 'gan rusga' lom,
'S am boc gu h-uthuidh ri leaba chuirteil,
'S e 'ga burach le rudan orom ;
'S am minnean riabhach bu luime cliathach,
Le chunnein fiata, is fiadhaich ceann,
'Na chadal guamach an lagam uaigneach,
Fo bharr na luachrach na chuariteig chrùinn.

Is lionmhor cnuasachd a bha mu'n cuairt dut,
Ri am am buain gum bu lusineach clann,
Ri tional guamach, gu fearail suairece,
'S a' roinn gu h-uasal na fhuair iad ann ;
Ceir-bheach na cnuasaibh, an nead nach uair-
teig,

'S a mhil 'ga buannachd air cruaidh an tuim,
Aig seillein riabhach, breaca, srianach,
Le'n cronan cianail is fiata srann.

Bha cus na' fhaotainn de obnothan caoine,
'S cha b' iad na caochagan aotrom gann,
Ach bagailt mhaola, bu taine plaoisg,
A' toirt brìgh a laoghan na maoth-shiait fann :
Srath nan caochan 'na dhosaibh caorainn,
'S na phreasaibh caola, lan chraobh a's
mheang ;

Na gallain ura, 's na fàillein dhlutha,
'S am barrach duinte mu chul nan crann.

Gach aite timcheall nam fasach iomlan,
Mam a's fion-ghleann, 's an tuilm ga choir :
Meall-tìonal laimh ris, gu molach, flathail,
B'e chulaidh dh'arach an alaich oig ;
Na daimh 's na h-eildean a'm madainn cheitein
Gu moch ag eirigh air reidhleinn feoir ;
Greidheinn dhearg dhiu air taobh gach leargain,
Mu 'n Choire gharbhlaich, 'g an aium an Cuo.

ORAN DO'N GHUNNA.

GA 'N AINN NIC-COISEAM.

LUINNEAG.

*Horo mo chuid chuideachd thu,
Gur muldach leam uam thu ;
Horo mo chuid chuideachd thu,
'S mi dìreadh bhean a's uchdanan,
B' ait leam thu bhi cuidir ritum,
'S do chudhtrom air mo ghulainn.*

'Nuair chaidh mi do Ghleann-Locha,
'S a cheannaich mi Nic-Coisear,
'S mise nach robh gorach,
'Nuair chuir mi 'n t-or g' fuaigladh.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi 'Choire-cheatha'ch thu,
'Nuair bha mi fhèin a taghaich ann,
'S tric a chuir mi laidhe leat,
Na daimh 's na h-aidhean rùadha.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi Bheinn-a-chaisitil thu,
'S do'n fhasach a tha 'n taice ri,
Am Mam a's Creag-an-aparrain,
Air leaca Beinn-nam-fuara.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi thu Bheinn-dorain,
An cinne na daimh chrocaich,
'Nuair theannadh iad ri cronan,
Bu bhoidheach leam an nuallan
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi Choire-chruiteir thu,
O's aite grianaich tusaile,
Gu biachar, fiarach, lusnach,
Bhiodh spuir ann aig daoine-uaillee.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Ghiulain mi Ghleann-eite thu,
Thug mi ris na creisean thu,
Se mhead 'sa thug mi speid dut
A dh'fhag mo cheum cho lusineach.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

'S math am Meall-a-bhuiridh thu,
Cha mhios 'm Beinn-a-chrulaist thu,

'S tric a loig mi fudar leat,
An Coire-chul-na-cruaiche.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi Laidig-ghartain thu,
O's aluinn an coir-altrom i,
'S na feldh a deannamh leapaighean
Air Crenchuinn ghlas a' bhuachaill.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi thu do'n fhas-ghlaic
'Sa Ghleann an bi na lan-daimh,
'S tric a chaidh an arach
Mu bhraidhe Cloich-an-tuairneir
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Chaidh mi do dh'Fheadha-chaorainn,
Le aighear Choire-chaolain,
Far an robh na daoine,
A bha 'n gaol air a ghreidh uallaich.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi Bheinne-chaorach thu,
Shireadh bhoc a's mhaolseach,
Cha b'eagal gun am faotainn,
'S iad daonnan 'san Torr-uaine.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

'Nuair theid mi ris a' mhunadh,
'S tu m'oroghainn de na gunnathan,
O'n fhuair thu fein an t-urran sin,
Co nis a chumas bluat e?
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Ged' tha mi gann a storas,
Gu suidhe leis na poitearan,
Ged' theid mi do 'n taigh-osda,
Cha 'n ol mi ann an cuais thu.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

ORAN SEACHARAN SEILG.

LUNNEAG.

*Chunna' mi 'n damh donn
'S na h-eildean.
Direadh a bhealaich le chetle;
Chunna' mi 'n damh donn
'S na h-eildean.*

'S mi tearnach a Coire cheathaich,
'S mor mo mhoghean 's mi gun aighear,
Siubhal frithe re an latha,
Thilg mi spraidhe nach d'rinn feum dhomh.
Chunna' mi, &c.

Ged tha bacadh air na h-armaich,
Ghleidh mi 'n spainteach thun na seilge,
Ge do rinn i orm de dhearbhaich,
Nach do mharbh i mac na h-eilde.
Chunna' mi, &c.

'Nuair a dh'eirich mi sa' mhadaoin,
Chuir mi innte fudar Ghlascho,
Pealsair teann a's tri puist Shasnach,
Cuislean asgairt air a dhegh sin.
Chunna' mi, &c.

Bha 'n spor ur an deighe breacadh,
Chuir mi uille ris an acuinn,
Eagal drinehd bha mudan oralcainn
Cumall fagaidh air mo cheile.
Chunna' mi, &c.

Laidh an eild air an fhuaran,
Chaidh mi farasda mu'n cuairt d'i,
Leig mi 'n deannal ul m'a tuairmse,
Leam is cruaidh gu'n d'rinn i eiridh.
Chunna' mi, &c.

Rainig mise taobh na bruaiche,
'S chosg mi rithe mo chuid luaidhe;
'S 'nuair a shaoil mi i bhi buailte,
Sin an uair a b' airt' a leum i.
Chunna' mi, &c.

'S muladach bhi siubhal frithe,
Ri la gaoith, a's uisg, a's dile,
'S ordugh teann ag iarraidh sithne,
Gair nan giomanach 'pan eigin.
Chunna' mi, &c.

'S mithich tearnach do na gleannaibh
O'n tha gruamaich air na beannaibh,
'S ceathach duinte mu na meallaibh,
A' cuir dalladh air ar leirsinn.
Chunna' mi, &c.

Bi' sinn beo an dochas ro-mhath,
Gu'm bi chuis ni's fhearr an ath la',
Gu'm bi gaoth, a's griann, a's talamh,
Mar is math leinn air na sleibhteann.
Chunna' mi, &c.

Bithidh an luaidhe ghlas 'na deannamh,
Siubhal reidh aig conaibh seanga;
'S an damh donn a sileadh fala,
'S abhachd aig na fearaibh gleusda.
Chunna' mi, &c.

CEAD-DEIREANNACH.

NAM BEANN.

BHA mi'n de* 'm Beinn-dorain,
'S na coir cha robh mi ainealach,
Chunna mi gleanntan
'S na beannaichean a b'aithne dhomh;
Be sin an sealla' h eibhinn
Bhi 'g imeachd air na sleibhtibh,
'Nuair bhiodh a ghrian ag eiridh.
'Sa bhiodh na feidh a tanganaich.

* 19th September, 1802.

'S aobhach a ghreidh uallach,
'Nuair ghluaisíodh iad gu farumach,
'S na h-eildean air an fhuaran,
Bu chuannar na laoih bhallach ann ;
Na maosichean 's an ruadh-bhuic,
Na collich dhubh a's ruadhtha,
'S e'n ceol bu bhinne chualas
'Nuair chluinnt' am fuaim 'sa chamhanaich.

'S togarach a dh' fhalbhainn
Gu sealgnaireachd nam beallaichean,
Dol 'mach a dhíreadh garbhlaich,
'S gu'm b'ana-mooh tigh'n'n gu baile mi ;
An t-uisge glan san t-aile
Thar mullach nam bean arda,
Chuidich e gu fas mi ;
'Se rinn domh slaint a's fallaineachd.

Fhuair mi greis am' arach
Air airdhean a b' aithne dhomh,
Ri cluiche, 's mire 's maran,
An caoinheas blath nan caillean ;
Bu chuis an aghaidh naduir
Gu'm maireadh sin an drast ann,
'Se b' eigin bhi da'm fagail
'Nuair thainig trath dhuinn dealachadh.

'Nis o'n bhuail an aois mi,
Fhuair mi gaoid a mhaireas domh,
Rinn milleadh air mo dheudach,
'S mo leirsinn air a dalladh orm ;
Cha'n urrainn mi bhi treubhach,
Ged' a chuirinn teum air,
'S ged' bhíodh an ruaig am' dheigh-sa,
Cha dean mi eum ro chabhagach.

Ged' tha mo cheann air liathadh,
'S mo chiabhagan air tanachadh,
'S tric a leag mi mial-chu,
Ri fear fiadhaich ceannartaich ;
Ged' bu toigh leam riamh iad,
'S ged' fhaicinn air an t-sliabh iad,
Cha teid mi 'nis ga'n iarraidh
O'n chaill mi trian na h-analach.

Ri am dol anns a bhuireadh,
Bu durachdach a leanainn iad,
'S bhíodh uair aig sluagh na duthcha,
'Toirt orain ura 's rannachd dhaibh ;
Greis eile mar ri cairdeas,
'Nuair bha sinn anns na Campan,
Bu chridheil anns an am sinn ;
'S cha bhíodh an dram oirnn annasach.

'Nuair bha mi 'n toiseach m' oige,
'S i ghorraich a chum falamh mi ;
'S e fortan na cuir oirne
Gach aon ni coir a' ghealladh dhuinn ;
Ged' tha mi gann a storas,
Tha m' inntinn lan de sholas,
O'n tha mi ann an dochas
Gu'n d'rinn nigh'n Dheors' an t-aran domh.

Bha mi 'n de 'san aonach,
'S bha smaointean mor air m' aire-sa,
Nach robh 'n luchd-gaoil a b'abhaist
Bhi siubhal fasaich mar rium ann,
'Sa bheinn is beag a shaoil mi,
Gu'n deannadh ise caochladh ;
O'n tha i 'nis fo chaoirich,
'S ann thug an snoghal car asam.

'Nuair sheall mi air gach taobh dhíom,
Cha'n fhaodainn gun bhi smalanach,
O'n theirig coill' a's faoch ann,
S na daoine bh'ann, cha mhaireann iad ;
Cha 'n 'eil fadh r'a shealg ann,
Cha'n 'eil eun no earb ann,
'M beagan nach 'eil marbh dhiubh,
'Se rinn iad falbh gu baileach as.

Mo shreidh leis na frithean,
O's mionbhallteach, na beannaibh iad,
Le biolair uainne a's fíor-uisg,
Deoch uasal rimheach, cheannalta,
Na bharran a tha prísell,
'S na fasaichean tha líomhor,
O's ait a leag mi dhíom iad,
Gu brath mo mhíle beannaich leo !

CUMHA CHOIRE-CHEATHAICH.

S DUILLION leam an earadh
Th' air coire gorm an fhasaich,
An robh mi greis da'm' arach
'S a bhraide go thall ;
S iomadh fear a bharr orm,
A thaitneadh e r'a nadur,
Na 'm biodh e mar a bha e,
'Nuair dh' fhaig mi e nall ;
Gunnaireachd a's lamhaich
Spúirt a's aobhar ghairne,
Chleachd bhi aig na h-armuinn
A b'abhaist bhi sa' ghleann ;
Rinn na fir ud fhagail—
'S Mac-Eoghainn t'ann a 'drasta,
Mar chloich an ionnad cabaig
An aite na bh' ann.

Tha 'n Coir' air dol am fuillin,
Ged' ithear thun a bhlaire e,
Gun duin' aig am beil cas deth
Mun ait ann san am ;
Na feidh a bh' ann air fhagail,
Cha d' fhuirich gin air aruinn,
'S cha 'noll an aite-tamha
Mar bha e sa' ghleann.
Tha 'm Baran air a sharach'
Is dh'artaich air an taladh,
Gun sgil aig air an nadur
Ged' thainig e ann ;
B' fhearr dha bhi mar b' abhaist,
Os ceann an t-soithich chatha,
'Sa lamhan a bhi lan d'i,
Ga fagadh gu teann.

Se mughadh air an t-saoghal
 An coire laghaich gaolach,
 A dhòl anis air faoin-tragh,
 'S am maor a theachd ann :
 'S gur h-e bu chleachdadh riamh dhut,
 Bhi trusa nan cearc binta,
 Gur tric a rinn iad siathnall,
 Le plannadh do lamh.
 Is iad na 'm baidnibh riabhach,
 Mu-amhaich 's ann ad' sgiathan,
 Bhiodh itealaich a's sgiabail
 Mu-fhlaclan san ain :
 Bu ghiobach thu ri riaghailt,
 Mu chidsin taighe 'n iarla,
 Gar-nach b'e do mhian
 Bhi cuir bhian air an staing.

Ged' tha thu 'nis sa' bhraighe,
 Cha chompanach le each thu,
 'S tha h-uile duine tair ort
 O'n thainig thu ann ;
 'S eigin dut am fagail
 Ni 's measa na mar thainig
 Cha taintinn thu ri 'n nadur
 Le cnamhan, 's le eairnt :
 Ged' fhuicadh tu ghreidh uallach,
 'Nuair racha tu mun-cuairt daibh,
 Cha dean thu aoh am fuadachadh
 Suas feadh nam beann :
 Leis a ghunna nach robh bua'char,
 'S a mheig air a toll chaise,
 Cha 'n eirmis i na cruachan,
 An cuille dubh cam.

Se 'n Coire chaidh an deis-laimh,
 O'n tha e nis gu'n fheidh ann,
 Gun duin' aig am beil speis diubh,
 Ni feum air an cul ;
 O'n tha iad gu'n fhear-gleidhte,
 Cha'n fhuirich iad r'a cheile,
 'S ann a ghabh iad an ratreuta
 Seach reidhleau nan lub.
 Cha 'n 'eil pris an ruadh-bhuic,
 An coille na air ftearan,
 Nach b' eigin da bhi gluasad
 Le ruaig feadh na duthch' ;
 'S cha' n' eil a nie' mun cuairt da,
 Aon spuir a dheanadh suairceas,
 No thaitneadh ri duin-uasal
 Ged' fhuasgladh e chu.

Tha choille bh' ann san fhrithnd,
 Na cuilean fada, direach
 Air tuiteam a's air crionadh
 Sios as an rns ;
 Na preasan a bha brioghar
 Na dosaibh tiugha lionmhor,
 Air seachda' mar gu'n spiont' iad
 A nios as an uir ;
 Na failleanan bu bhoiche,
 Na slatan a's na h-ogain,
 'S an t-ait am biodh am smorach,
 Gu modhar a seinu ciull ;

Tha iad uil' air caochladh,
 Cha d' fhuirich fiodh no fraoch ann ;
 Tha mulloch bharr gach craoibhe,
 'S am maor 'ga thoirt diu.

Tha uisge srath na dige,
 Na shruthladh dubh gun sioladh
 Le barraig usine liogh-ghlais
 Gu mi-bhlusda grannd ;
 Fèur-lochain is tachair
 An cinn an duileag-bhaite
 Cha 'n 'eil gne tuille fas
 An san ait' ud san am ;
 Glumagan a chathair,
 Na ghluabibh domhain, samhach,
 Cho tiugh ri sughan catha,
 'Na lathaich 's na phlam ;
 Sean bharn salach ruadbain
 Cha ghloinne ghrannnd na uachdar,
 Gur coslach ri muir ruaidh e,
 Na ruaimle feadh stannng.

Tha 'n t-ait an robh na fuarain
 Air fas na chroitean cruaidhe,
 Gun sobhrach gu'n sail-chuaidh,
 Gun lus usal air carn
 An sliabh an robh na h-eildean,
 An aite laidhe 's eiridh
 Cho lom ri cabhsair feille,
 'S am fear chinn e gann :
 Chuir Alasdair le gheisgeil
 A ghraidh ud as a cheile,
 'S air leam gur mor an euccoir
 An fheudail a chall ;
 Cha lugha 'n t-aobhar mio-thlachd
 Am fear a chleachd bhi tiorail,
 A' tearnadh a's a direadh
 Ri frith nan damh seang.

Ach ma's duine de shliochd Phadruig
 A theid a nis do'n nite,
 'S gu 'n cuir e as a laraich
 An tach-ran a th' ann ;
 Bi'dh 'n coire mar a bha e,
 Bi'dh laogh is aighean dar ann,
 Bi'dh daimh a dol san damhair,
 Air fasach nam beann ;
 Bi' buic a' na badain blatha,
 Na bric san abhainn laimh riu,
 'S na feidh an srath na lairge
 Ag' arach na mang ;
 Thig gach uile ni g'a abhaist,
 Le aighear a's le abhachd,
 'Nuair gheibh am Baran bairlinn,
 Sud fhagail gun taing.

ORAN GAOIL.

A Mhairi bhan gur barrail thu,
'S gur barraicht' air gach seol thu,
O'n thug mi gaol cho daingean dut,
'S mi t'fharraid anns gach codhail:
'S earbsach mi a'd' cheanaltas,
'S na fhuair mi chean' ad' chomhradh,
Nach urrainn each do mhealladh uam
'N deis do ghealladh dhomh-sa.

'S chuala mi mar shean-fhacal
Mu'n darach, gur fiodh corr e:—
"S gur geinn' dheth 'hein 'ga theannachadh
A spealtadh e 'na ordaibh:"
'S mi 'n duil, a reir na h-ealaidh sin,
Gur math leat mi bhi d shoorsa,
Nach treig thu mi, 's gu 'm faigh mi thu
Le bannaibh daingean phosda.

'S e chum an raoir mi m' aireachadh
An speis a ghabh mi og dhìot;
Bha smaointean tric air m' airese
Mu'n ainneir is fhearr foghlun:
Cha 'n 'eil cron r'a aireamh ort,
O' d' bharr gu sail do bhrìge,
Ach ciallach, fialaidh, fàbharach,
Air flamh a ghair' an comhnuidh.

'S do chul daihte lan-mhaiseach
Mu'n cuairt a'd' bhraigh' an ordugh,
Air sniamh, mar theudan clarsaiche,
Na fhaineachan glan nosar:
Gu lidh-dhonn, pleatach, sar-chleachdach,
Gu dosach, fasmhor, domhall,
Gu lubach, dualach, bachlach, guairsgeach,
Snasmhor, cauchach, or-bhuidh.

Tha t-aghaidh narach bhanail.
Da chaol mhala mar ite coin ort;
Rog' an reidhe, fallaine
'S da shuil ghorm, mheallach, mhothar:
Do ghruaidh mar chaorann meangain,
A thug barrachd air na rosan;
Dodheud geal, dreachmhor, meachair, grinn,
'S do bheul, o'm binn thig oran.

Tha do phog mar ubhlàn garaidh,
'S tha do bhraighe mar an neolzein;
Do chiochan liontach, mulanach,
'S an sìod' g an cumail comhnard:
Corp seang, geal, gneadhail, furanach,
Deagh-chumachdail, neo-sporsail;
Do chalpa cruinne lughara,
'S an troigh nach lub am feoirnean.

'S e m fath mu'n biodh tu talach orm,
Gur ro-bheag leat mo stòras;
'Bha da-rud-dheug a' tarrainn uam
Na thionail mi de phòrsan:
Bhiodh ol, a's feisid, a's banais ann;
Bha ceol, a's beus, a's ceannaichean,
N' fheill, 's na gih'ean leannachd,
An amaidesachd 's an oige.

'S a nis nam fuighinn mar' rium thu,
Cha leanainn air an t-seol sin;
Dheanainn aiteach fearainn,
A's crodh-bainne chur mu chro dhut;
Mharbhainn iasg na mara dhut,
'S am fìadh sa' bhealach cheothar.
Le gunna caol nach mearachdaich,
'S a mhealladh fear na croice.

'S mor an gaol a ghabh mi ort
Le ro bheagan a dh-eolas,
S mi 'n duil gur tu bu leannan domh,
'S nach mealladh tu mi m' dhochas:
Ge d' bhiodh am bas an carabh dhomh,
Gu'n bharail ri tigh'n beo uath,
'S e dh'fhagadh slàn mi n' riblunn mhaida,
Mairi bhan o Loch-lairig.

AN NIGHEAN DONN OG.

'S i nighean mo ghaol
An nighean donn og;
Nam biodh tu ri m' thaobh,
Cha bhithinn fo' bhròn.
'S i nighean mo ghaol
An nighean donn og.

'S i Mairi Nic Neachdainn
Is daicheile pearsa,
Ghabh mis' uiread bheachd ort
Ri neach a tha beo.
'S i nighean, &c.

'Nuair sheallais mi t-uodainn,
'S mi 'n coinneamh ri t-fhaotainn,
Gur math leam nam faodainn
Bhi daonann a'd' choir.
'S i nighean, &c.

O'n a thug thu dhomh gealladh,
'S ann dutsa nach aithreach,
'S cha't' fhaic iad thu 'n ath-bhliadhn'
A'd' bhanaraich bho.
'S i nighean, &c.

Cha teid thu do'n bhuaille,
A bhleothan cruaidh ghuaillfhionn;
Cha chuir thu ort cuaran,
'S gur uallach do bhrog.
'S i nighean, &c.

Cha 'n fhoghnadh le m' chruinneig,
A' bhuach no chuinneag,
'S cha chluinnear gu'n cumadh tu
Cuman a'd' dhorn.
'S i nighean, &c.

Cha d' theid thu Bhàd-odhar
A lèigeadh nan gobhar,
'S minn bheag as an deodhaigh
'G an deothal mu'n chro.
'S i nighean, &c.

Cha leig mi thu 'n fhìreach
Thoir a' cruaidh as an innis
Air eagal na gillean
Bhi sìreadh do phoig
'S i nighean, &c.

Cha taobh thu duin'-uasal
'S cha 'n aill leat am bùachaill,
'S cha 'n fhearte fear-fuadainn
Bhi cruaidh air do thoir.
'S i nighean, &c.

Cha taobh i fear idir,
Air eagal mo thrioblaid;
'S cha toillech te mise
Ach ise le deoin.
'S i nighean, &c.

'S i ribhinn a bhaile,
Tha air thigh'n air m' aire,
Nam bitheadh i mar rium,
Cha dh' fharraid mi sto
'S i nighean, &c.

Bheir mis' thu Dhun-cideann
A dh'ionnsacha' beurla,
'S cha 'n fhag mi thu t-eigin,
Ri spreidh an fhir-mhoir.
'S i nighean, &c.

A'nighean na gruaige,
Cha chreidinn ort tuailleas;
O'n a tharruinn mi suas riut,
Cha 'n fhuath leam do sheol.
'S i nighean, &c.

'S e mheudaich mo ghaoil ort
Gu'n d' fhas thu cho aobhach,
'S gu'n leumadh tu daonnan
Cho aotrom 's na h-eoin.
'S i nighean, &c.

'S i 'n togarrach laghach
A thogainn mar roghainn,
Nam bithinn a' taghall
'S an taigh am bi 'n t-ol.
'S i nighean, &c.

Gu'm b' fhearrde daoine'-uasla
'N am thionda' nan cuach thu,
A thoir luinneagan-lua 'n dhaibh
Mu'n cuairt air an stop.
'S i nighean, &c.

'S leat urram an damhsaidh,
'S an fhidheall na teann-ruth;
Bu chridheil san am thu,
'S an dram air a' bhord.
'S i nighean, &c.

'S tu fhreagradh gu h-inneallt
Am feadan 's an ribheid,
A sheinneadh gu fìleanta,
Ruith-leumach ceol.
'S i nighean, &c.

'S tu thogadh mo spiorad,
'Nuair a theid thu air mhire,
Le d' chelleirean binne,
'S le grinneas do bheoll,
'S i nighean, &c.

Leis na gabh mi do cheisd ort,
Am madainn 's am feasgar,
Dheanainn riut clessachd
A's beadradh gu leoir:
'S i nighean, &c.

Dheanainn riut furan
Am bliadhn' a's an uiridh;
Bu docha nan t-uireasbhuidh,
Tuill' a's a' choir.
'S i nighean, &c.

ORAN D' A CHEILE.

NUADH-POSDA.

A MHAIRI bhan og,
'S tu 'n oigh th'air m'aire,
Ri'm bheo bhi far am bithinn fein;
O'n fhuair mi ort coir
Cho mor 's bu mhath leam,
Le posadh ceangailt' o'n chleir,
Le cumhnanta teann
'S le bannsaibh daingean,
'S le anaim a dh'fhanas, nach treig;
'S e bhàistean air laimh
Le gach caraid
Rinn sinne mhaireann a'm' chre.

'Nuair tha mi gu tìen
'S mi 'n cinneal leannain,
Gun chinnt co theannach rium fein,
'S ann a' chunna' mi 'n oigh
Air bord taigh-leanna,
'S bu mhothar ceanalt' a' beus;
Tharruinn mi suas rith',
'S fhuair mi gealladh
O'n ghrugaich bhanail bhi 'm reir;
'S mise bha aobhach
T' fhaotain mar' rium,
'S crobh laogh a' Bharain a'd' dheigh.

Madainn Di-lualo,
Ge buan an t-slighe,
'Nuair ghluais mi, rithinn mar ghaoth,
A dh-fhaicinn mo luaidh
'S rad bhuainn n-ar dìthis
Nach dual da rithist gu'n sgacil;
Thug mi i 'n naigheas
Uair a bhruidhinn,
'S ann fhuair an nighean mo ghaoil,
A's chluinneadh mo chluas
Am fuaim a bhitheadh
Aig luathas mo chridhe ri 'm thaobh.

Sin 'nuair chuir *Cupid*
 An t-uidhe a'm' bhroilleach,
 G'a shaghadh corrach caol,
 A dhruidh air mo chuilean,
 Chuir luchd air mo choluinn,
 Leis thuit mi ge b'oil leam a's dh'aom
 Dh'innis mi sgeul
 Do'n te rinn m' acain,
 Nach leigh a chaisgeadh mo ghaid;
 'Se leighis gach creuchd
 I fhefn le feartan
 Theachd reidh a'm' ghlaicibh mar shaoil.

Bheirna mo phog
 Do'n og-mhaol shomult'
 A dh-fhas gu boinneanta, caoin,
 Gu milleant, comhnard,
 Seocail, foinnidh,
 Do chomhradh gheibh mi gu saor.
 Tha mi air sheol
 Gu leoir a'd' chomain,
 A mhoid 'sa chur thu gu faoin
 De in' 'maointean gorach,
 Prois nam boireannach,
 'S coir dhomh fuireach le h-aon.

Cuaidh mi do'n choill'
 An robh croinn a's gallain,
 Bu bhoisgeall sealladh mu'n cuairt,
 'S bha mianm mo shul
 Do dh'fhuaran barruicht'
 An dlu's nam meanganan shuas;
 Geug fo bhlath
 O barr gu talamh,
 A lub mi farrasda nuas:
 Bu duilich do chach
 Gu brath a gearradh,
 'S e 'n dan domh 'm faillean a bhuain.

Shuidhich mi 'lion
 Air fìor-uig tana,
 'S mi strì 'ga tharruinn air bruaich,
 'S thug mi le sgrìob
 Air tìr a ghealach,
 'S rìth mar eal' air a' chuan;
 'S toillecht a dh'fhag
 E 'n là sin m' aigneadh,
 An roinn a bh'agam san uair;
 B'i coimeas mo cheud mhna'
 Reull na maidne,
 Mo chelle cadail 's mi 'm shuain.

'S e b'fhasan leat riamh
 Bhi ciallach banail,
 Ri gnìomh, 's ri ceann mna-uail';
 Gu pairteach, baigheal,
 Blath, gun choire,
 Gun ghìomh, gun ghoinne, gun chruas,
 Gu deirceach, daonntach,
 Faollidh, farrasd',
 Ri daoin fanna, bochd, truagh;
 Is tha mi le'd' sheol,
 An dochas ro-mhath,
 Gur ion do t-anam do dhuals.

Chuir mi a' - thus ort
 Iuil a's aithne,
 Le sugradh ceannalta, suaire,
 'Nuair theannain riut dlu,
 Bu churaidh t' anail
 No ubhlan reala 'gam buain:
 Cha bhiodh sgeul ruin,
 A b'uil domh aithris,
 A b' fhuu, nach mealladh i bhuam;
 Nan cuireadh i cul rium
 'S diulta' baileach,
 Bu chuis domh anart a's uaigh.

Do bhriodal blath
 'S do mharan mliis,
 Do nadur grinneas gach uair,
 Gu beulchair, gaireach,
 Aluinn, coineil,
 Gun chas a thoille' dhut fuath;
 Chuir i guin bhaie
 Fad raith' am mhuineal
 Dh'fhag laim m' mhuilad 'sa ghruaim,
 'Nuair thuig i mar bha,
 'Sa thar mi 'n ulaidh,
 Ghrad spar i 'n cunnart ud bhuam.

'S ann thog e mi 'm pris
 O'n tim so 'n uiridh,
 An ni 'ean urrainn a fhuair,
 'Sguab do'n ire
 Fhior-ghloin chruineachd,
 An siol is urramaich buaidh;
 Sin na chuir mi
 Co-rimheich umad,
 Bha t' inntinn bunaitteach, buan:
 Lionadh do sgiamhachd
 Miann gach duine,
 An dreach, fiamh, an cumachd, an snuagh.

Do chuach-fhalt ban
 Air fas cho barrail,
 'S a bharr lan chamag a's dhual;
 T-aghaidh ghlan, mhalda,
 Narach, bhanail,
 Do dha chaol mhala gun ghruaim;
 Suil ghorm, fìor tach,
 Mhin-rosg, mheallach,
 Gun dith cur fal' ann ad' ghruadh,
 Deud gheal iobhraidh
 Dionach, daingean,
 Beul bidh nach canadh ach stuaim.

Shiubhladh tu fasach
 Airidh glinne
 'San ait an cinneadh an spreidh,
 G' am bleathan mu chro,
 'S bhi choir na b-innis,
 Laoigh og a' m'ireadh 's a' leum;
 Cha mhic do lamb
 'S tu laimh ri colm
 No 'n seomar seilleir ri grain,
 A' fuaidheal 's a' faichean
 Bhan a's phionn,
 An am chur grinnis air greus.

Do chneas mar an eiteag
 Gle ghlan, fallain,
 Corp seang mar chanach an t-aleibh ;
 Do bhraigh co-mhin,
 'S do chiochan corrach
 S iad liontach, soluis le cheil :
 Gaoirdein tha geal
 Lamhna h-ainnir,
 Caoil mheoir, glac thana, bas reidh ;
 Calpa deas ur,
 Troigh dhlu 'm broig chumair
 Is lughar innealta eum.

'S ann fhuair mi bhean chaoin
 Aig taobh Mham-charraidh.
 'S a gaol a'm' mhealladh o'm cheill ;
 Bha oridhe dhomh saor,
 'Nuair dh'fhoad mi tharruinn,
 Cha b'fhaoin domh bharaill bhi d' reir
 'S ioma' fuil uasal,
 Uaibhreach, fharumach,
 Suas ri d' cheann-aghaidh fheir,
 Gad' chumail am pris
 An Rìgh 's Mac-Cailein
 'S tu shìol nam fear a bha 'n Sleibht'.

'Nam faighinn an drast
 Do charadh daingeann
 An aite falzich o'n eug ;
 Ge d' thigendh e d' dhail,
 A's m' fhagail falamh.
 Cha b' aill leam bean eil' a'd' dheigh :
 Cha toir mi gu brath dhut
 Drannan teallaich,
 Mu'n ardaich aileag do chleibh,
 Ach rogha' gach marain,
 Gradh a's furan,
 Cho blath 'sa b' urrain mo bheul.

Dheanainn dut ceann,
 A's crann, a's t-earrach,
 An am chur ghearran an eill,
 A's dheanainn mar chach
 Air traigh na mara,
 Chur aird air mealladh an eieg :
 Mharbhainn dut geoidh,
 A's roin, a's eala,
 'S na h-eoin bharran nan geug ;
 'S cha bhi thu ri d' bheo
 Gun seol air aran,
 'S mi chomhnuidh far am bi feidh.

O R A N

DO LEANABH-ALTROM.

ISNABAL OG
 An or-fhuil bhuidh,
 De ghruaidh mar ros,
 'S do phog mar ubhal,
 Do bheul dreachmhor,
 Meachair, grinu,
 O'm faighte na h-oraia
 Cheol-mhor bhinn.

'S tu 's gloine 's cannaiohe
 Bhanaile snuadh,
 Gur deirge na'n t-suthag
 An ruitadh tha d' ghruaidh,
 Do mhin rosg liontach,
 Siobhailt, suaire,
 Gnais mhaida, narach,
 Lan de stuaim.

'S e cosail na h-ainnir
 An eal' air an t-snaimh,
 Do chneas mar an canach
 Co cheanalta tha,
 Do chiochan corrach
 Air bhroileach geal ban,
 Do bhraigh mar ghrian,
 'S do bhian mar chnaimh.

Do chuac-fhalt bachallach,
 Cas-bhuidh, dhlu,
 Gu h-amlagach, daite,
 Lan chaisreag a's lub,
 'Na chiebhannaibh cleachd...ch
 Am pleata' gu dlu
 Air sniamh gu leir
 Mar theudan ciuil.

'S ioma' fuil uasal
 Gun truaille', gun tair,
 Tha togail 'na staidheanaibh
 Suas ann ad' bharr,
 Clann-Domhnuill a' chruadail
 Fhuair buaigh anns gach blar,
 Gus an tain' an la suarach
 Thug bhuath' an deas lamh.

'S ban-Chaimbenlach dhireach
 An ribhinn dheas og,
 Cha strìochadh do dhilean
 A luchd mi-ruin tha beo ;
 'S gach car tha dol diot...
 Ga d' shir-chur am moid,
 'S thu theaglach an Iarla
 Shìochd Dhiarmaid nan arol.

Tha Cinneadh do sheanamhar
 Mor ainmeil gu leoir,
 Na Cama-shronaich mheamnach
 Bu gharg air an toir ;
 'S iomadh ait anns' na dhearbh iad
 Le fearra-ghleus an dorn,
 Bhi marbhtach le'n armachd
 Air dearganaich Dheors'.

'S 'n ainneir bu taitnich'
 A bh' ac' ann a e'tir,
 A thachair bhi gam
 'Ga h-altrom le cich ;
 'Nuair a shcasas i fathast
 Air faidhir an rìgh,
 Bìdh ioma' fear fearainn
 A' faraid,—“Co i?”

Gruagach gheal, shomulta,
 Shuilleir gu leoir.

'S i fnealta, foinnidh,
Gun chroma', gun sgeop ;
Calpa ceas coisail,
A choisicheadh rod.
Troigh chuimhir, shocair
Nach dochuinn a' bhrog.

'S math thig dhut 'san fhasan
Gun daithe de'n t-srol,
Le staidhs 'ga theannadh
Cho daingean 's bu choir
Fainneachan daoimein
Air roinn gach meoir,
Bidh rufes a's ribein
Air Iseabail oig.

ORAN DO'N T-SEANN

FHREICHEADAN U. H.

Droch Slaint' an Fhreiceadain,
'S aill leinn gun cheist i,
Si an fhailte nach beag oirnn
Dhol deisail ar oleibh,
Cha'n fhag sinn am fead i,
O'n tha sinn cho dleasanach,
Do na h-armuinn bu sheirceile
Sheasadh an areud ;
Na curraidhnean calma,
G'am buineadh bhi 'n Albainn,
Feadh rionnainean garbhlaich
A' sealg air na feidh,
Fhuair mis' orra seanachas,
Nach mios' an cois fairg' iad,
Bhi'dh an oitcheanan tarbhach
Le marbhadh' an eisg.

Buaidh gu brath air na Fleadgaich,
Fhuar an arach an Breatunn,
Chaidh air sail' o cheann ghreis usinn,
Dhol am freasdal ri feum,
An loingeas laidir thug leis iad,
Nach saraicheadh beagan,
Muir a' garraoch gan greasa'
'S i frèagradh dhaibh fein,
Chuir gach lamh mar bu deise,
Buill de'n chorcaich bu treise,
Ri bar, nan crann seasmhacha
Leth-taobh gach breid,
'S 'g imesachd air chusaintibh,
'Nuair a da' eirich gaoth tuath le,
B'ainmeil air luath e i,
'S i gluasad gu reidh.

'Nuair a chuir iad na h-armuinn
Air tir ann an Fianntaras,
'S iad fada bho'm pairti,
'S o'n aiteachan fein,
Bha onoir nan Gael
An carbas r'an tabhachd,
Bha sin mar a b' abhaist
Gun fhaillinn do'n ghrein

Tha urram an draod
Aig gach tir anna an d'fhas iad,
Le feobhas an abhaist,
An naduir 'sam beus,
Bhi dileas d'an cairdean,
Cur sìos air gach namhaid,
'S iomadh rioghachd an d'fhag iad,
Fuil bhlaith air an fheur.

'S la Fontenoi
Thug onoir gu leoir dhaibh,
'Nuair a chruinnich iad coladh,
'Sa thoisich an streup ;
Bu tartraich ar Coirneal,
Cur ghaigeach an ordugh,
Na lasgaircan oga,
Chaidh deonach na dheigh,
Na gleachdaircan comhraig
Is fearr th'aig' Rìgh Deoras,
A fhuair fasan a's foghlum
A's eolas ga reir ;
'S duil am bheil mise
'Nam rusgadh na triobla'd,
Gun tugadh a' fheadh dhiu
Brisadh a ceud.

Fir aigeannach mheamnach,
Le glas-lann an ceanna-bheart,
'S i sgaitheach gu barra-dheis,
'S i ana-barrach geur,
An taice ri targaid,
Crios breac nam ball airgeid,
'S an dag nach robh cearbach
Gan tearmunn nan seith,
Le'n gunnacha glana,
Nach diultadh dhaibh aingeal,
Spor ur air an teannadh
Gu daingean nan gleus,
Gu cuinnsearach, biodagach,
Fudarach, miosarach,
Adharach, miosail,
Gu misneachail treun.

Na spealpan gun athadh
A chleachd bhi ri sgathadh,
Nach seachnadh dol fhat' iad
An rathad sin fhein,
An t-asdar a ghabhail
'S an ocartas a thaghaich,
Tri-chlaisneach na'n lamhan
Leis an caitheadh iad beum
Dol madainn gu mathas
Cha 'n iarradh iad aithis,
Gu deire an latha
'S am laidhe do'n ghrein ;
'S deas fhaclach an labhairt
Le caisimeachd chatha,
'S o'n caisteal a'n claidheamh,
Ga'm gleidheadh bho bheud.

Fir aoinneach armach,
Le'm bratichan balla-bheas,
Bu tlachdmhor an armait' iad,
'S b' ainmeil am feum ;

Sliochd altrom nan garbh-chrìoch,
Am feachd a tha earbhaich,
Nach caisgear an ain'eas
Gu'n dearbh iad nach geill.
Leinn is fad' o'n a dh'fhalbh sibh
Air astar do'n *Ghearmailt*,
Chur as do gach *~algair*
Chuir fearg oirbh fein,
An glacadh 'sa marbhadh,
'S an sgapadh mar mheanbh-obrodh,
'S an madaidh ga'n leanmhainn
Air leargainn an t-sleibh.

Sliochd fìnechan uasal
A gin o 'na tuathaich,
'S an iomairt bu dual dhaibh
Dol suas air gach ceum,
Gach cas mar bu luath, e,
'S gach laimh mar bu chruidhe,
'S an ardan an uachdar
A' bualadh nan speic;
Bu gnath le'n luchd fuatha,
Bhi 'san araich gun ghluasad,
'S a phairt dhiubh dh'fhalbh uatha,
Bhiodh an ruais air an deigh;
Le lambach nan gillean,
'S le lannan-geur biorach,
Bhiodh an naimhdean air iomain
A' ailleadh nan creuchd.

Bu cliutach na lagair. a
Ura deas gasda,
Miann sul iad ri'm faicinn
Do gach neach leis an leir,
Gach seol mar a chleachd iad,
Le'n comhdacha dreachmhor,
Le 'n osanan breaca,
'S le'm breacana 'n fheil:
Tha mo dhuil ri'n tigh'n dhachaigh,
Gun an uin' a bhi fada,
Le cumhnanta ceartais
Fir Shasuinn gu leir,
Le stiùireadh an aigill,
Muir dhu-ghorm chur seachad,
'S nach cum an cuan farsuinn
Orr' bacadh, no eis.

'Nuair a thainig an triobloid,
'S i a *Dha-san-da-fhichead*,
Bha dana le misneach,
'S le mìos orra fein,
Bras, ardaneach, fìosrach,
Gun fhaillin, gun bhriseadh,
'S cuid araidh ga'n gibhtean'
Bhi'n gliocas 's an ceill;
Tha talannan tric'
Aig a phairt ud bithchionnt,
'S na h-uil' ait' anns an tig iad,
No idir a theid.
Co an drast a th' mise,
Thig an aird ribh a chliage?
Mar fag sibh e nis'
Aig an t-sliochd thig n'ar deigh.

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ORAN GHLINN-URCHAIIDH.

Mu'n tig ceann bladhna tulle,
Cha bhi sinn uile 'n Tora-mhuillt:
Theid sinn thar nam bealaichean,
Do'n fhearann an robh 'n tìus:
Far am beil ar dillean,
Ann san tìr am beil ar cuid;
'S an t-ait an cor dhuinn crìochnachadh
'S an tiodhlaicear ar cuirp.

'S an Clachan-an-Diseirt,
Bu ghrinn bhi ann an diugh,
Suidhe 'n eaglais mhìorbhuilleach,
An *dag* bu rimheach cur;
Ag' eideachd ris na dh'innseadh dhuinn,
Am fear bu shìobhailt guth;
Is e toirt a'gheil a Bhiobail duinn,
'S a bhrìgh a'tig'n gu buil.

Gleannan blath na tìoralachd,
An ro-mhath 'n cinn an diugh,
Far am beil na h-innseagan,
Am beil an sìol an cur:
Cinnidh arbhar craobhach ann
Cho caoin gheal ris a ghruth,
Gu reachdmhar, biadhchar, brioghar,
Trom, torach, lìontach, tiuth.

Bu chridheil bhi sa' gheamhradh ann,
Air bannsean gheibhte spuir;
Fonn cheol reidh na pìobaireachd,
'S cha bhiodh sgìos mu sgur:
Fuaim nan tend aig fìdheilrean,
A sheinneadh sìos na cuir;
'S an luinneag fein aig nìonagan,
Bu bhinne mhille guth.

Gheibhte bradan fìor-uig ann,
A dìreadh ris gach sruth;
Eoin an t-sleibh gu lìonmhor,
'S na milltean colleach dubh;
Earba bheag an sgrìobain,
'N' minnein chrìon 's na bulc,
'S a ghleann am beil na frìtheachan,
'S na sìomanaich 'n am bun.

O'n a thainig mi do'n fhearann so,
Cha 'n fhaigh mi pris an eoin,
'S cha 'n 'eil fath bhi bruidhinn
Mu'n fhear-bhuidh air 'm bi 'n croc:
Cha b'ionnan 's bhi mar b'abhaist domh,
Aig braidh doire-ohro,
Far am bi' na lan-daimh,
Ni 'n damhair ann sa cheo.

Mo shoraidh do Ghleann-urchaidh
Nan tulchan glasa feoir,
Far am beil na sealgairan,
'S a fhuair iad ainm bhi corr;
A dhìreadh ris na garbhlaichean,
Am biodh greidh dhearg na's leoir
'S bhiodh gillean trom le callachan
A dh'fhagadh tarbhach bord.

'S an uair a thigte dhachaigh leo,
Gu'm b'fhasanta bhuir seol,
A suidhe 'san taigh-thairne,
'S bhi damhsa mar ri ceol;
Cridhealas r'a cheile,
'S na bein a bhi 'ga'n ol;
'S cha 'n fhaicte cuis 'na h-eigin
An am eigheach air an stop.

MOLADH DHUN-EIDEANN.

'S e baile mor Dhun-eideann,
A b'eibhinn leam bhi ann,
Aite flailidh farsuinn,
A bha tlachdmhor anns gach ball;
Gearasdain a's bataraidh,
A's rampairean gu teann,
Taighean mor a's caisteal,
Anns an tric a stad an camp.

'S tric a bha camp Rìoghail ann,
'S bu rimheach an luch-dreuchd;
Trup' nan srann-each lionmhor,
Gu dileas air a gheard;
Bhiodh gach fear cho eolach
'S na h-uile seol a b'fharr,
Na fleasgaich bu mhath foghlum
A dhol an ordugh blair.

'S iomadh fleasgach uasal ann,
A bha gu suairce grinn,
Fudar air an gruagan,
A suas gu barr ann cinn;
Leadainn dhonna, dhualach
Na chuachagan air sniomh;
Barr dosach mar an sìoda,
'Nuair liogadh e 'le cir.

'S mor a tha do bhain-tighearnan
A null 'sa nall an t-sraid,
Guntaichean de'n t-sìoda orr',
Ga'n sliogadh ris a bhlair;
Stoise air na h-ainnrean
Ga'n teannachadh gu h-ard.
Buill mhais air eudainn bhoidheach,
Mar thuilleadh sporsa dhaibh.

Na h-uile te mar thigeadh dh'i,
Gu measail a' measg chaich,
Uallach, rimheach, ribeanach,
Cruinn, min-geal, giobach, tì;
Trusgan air na h-oigheanan,
Ga'n comhdachadh gu lar;
Brog bhiorach, dhionach, chothromach,
'S bu chorrach leam a sail.

'Nuair chaidh m' staigh do'n Abailte,
Gu'm b'ait an sealladh sul
Bhi 'g amharc air na dealbhanan,
Rìgh Fearghas ann air thus;
A nis o'n rinn iad falbh usainn,
Tha Alba gun an Crun:
'Se sin a dh'fhag na garbh-chrìochan
'S an aimsir so a cuirt.

Bi lochrainn ann de ghloineachan,
A's colneal anns gach aite,
A meudachadh an soillearachd,
Gu sealladh a thoirt daibh:
Cha lagha 'n t-aobhar eibhneis,
Cluig-chiuil ga'n eisdeachd ann,
S gur binne na chuach cheitein iad,
Le'n toragan eibhinn ard.

Bi farrum air na coitiseachan,
Na'n trotan a's na'n deann,
Eich nan cruaidh cheum socrach,
Cha bhiodh an coiseachd mall;
Cursain mheamnach, mhìreanach,
A b'airde binneach ceann;
Cha'n e am fraoch a b'innis daibh,
Na fìrichean nam beann.

Is ann an dous na *Parlamaid*
A chi mi thall an t-each,
Na sheasamh mar a b'abhaist da,
Air lom a chabhair chlach;
Chuir iad srian a's diallaid air,
'S e'n Rìgh a tha n'a glaic,
Ga'n robh coir na rìoghachd so,
Ge d' dhìobair iad a mhac*:

Tha taigh mor na *Parlamaid*
Air ardachadh le tlachd,
Aig daoine-uailse ciallach,
Nach tug riamh ach a bhreith cheart:
Tha breitheanas air thalamh ann,
A mhaireas 's nach teid as,
Chum na thoill a chrochadh,
'S thig na neo-chiontaich a mach.

A's chunna' mi taigh-leigheas ann
Aig leighichean ri feum,
A dheanadh slàn gach dochartas
A bhiodh 'an corp no'n cre;
Aon duine bhiodh an eu-slainnte,
No'n freacdal ris an leigh,
Be sin an t-aite dheasannach,
Gu theasairginn o'n eug.

Tha Dun-eidean boidheach
Air iomadh seol na dha,
Gu'n bhaile anns an rìoghachd so
Nach deanadh strìochda dha;
A liuthad fear a dh'innsinn ann
A bheireadh cis de chach,
Daoine' uaisle casg an iota,
A g' ol air fion na *Spainnt*.

Ge mor a tha de dh' astar
Eadar Glascho agus Peairt,
Is cinnteach mi ged' fhaicinn
Na tha dh'aitreabh ann air fad,
Nach 'eil ann is taitneiche
Na'n Abait a's am *Banc*,
Na taighean mora rimheach,
'Am bu choir an Rìgh bhi stad.

* King James VII was the brother of Charles II whose statue is here described.

ORAN DUTHCHA.

LUINNEAG.

*Hoirionn o ho hi-ri-rio,
Hoirionn o ho hi-ri-rio,
Hoirionn o hi-ri-uo,
'S i mo dhuthaich a dh'fhag mi.*

Ged' a tha mi oar tamaill,
A tamh measg na Gallaibh,
Tha mo dhuthaich air m'aire,
'S cha mbath leam a h-aicheadh.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Ged' is eiginn dhuinn gabhail
Leis gach ni thig 'san rathad,
Gu'm b'fhearr na na srathan,
Bhi taghaich 'sa bhraidhe.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Ged' is comhnard na sraidean,
'S mor a b'fhearr bhi air airidh,
Am frith nam Beann arda,
'S nam fasaichean blatha.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Beurla chruaidh gach aon latha,
'N ar cluais o cheann ghrathainn,
'S e bu dual duinn o'r n-athair,
Bhi labhairt na Gaelig.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Ged' is cliuteach a Mhachair,
Le cunnradh 's le fasan,
Be air durachd dol dachaigh,
'S bhi 'n taice r'ar cairdean:
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Bhi 'n Clachan-an-Diseirt,
A faicinn air dillsean,
Gum b'ait leinn an tìr sin,
O'n a 's i rinn air 'n arach.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Cha be fasan nan daoine ud,
Bhi 'n conas na 'n caonnaig,
Ach sonas an t-saoghail,
'S bhi gaolach mar bhraithrean.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

N am suidhe 's taigh-osa,
Gu luinneagach, ceolmhor
Bu bhinn ar cuid oran,
'S bhi 'g-ol nan deoch-slainnte.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Luchd dhireadh nan stuicean,
Le'n gunnathan du-ghorm,
A loisgeadh am fudar,
Ri udlaiche lan-daimh.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

S e bu mhiann leis na macaibh,
Bhi triall leis na slatan,

A chuir srian ris a bhradan,
Cha be fhasan am fagail.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Gu fadhadh a mhunaidh,
No dh'iasgach air buinne,
Anns gach gnìomh a ni duin
'S mor urram nan Gael.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

O R A N

DO DH'-IARLA BHRAID-ALBANN.

AIR FOMN—"An Taighear Acuinneach."

DEOCH-slainnt' an Iarla
Cuir dian na'r caramh i,
'S mo gleibh sinn lan i,
Gu'm fag sinn falamh i;
'Nuair thig i oirne
Gu'm bi sinn ceolmhor,
'S gu'n gabh sinn urain
Ga h-qi gu farumach.

'S e'n t-armunr suairce
A ghluais a Bealach leinn,
'S na ear dhaoine-uaile
R'a,ghualainn mar ris ann;
O'n dh'eirich sluagh le
Gu feum 'sa chruadal,
A reir do dhualchais
B'i'dh buaidh a dh'ain-deoin leat.

Gur deas am fìran
Air thus nan gallan thu,
'S cha ghabh thu curam
Ro ghnais nan aineolach;
Led' chomblain-ura
'S thu fein ga'n stiùireadh,
A's fir do dhuthecha
Ri d' chul mar bharantas.

'S tu ceann na riaghailt
Tha ciallach, carthanach,
Na daoine a thriall leat
Gu'r briagh am pannal iad;
'S tu thog na ciadan
A shliochd nam Flannan,
'S an am a ghnìomha,
Bu dian 'sa charraid iad.

Ma thig na Frangaich
A nall do'n fhearann so,
Bheir sinn trath dhaibh
Cion-fath an aithreachais
Theid cuid gu bas dhiubh,
'S cuid eile bhathadh,
Mu'm figh iad bata,
'S mu'm fag iad tharais sinn.

O'n fhuair sinn gunnachan
Gu'r ullamh, ealamh iad,
'S cha 'n'eil gin uile dhiubh
Nach freagair aingeal dhuinn,
Cha'n fhaic na curraidhean
Dol sìos na chunnart dhaibh
'S gur rioghail urramach
A dhioladh falachd iad.

'Nuair theid gach treun-fhear
Na cìdìdh ceannardach,
Le'n armalbh gleusda
Cho geur 's bu mhath leinn iad
Bithidh iomadh creuchdan
Le'm buillean beurrach,
Cha leigheas leigh iad,
'S cha ghleidh e'n t-anam riu.

'S í sin a garbín bhratach,
A dh' fhalbh o'n bhaile leinn,
'S iad fir Bhraid-Albann
Gu dearbh a leannas i,
Fir ura, chalma,
A tha lughmor, meamnach,
Ma dhuiseag fearg orra,
'S maig a bheanas dhaibh.

Tha connspuinn araidh
A braigh ghlinn-fallach leinn,
A fhuair buaidh-larach
'S gach ait 'n do tharruinn iad,
Le luchd an lamhaich
Ri uchd an namhaid,
Bithidh cuirp 'san araidh
Air lar gun charachadh.

Cuid eil' an phairtì,
Gu dan le fearalachd,
Theid lionmhor, laidir
'S an ait a gheallas iad;
Fir shunndach dhaicheil,
A grunn d'Earr-Gael,
Nach diult 's na blaraibh
Le lamhach caithriseach.

Na h-Urrachaich eireachdail
Le'n urachair sgallanta,
Cuir suas nam peileirean
Nach cualas mearachdach,
'S iad buaghar iomairteach
'S cha dualchas giorag dhaibh,
'S an ruaig cha philleadh iad,
'S gur cruaidh le'n lannan iad.

Na h-uaislean Eileanach,
'S ann uain nach fannadh iad,
'S fir chuirteach beinn' iad,
'S air chuan, na'm maraichean;
Luchd bhualadh bhuillean iad
'S a fhuair an t-urram sin,
A's fuaim an gunnaireachd
Cho luath ri dealanaich.

'S ann tha air naimhdean
'S an am so amaideach,
'S a mhìneach ard
Tha 'nar ceann, 's a dh'fhanas ann;
Tha 'n Rìgh ag earbsadh
Gu'n dìol sinn argamaid,
Le strì na h-armailt
Mar dhearbh ar 'n-athraichean.

'Nuair thog iad srol
'S na fìr mhòra tarruinn ris.
'S o'n fhuair iad eolas
Air foghlum cabhagach.
Cha'n fhaicear co-ladh
De ghaisgich oga,
Am feachd Rìgh Deorsa,
Aon phor thug barrachd orr'.

Tha'n Samhradh blath ann
O'n dh'fhag an t-earrach sinn,
Ma nì sinn camp
'S e bhios ann dhuinn fallaineachd:
Tha nì air gleanntaibh
Cha bhi sinn gann dhiu,
'S gur lionmhor Gall
Tha cuir aird air aran dhuinn.

'S e 'n togail intinn
Cho grinn 'sa b'aithne dhomh,
Bhì'n cuirt an Rìgh
Gu'n bhi strì ri sgagalachd;
Cha dean sinn feoraich
Air tuille stòrais,
'S cha teirig lon dhuinn
Ra'r beo air Gearasdan.

IAIN CAIMBEUL A' BHANCA.

IAIN CHAIMBEUL a' bhanca,
Gu'm faiceam thu slan,
Fhìr a chumail na daimh,
'Gam buineadh bhì mor:
Le d' chridhe fìal, fearail,
A thug barrachd air cach,
An iomadaibh cas
A thuilleadh nan slogh.
Fhuair thu meas, nach 'eil bichiont'
A measg Bhreatainneach,
Banc ra oir bhì fo d' sgod,
Ann an coir dhleasannach;
Na th' ann, cha 'n e 'm beagan
Is e 'm freasda' ri d' stait,
Fo leagadh do lamh
'S gu freagrachd do bheoil.

S' tu marcach nan srann-each,
Is farramaich ceum,
Le 'm fallaireachd fein
Gu farasda, fòil:

Air dhiollaid nan cursan
 Bu dubailte sreín,
 'S tu bhuidhneadh gach reis,
 A shiubhladh an rod.
 Na h-eich bhearcasach, chalma,
 Bhíodh garbh, cumachdail,
 Is iad gu h-anmédail, meannach,
 Le 'm falbh gurilleumach,
 Cruideach, díu-thairgneach,
 Mear, sineasach, fuasgailteach,
 Ceannardach, cluas-bhiorach,
 Uallach gu leoir.

B'e do roghainn a dh'armachd,
 An targaid chruinn ur,
 Gu meabh-bhallach díu,
 Buidh' tairgneach cruaidh seolt;
 Is claidheamh chinn airgeid,
 Cruaidh, calma, nach lub,
 Lann thana, gheur-chuill,
 Gu daingean a'd dhorn;
 Mar ri dag ullamh, grad,
 A bhíodh a snap freasdalach,
 Nach bíodh stad air a sraid
 Ach bhi 'mach freagarach;
 Fudar cruaidh, egeileara,
 'M feadan gle dhireach,
 A'd lamhan geal, mine,
 'S cuileabhar caol, gorm.

Bu cheannard air feachd thu,
 An am gaisgidh no f. a. m.,
 Fhíir mhíneachail, th' ein
 A b' fhiosrach 's gach seol;
 A fhuair foglum, a's fasan,
 Is aiteas g'a reir,
 Tur pailte le ceill
 A' cur aignidh am moid.
 An am suidhe na cuirte,
 No dubladh an t-seisein,
 An uchd bearraidh no binne,
 'S i t-fhíirinn a sheasadh:
 Deag theang-fhear gu *deasput*,
 Bu f'breagarach cainnt,
 A bhi idhneadh gach geall
 'S a chumadh a choir.

'S e do shugradh bha earailteach,
 Ceann-*'ta*, suaire,
 An am tional nan uaislean
 Mar riut a dh-ol;
 Gu failteachail, furanach,
 A cuireadh a suas,
 Gach duine de'n t-sluagh,
 G'am buineadh bhi d' choir:
 Na diucan bu rímhíche,
 A chit' ann am Breatunn,
 Is bu chompanach rígh thu,
 Le fíirinn 's le teisteas,
 Fhíir ghreadhnaich bu sheirceile
 Sheasadh air blar,
 Fo 'n deise bhíodh lan.
 De lastanan oir.

'S math thig dhut san fhasan,
 An ad a's a ghruag,
 Air an deasachadh suas
 Am fasan an t-sloigh
 Gu camagach, daithe,
 Lan chaisreag a's chuach,
 Gu bachlach mu'n cuairt,
 Le maise ro-mhor:
 Tha gach clabh mar do mhlann,
 Air an eníomh cumachdail,
 Flamh dhonn, torrach, trom,
 Gu'n aon bhonn uireasbhuidh,
 Amlagach, cleachdach,
 Cruinne cas-bhuidh tla,
 Cho gasda ri barr,
 Th' air mac san Roinn-eorp';

'S i t-aghaidh ghlan, shoilleir,
 Bha caoineil ro suaire,
 Caol mhala gun ghruaim,
 Suil mheallach bu bhoidheh';
 Gnuis aillidh mar chanach,
 Bu cheanalta, snuagh,
 Mip, cannach, do ghruaidh,
 Mar bharra nan ros.
 Cha 'n 'eil ailleachd air each,
 Nach tug pairt urram dhut;
 Foinnidh, finealta, díreach,
 Deas fíir chumachdail,
 Calpa chruinn, cothromach,
 Corrach, gu d' shail,
 Gun chron ort a' fas,
 O mhulach gu broig.

Do smaointeana glice,
 Le misnich 's le ceill,
 Do thuigse ghlan, gheur,
 'S deagh thuiteamas beoil;
 Gun tuirseadh, gun bhrísteadh,
 Gun trioblaid, fo'n ghrein,
 A b' fhiosrach mi fein,
 Is mísd thu bhi d' choir.
 'S loma gibht' a tha 'nis,
 Lionmhor tric minig ort,
 Inil a's fíos, muirín a's míos,
 Flur a' measg fíinnich thu,
 An uaisle le spírad,
 Air mhíreadh a' d' chail,
 'S tu íríosal, baigheil,
 Cinneadail, coir.

Gheibhte sud ann ad' thalla,
 Fíon geal is math tuar,
 Deoch thana gun druap,
 'S i fallain gu poit;
 Bhíodh sunnd agus farum
 Air aire an t-sluaigh,
 Deadh ghean ann san uair,
 A teannaidh r'a h-ol;
 Ann san taigh bu mhor seadh,
 Leis nach dragh aithníchean,
 Muirín a's caoin, a bhíos air fheadh,
 Cupa 's gloin, canachan,

Coinnleirean airgeid,
'S dreos dhealach o cheir,
Feadh t-aitreamh gu leir,
'S iad pailte gu leoir.

B'e do mhiann a luchd ealaidh,
Pìob sgalanta, chruaidh,
Le caithream cho luath,
'S a ghearradh na meoir;
Puirt shiulacha, mheara,
Is fìor allail our suas,
Ann an talla nam buadh
Bu bharrail mu'n stor
Cràite ciuil, torman ur,
Is e gu dlu ruith-leumach,
Feadaid lom, chruinne, dhonn,
Thogadh fonn mireanach,
Clarsach le grinneas,
Bu bhinn-fhaclach fuaime,
'S cha pilleadh tu 'n duais,
'Nuair a shireadh tu ceol.

'S iomadh ait am beil do charaid,
A t-fharaid mu'n cuairt,
An deas a's an tuath,
Cho dleas nach 's bu choir;
Diuc Earraghelach ainmeil,
Ceann armailt nam buagh,
Leis na dhearbhadh lamh chruaidh,
Is ris an d'earbadh gu leir:
An t-Iarla cliuiteach g'an duthchas
Bhi 'n Tur Bhealaich,
A chuir an ruaig le chuid sluaigh.
Air na fuar Ghallaich;
Morair Loudon nan seang-each,
Ard sheanallair calmp,
Fhuair urram comann,
Far na bhuidhin na seoid.

Tha iomadh cas eile
Nach ceillinn san uair,
Tha tarrainn ort buaidh,
A mhaireas ri d' bheo;
Fuil rioghail air lasadh
Amach ann ad' ghruaidh,
Cuir t-aigneadh a suas
Le aiteas ro-mhor;
Tha bunntam a's leirsinn,
Gu leir ann ad' phearsa,
Fhir shunntaich na feile,
Sgeul eibhinn a b' ait leam,
Na 'm faicinn a'maireach
Le abhachd 's le muir,
Bhi 'd charadh fo 'n chrùn
An aite rìgh Deors'.

CUMHADH IARLA

BHRAID-ALBANX,

NUAGH r'a eiseachd an sgeul
A nuair mi fein tuille 's luath;
Rinn an t-eug ceann na ceille
'S nam beus a thoirt uainn:

Cha'n 'eileigh tha fo 'n ghrein,
Dheanadh feum dhut 's an uair:
'S boobd a'd' dheigh sinn gu leir,
'S cha 'n'eile feum bhi 'ga luaidh.

Tha do chairdean laidir, liomhor
Ann gach tìr a tha mu'n cuairt;
So na dh-fhag an aigneadh losal,
Do chorp prìseil bhi 'san uair;
Is iad mar loingean gun bhi dìonach,
Fad o thir air druim a' chuain;
'S tusa b'urrainn an toirt sabhailt,
Ge do bhiodh an gabhadh cruaidh.

'S ann an diugh a chaidh do charadh
'An ciste eilair 's ad leabaidh fhuair;
Is mauladach a'd' dheigh an trathas,
A' chuid is airde do d' dhaoin' uail.
Tha gach duin' agad fo phramh,
'S goirt an cas am bheil an tuath:
'S iad do bhochdan a tha cràiteach;
Thugadh an taic laidir uath'.

'S iomadh dilleachdan og falamh
Bha le h-ainnis air dhroch shnugh,
Seann daoine 's bantraichean fanna
Bha factainn beathachaidh uair:
'S ann bu truagh a' ghaic a' bh'aca,
'S deoir gu frasach air an grusaidh,
Caoinad chruaidh, a's bualadh bhàsan,
'S bhi toirt pairt do 'm falt a nua.

'S muladach an nochd do dhuthaich,
'S dubhach tursach tha do shluagh:
Cha 'n lochnadh sin, 's mor an diubhail
An tionndadh so thig, 'n oirn cho luath,
Am fear a b'abhaist bhi le durachd
Gabhail curam dhiubh gach uair,
Dh'fhag iad 'na laidhe 'san uir e
Far nach duig e gu La-luain.

'S ann an trathaidh na Feill-brìde
Thainig eirich air saoidh nam buadh.
'S lom a thug an t-eug an sgriob oirn,
Och! mo dhith cha deic a luath's,
Bhuail an gath air fath na frinn
Bha 'gar dìonadh o gach cruas:
'S goirid leinn do re 'san aite,
Ged' their cach gu 'n robh thu buan.

Cha do sheall thu riamh gu h-ìosal
Air ni chuireadh sìos an tuath:
Bu chul-taic dhaibh anns gach ait thu,
'S tu bha ghnath 'gan cumail suas.
Cha bu mhiann leat togail ulaimh;
Sin a' chuis d'an tug thu fuath:
Bha thu factainn gaoil gach duine,
'S ghleidh thu 'n t-urram sin a fhuair.

Bha thu leirsinneach le suaireas;
Dh-fhas a'd' chom an uaisle mhor;
Ciall a's misneach mar ri cruadal,
Fhuair thu 'n dualchas sin o d' sheora.
Bha thu fìorach, glic, neo-luaineach;
Bha t-inntinn buan anns a' choir.

O'n a thog iad air ghiulan sluaigh thu,
'S aobhar sin a luathaich deoir.

Chan'eil aoibneas ann am Bealach,
Cha'n'eil farum ann, no ceol;
Daoine dubhach, 's mnathan galach,
A's iad gun ealaith ach am bron;
O'n a chaidh do ghiulan dachaigh
O'n mhachair air mhuthadh seoil.
'N ait' an eaidh sin a chleachd thu,
Ciste, 's leine, 's brat do'n t-aoi.

'Nam bu daoine bheireadh dhinn thu,
Dh'eireadh milltean air an toir,
O bheul Tatha gu Lathuirn-lechdraoh,
Sin fo chis dut agus cor:
Far an d'fhas na gallain fhiar-ghlan,
A's iad lionmhòr ann gu leoir,
A rachadh togarrach gud' dhioladh,
Nach obadh dol sìos le deoin.

'S ann tha chuis mi's fearr mar tha i,
Dochar laidir thu bhi beo
Am measg nan aingeal a tha 'm Pharras,
Ann an gairdeachas ro-mhòr:
Gur e'n Tì a ghlaic air laimh thu,
'Thug 'san aite sin dhut coir
Air oighreachd is fearr na dh'fhag thu,
'An aros aghmòr Rìgh na glòir.

Ged' tha 'm fear a thig a' t-aite
Thall an traths' tharr chuaintean mòr,
Guidheam dlu gu'n tig e sabhailt
(Soirbheas ard ri eul gach seoll)
A dh' fhaotainn seilbh air an t-saibheas,
'S air an oighreachd sin bu choir;
A ghabhail curam ga chuid fearainn,
'S ga chuid daoine sean a's og.

CUMHA' CHAILEIN

GHLEINN-IUBHAIR.

SMAOINTEAN truagh a th'air a' aigne,
Dh' fhag orm smuaintean, 's a' aigne,
An am gluasad am leabaidh,
Cha chadal ach duisg;
Tha mo ghruaighean air seonadh,
Gun dìon uair air mo rasgan,
Mu'n sgeul a chualas o'n Apuinn,
A ghluais a chaismeachd ud dhuinn',
Fear Ghleinn-iubhair a dhith oirnn,
Le putar luchd mi-ruin,
Mo sgeul dubhach r'a innseadh
Thu bhi d' shineadh 'san uir;
'S truagh gach duine de d' dhilsean,
O'n a chaidh do chorp prìseil,
An ciste chuthainn, chaoin, dhìonaich,
'S ann an lion-anart ur.

B'e sinn an corp aluinn,
'Nuair bha thu roimhe so d' shlainnte,

Gun chion cumachd no fas ort,
Gu foinni ih, daicheil deas ur;
Sunroo, foisinnach, fàilltich,
Uasal, iorasal baidheil,
Caolmhnell, cinneadail, cairdell,
Gun chion r'a rait' air a chul;
Lan do ghliocas, 's do leirsinn,
Gu dana, misneachail, treubhach,
Gach ait an sìrte gu feum thu,
'S ann leat a dh'eireadh gach cuis;
B'e do choimeas an dreagan,
No 'n t-sothag 's na speuraibh,
Co bu choltach r'a chelle
Ach iad fein agus thu?

'S cruaidh an teachdair a thainig,
'S truagh mar thachair an drasta,
Nach do sheuchainn thu 'n t-aite,
'N do ghlaic am bas thu air thus;
Suas o chachaille gharaidh,
Fhuair thu 'n tacaid a chraidh mi,
'S gun do thaic a bhli laimh riut,
'Nuair ghabh iad fath ort o d' chul,
Air do thaobh 's thu gun chomhradh,
S'ann am 'n do chachail an deo bhuit,
T-fhuil chraobhach, dhearg, bhoidheach
A gabhail dortadh 'na bruchd,
Le gnìomh an amadain ghoraich,
A bha gun aithne gun eolas,
A reic anam air stòras,
Nach do chuir an trocrair a dhuil.

B'e 'n cridhe gun tioma, gun deisein,
Gun adh, gun chinneas, gun cheutaidh,
A chuir lamh a'd' mhillleadh gun reusan.
Le cion ceill' agus tuir;
'S e glac mar chomharl' an eucoir,
'S boe an gnothaich mar dh'eirioh,
Dh-fhag e sinne fo eu-slainnt,
Is e fein 'na fhear-cuirn;
'S ge nach samhach a leabaidh,
Le eagal a ghilacadh,
Cha 'n e tha mi 'g acain,
Ach mar a thachair do'n chuis;
An t-armunn deas, tlachdmhòr,
A tha 'n drast' an Ard-chatain,
An deigh a charadh an tasgaidh,
An aite cadail nach duisg.

'S e do chadal gu sìorruidh,
A dh'fhag m' aigne cho tiomhsaidh,
'S tric smaointeana diomhain;
A tigh'n gu dian orm as ur,
'S trom a dh'fhas orm an iargainn,
Is goirte tarsa nam fiabhras,
Mo chomh-alt aluinn, deas, ciatach,
An deigh's a riabadh gu dlu;
Mile mallachd do'n laimh sin,
A ghabh cothrom is fath ort,
A thug an comas do'n lambach,
'Nuair chuir e 'n spainteach r'a shuil;
Sgeula soilleir a b' ail leam,
Gu'n cluinnt' am follais aig each,
E bhi dol ri crìmmaig le faradh,
Gus am miosa dha-sa na dhuinn.

Ge b'e neach a rinn plot ort,
Le droch dhurachd o thoiseach,
Bu dana chuis dha tigh'n ort-sa,
Na do lotadh as ur;
Bha 'na run bhi gu h-ole dhut,
'S gu'n a chridh' aig aodainn a nochadh,
'S ann a thain' e samhach mu'n chnocan,
'S a ghabh ort socair o d' chul.
'S e mo dhiubhail a thachair,
An am do'n fhadur ud lasadh,
Nach robh ad' chairdean an tale riut,
Na bheireadh aicheamhail diubh;
'S a liathad fluran dens, tiachdmhor,
Nach gabhadh earam ro' bhagra,
A chuireadh smuid ris an Apuinn,
A chionn gu'm falceadh iad thu.

'S trom a phlaigh sinn an lobairt,
A chuir ar namhaid a dhith oirn,
Geu' tha 'n aicmhail gu'n dioladh,
Thig fhathasd liontan mu'n chuis,
Chuireas cach an staid iosa',
Air son an ailleagain phriseil,
Bh' ann san aite mar fhrean,
A chleachd srinn a's eilu:
'S bochd an naidheachd r'a aireamh,
Gur ann an nasgaidh a tha thu,
Nach tainig fhathasd mu'n chas ad,
Na dheanadh abhachd thoirt duinn;
Ach air fhad 's gam bi dail ann,
Cheart cho fìor 's tha mi 'g raithe,
Bidh an falachd ud paighte,
Mu'n d' teid an gamhlas air chul.

'S iad na finnechan laidir,
Bu mhath a gabhail do phairti,
An rìgh, a's diuc Earraghael,
Nach fhaiceadh failinn a'd' chuis;
Iarla dligheach Bhraid-Albann,
Air thus a tighinn gu'n chearbaich,
'S gur ioma' fear armach,
A sheasadh calma r'a chul;
Mac-Aoidh 's a luchd-leanmhuinn,
Leis an eireadh suinn nach bu leanbaidh,
Na laoiach bhuidhneach, mhor, mheamnach,
Le'n lanna ceann-bheartach, cuil;
Mac-Dhomhnull duibh, 'a Cloinn-Chamroin,
S gu leoir a thighearnan ainmeil;
'S fhad o'n chuala sinn seanachas,
Gu'n do dhearb iad an cliu.

S ghabh thu aite le ordugh,
Air pairt do Shraith-locha,
'S cha b' ann air ghaol storais,
'Na los am porsan thoirt diubh;
Ach a sheasamh an corach,
Le meud do cheid air an t-seors' ud,
'S an oidhre dleasanach air fogra,
G'am bu choir bhi 'sa chuir;
'S ge do theireadh luchd faoineachd,
Gun robh t-aire-sa daonnan,
Bhi sgainneart nan daoine ud,
Na 'n leigeadh sgaoilteach air chul;
Chite fhathasd a chaochladh,
N'am faighe tu saoghal,

Gur e bhi tarruinn luchd gaoil ort,
As gach taobh, a bha d' run.

Bu tu cridhe na fìlle,
Dh' fhas gu tighearnail, ceutach.
An lathair brithesamh Dhun-eideann,
'S tric a reitich thu cuis;
'S oil leam caradh do cheud-mhna,
'S og a bhannteach a'd' dheigh l,
Lion campar gu leir l,
O'n dh'eug a ceillidh dens, ur;
Fhuair mi 'n sealladh nach b'eibhinn,
An uigh mu d' choinneamh 'ga reiteach,
'S truagh gach common thug spels dhut,
O'n chaidh tu fein anns an uir,
'S gun dull a nis ri thu dh-eiridh,
'S e dh'fhag mise fo eu-slainnt,
Bhi 'n diugh ag' innseadh do bheusan,
'S nach tig thu dh-eisdeachd mo chlu.

ORAN AN T-SAMHRAIDH.

'NUAIR thig an Samhra' geugach oirn,
Theid siann nan speur o'n ghruamaiche,
Thig thus a's blas a's aoibhneas—
Theid gach ni g'a reir am buadhachd.
Thig fear le neart na grein' oirn,
Ni 'n saoghal gu leir a chuartaich;
Thig teas o sìos 'nuair dh'eireas l
Ni feum, 's cha trègear uainne e.

Bidh por ann an tìr ghraiseirean,
Chur sil ann san tim ghnathaichte;
A' toirt brìdh as an uir nadurra,
O'n bhlar g'a bharr a ghluaiseas e:
Gu reachdmhor, breac, neo-fhaillineach,
Trom-chuineanach, garbh-ghraineanach
Gu diasach, riabhach, caileanach,
Gu biadhach, lan, 'nuair bhuainear e.

'S glan faileadh nan geug liobhara,
Mu gharadh dan seud lionmhara.
Am biodh aileagain gle riomhacha
Le blath's a' sìr chur snuadh orra;
Gu h-ubhlach, peurach, figiseach,
Glan, brioghmbor, diomhair, guamaiseach
Gach sraid is aillidh grineachan,
Mar Phealas rìgh ra'n cuartaichadh.

'S ro-ghreannar gach gleann fìor-mhonaidh,
Cur iomhaigh ghriinn an uachdar air;
Gach lus le bharr cho mhiorailteach,
A' fas fo n'hile suaicheantas;
Gu duilleach, lùrach, ditheanach,
Glan, rimbach, lionmhòr, suaicheanach,
Gu ropach, dèasach, misleanach,
Gu mìlteachail, min uain-nealach.

Bi'dh fonn air gach neach nadurra,
Bhiodh sealltainn gach ni gnathaichte,

Am blar lom a' cur dreach fasaich air,
Gach la cur strac neo-thruaillidh air,
Gu molach, torach blath-mhaiseach,
'S na craobhan lan de chruasachdan
Gu h-urair, du'-ghorm, aileanta,
Le frasan blatha, bruidleanach.

Bi'dh gach frith gu lionntach, feurach ;
'S theid na feidh 'nan eideadh suaicheanta,
Gu h-ullach, binneach, ceumannach,
Grad-leumanach, bior-chluaisneach ;
Gu crocach, cabrach, ceir-ghealach,
Gu manngach, eangach, eildeagach,
'Gan grianadh sa' mhios cheiteanach,
Air slios an t-sleibh mu'n cuartaich iad.

Bi'dh laogh ri taobh gach aighe dhiubh,
'Nan laidhe mar is coir dhaibh ; bi'dh
Gach damh a's manng cho aighreach,
'Nuair thig Fìll-leathain roid orra :
Bu tuille loin a'e saoghail,
Do gach neach a ghabhadh gaol orra,
Bhi tric ag amharc eol orra
'S a 'g eisdeachd gaor an cronanaich.

Bi'dh maoisleach a chinn ghvanaich,
A cur dreach a's snuadh a's tuar oirre,
'S i tilgeadh cuilg a' gheamhraidh
A chuir gurt a's greann a's fuachd oirre
O'n thainig blathas an t-Samhraidh oiran,
Cuiridh si manntal ruadh oirre,
S tha inntinn ghrinn g'a reir aice,
Gu fallain, feitheach, fuasgailteach.

Bi'dh am minnein urar meanbh-bhallach,
Gros tioram air a ghnus bu ageinneile ;
Gu mireineach, lughor, anmadail,
Ri slinnean na h-earb an guilleachan.
Bu chlis feadh phreas mu an-moch iad,
Gu tric fo iochd nam mean'-chuilg,
Gu sgrìdeil, gibeach, gearra-mhasach,
An sliochd 'g an ainm na ruadhagan.

Bi'dh gach crentair fàillineach,
A bha greis an cas na fuaralachd,
A togail an cinn gu h-abhachdach,
O'n a thainig blath's le buaidh orra :
Na h-eoin sa' phong a b'abhaist daibh,
Gu ceolmhar, fonnmhor, failteachail,
Feadh phreas a's thom ri gairdeachas,
Gun chas a dh'fhagadh truailidh iad.

'S neo-thruaillidh am por lionmhor ud,
'S gur speiseil grunn a ghluaiseas iad ;
Le'm bous a 'seinn mar fhileirean,
Gur h-aoibhinn binn ri m' ohlusan iad ;
'S glan luinneagach, fìor-inntinneach,
A' chanain chinn thig uatha-san ;
'S iad gobach, sgiathach, cìreineach
Gu h-iteach, dìonach, cluaineisach.

Bi'dh an coileach le thorman tuchanach,
Air chnocanaibh gorm a durdanaich,

Puirt fhileanta, cheolmhor, shiublacha,
Le ribheid dlu chur seol orra ;
Gob crom nam pongan lugh'ora,
'S a chneas le dreach air a dhublachadh,
Gu slios-dubh, girt-gheal, ur-bhallach,
'S da chire a sugradh boidheach ris.

Thig a chuthag sa' mhios cheitein oirn,
'S bidh riabhag 'na seuchdan comhladh ri,
'S an dreathan a gleusadh sheannsairean
Air a gheig is aird a mhothaicheas e.
Bidh choill' gu leir 's na gleanntaichean,
Air chrathadh le h-aoibneas canntaireachd,
Aig fuaim a chumail cheannsalach.
Feadh phreas, a'a chrann, a's oganan.

Na doireachean coill' bu dìomhaire,
'S na croinn mu'n iadh na smorcaichean
Theid gach craobh an ciataichead,
Bi'dh caochladh fiamh a's neoil orra ;
Gu meanganach, dìreach aniomhanach,
Theid oridhe nam fiamh an soghaireachd,
Le trusgan ur g'a mhiadachadh,
Bar-guc air mhiaraibh nozara.

Bi'dh am beatha gu cuisleach, fìuranach,
Gu faileanach, slatach, ur-fhasach ;
Thig snothach fo 'n chairt a's druisealachd,
Bidh duilleach a's rusg mar chomhdach air ;
Le bruthainn theid brìgh na duslain ann
Am barrach dlu nan oganan'
Gu pluireineach, caoin, maoth-bhlada,
Mo roghainn de shnoisean sròine e.

'S a bhiolair luidneach, sliom-chlunasach,
Ghlas, chruinn-cheannach, chaoin, ghorm-
neulach,
Is i fas glan, uchd-ard, gilmeineach,
Fo barr-geal, iomlan, sonraichte ;
Air ghlaic, bu taitneach cearmonta,
Le scamragan 's le neoinean ;
'S gach lus a dh'fheudain uinmeachaidh,
Cuir ar-bharra dhreach boichead air.

Gur badanach, caoineil, mìleanta,
Cruinn, mopach, min chruth, mongoineach.
Fraoch groganach, du'-dhonn, gris-dearg,
Barr-cluigeanaich, sinnteach, gorm-bhileach ;
Gu dosach, gasach, uain-neulach,
Gu cluthor, cluaineach, tolmagach ;
'S a mha 'na fudar gruaige dha,
'Ga chumail suas an sporsalachd.

'S i gruag an deataich rimhich i,
'S mor a brìgh 's i lionmhor buaidh oirre,
Ceir-bheach nan sgeap a cinntinn oirn,
Seillein breac feadh tuim 'ga chruasachd sud ;
Gu cianail, tiambaich, srann aige,
Air bharr nam meas a' dranndanaich,
Bhiodh miann bhan-og a's bhain-tighearnan
Na fhardaich ghreannar, ghuaimeisich.

Is e gu striteach, riabhach, ciar-cheannach,
Breac, buidh, stiallach, srian-bhallach.

Gobach, dubhanach, riasgach, iargalta,
Ri gníomh gu dian mar thuathanach;
Gu surdail, grunn-dail, dianadach,
Neo-dhiomhanach 'na uaireanach;
'S e fáille lusan fiadhaiche
Bhí's aige bhiadh 'sa thuarasdal.

Gach tain is airde chruinnicheas
Do'n airidh uile ghlusaiseas iad;
Thig bliochd a's dair gun uireasbhuidh,
Craobh ard air cuman gruagaiche;
Na h-aighean is oige laidire,
Nach d'fhiosraich trath na buarichean;
Bhí'dh luinneag aig ribhinn shul-duinn dhaibh,
'Gam briodal ciuin le duanagan.

'S fíor ionmhuinn mu thrath neoine
Na laoiigh oga choir na buaile sin,
Gu tarra-gheal, ball-bhreac, botainneach,
Sgiuthach, druim-fhionn' sroin-fhionn,
guail-inneach;
Is iad gu lith-dhonn, ciar-dhubh, caraideach,
Buidh, gris-fhionn, ora'-dhearg, suaichionta
Seang, shios-ra díreach, sar-chumpach,
Cas, bachlach, barr an suainiche.

Bhí'dh foirm a's colg air creatairean,
Gu stoirmeil, gleust' 'g ath-nuadhachadh;
Le forgan toirhuirt feudalach,
An treud, 's an spreidh, 's am buachaille:
An gleann, barrach, bileach, reidhleanach,
Creabh, rainneach, reig a's luachaireach,
'S e caoin, cannach, ceutach, min chruthach,
Fireach, sleibhteach, feurach, fuaranach.

Bhí'dh mionntain, camomhil, 's soghraichean,
'Gur bhileach, lonach, luasganach,
Cathair thalmhanta, 's carbhinn chroc-chean-
nach,
Gharg, amíach, romach, chluas-bhíorach,
Suthan-lair, 's fáille ghroiseidean;
Lan lilidh' 's rosa cuaiseanach,
Is clann-bheag a trusa leolaichean,
Buain chorr an cos nam bruchagan.

Bhí'dh 'm blar fo strachd le uraireachd.
Oidhch íochair bharuinnach, cheo-banach,
Gach srabh 'sa barr air lubadh orra
Le eudthrom an dríochd 's le lodalachd,
'Na phaideirean liomhor, cuirneineach,
Gu briogmhór, sughmhór sohsach,
Cuiridh ghrian gu'dian 'na smuidean e,
Le fíamh a gnúis 's an og-mhadainn.

'Nunir a dhearsas a gnúis bhaoisgeil,
Gu fíal, fíathail fíamh, geal, caoineil oirnn,
Thig mathas a's gníomh le saibhireachd,
Chuir loirí air an Roinn-eorpa so;
Le aoibneas greine soilleseachadh,
Air an speur ga reidh a spaoileas i,
Cuir an geil gach feum a rinn i dhuinn,
G'a fhoillseachadh 's g'a mhoideachadh.

O'AN NA BRIOGSA

AIR FOMN—"Sean" Triuthais Uilleachan."

'So tha na briogais liath-glas
Am blindhna cuir m'ulaid oirnn,
'S e'n rud nach fhacas riamh oirnn;
'S nach miann leinn a chumail oirnn
'S na'm bithean-aid uile dileas
Do'n righ bha toirt cuireadh dhuinn,
Cha'n fhaicte sinn gu dilinn,
A stríochda do'n chulaidh so.

'S o'le an seol duinn, am Prionns og
A bhí fo mboran duilichinn,
A's Righ Deorsa a bhí chomhnaidh,
Far 'm bu choir dha tuineachas;
Tha luchd-eolais a toirt sgeoil duinn
Nach robh coir air Lunnainn aige,
'S e Hanobhar an robh sheorsa,
'S coigreach oirnn an duine siu—
'S e'n Righ sin nach buineadh dhuinn,
Rinn di'-mheas na dunach oirnn,
Mu'n ceannsaich e buileach sinn,
B' e'n t-am dol a chumasg ris;
Na rinn e oirnn a dh' ann-tlachd,
A mhi-thlachd, a's a dh' aimhreic,
Air n-eudach thoirt gu'n taing dhinn,
Le ain-neart a chumail ruinn.
'So tha na briogais, &c.

A's o'n chuir sinn suas a bhriogais,
Gur neo-mbiosaíl leinn a chulaidh ud,
Ga'n teanadh ma na h-íosgannan,
Gur trioblaideach leinn umainn iad;
'S bha sinn roimhe misneachail,
'S na breacain fo na cíosán oirnn,
Ged' tha sinn am bíchiontas
A nis a' cuir nan sumag oirnn:
'S air leam gur h-ole an duais
Do na daoine chaidh 'sa chruadal,
An eudaichean thoirt uapa
Ge do bhuadhrúich Diuc Uilleam leo:
Cha'n fhaod sinn bhi suig-artach,
O'n chaochail ar culaidh sinn,
Cha'n aithnich sinn a cheile
La-feile no cruinneachaidh.
'So tha na briogais, &c.

'S bha uair-eigin an t-saoghal
Nach saoilinn gu'n cuirinn orm,
Briogais air son adaidh,
'S neo-aidheil air duine i;
'S ged' tha mí-deanamh uis deth,
Cha d'rinn mí bonn sulas
Ris an deise nach robh daimheil,
Do'n phairtí ga'm buinnin-sa;
'S neo-sheannear a chulaidh i,
Gur grannda leinn umainn i,
Cho teann air a cumadh dhuinn,
'S nach b'fheairde leinn tuilleadh i;
Bídh putanan na gluinean,
A's b'calan ga'n dunadh,
'S a bhriogais air a dubladh,
Mu chul-thaobh a h-uile fir.
'So thu na briogais, &c.

Gheibh sinn adan ciar-dhubh,
 Chur dian air ar mullaichean,
 A's casagan cho shliogta,
 'S a mhinicheadh muilleán iad;
 Ged' chumadh sin am fuachd dhinn,
 Cha'n fhag e sinn cho uallach,
 'S gu'n toillich e ar n-uaislean,
 Ar tuath no ar cummanta;
 Cha taitinn e gu brath ruinn,
 A choiseachd nan gleann-fasaich,
 'Nuair a rachamaid do dh' airidh,
 No dh' ait 'm biodh cruinneagan:
 Se *Deors* a rinn an eucoir,
 'S ro dhiombach tha mi fein deth,
 O'n thug e dhinn ar n' eideadh,
 'S gach eudach a bhuineadh dhuinn.
'So tha na briogais, &c.

'S bha h-uile h-aon de'n Pharlamaid
 Fallsail le'm fiosrachadh,
 'Nuair chuir iad air na Caimbeulaich
 Teanndach nam briogaisean;
 'S gu'r h-iad a rinn am feum dhaibh
 A balladl'n a thain' an streupag,
 A h-uile h-aon diubh dh'eiridh
 Gu leir *'a' Mìlisi* dhaibh;
 'S bu cheannsaich duineil iad,
 'S an am an robh 'n eumag ann,
 Aoh 's gann daibh gu'n cluinnear iad,
 A champacha tuille leis;
 O'n thug e dhinn an t-eudach,
 'S a dh' fhag e sinn cho-fhaontra'ch,
 'S ann rinn e oirn na dh' fheudadh e,
 Shaoileadh e chuir muid air oirn.
'So tha na briogais, &c.

'S ann a nis tha fios againn
 An t-ìochd a rinn Diuc Uilleam ruinn,
 'Nuair a dh' fhag e sinn mar phrìosanaich,
 Gun bhìodagan, gun ghunnachan,
 Gun chlaidhe, gun chrìos tarsuinn oirnn,
 Cha'n fhaigh sinn chrìos nan dagachan;
 Tha comann aig Sasunn oirnn,
 O smachdaich iad gu buileach sinn—
 Tha angar a's duillech ann
 'S an am so air iomadh fear
 Bha'n Campa Dhiuc Uilleam,
 A's nach fheaird iad gu'n bhuithinn e;
 Na'n tigeadh oirne TEARLACH,
 'S gu'n eireamaid 'na champa,
 Gheibhte breacain chairneit,
 'S bhìodh aird air na Gunnachan.
'So tha na briogais, &c.

ORAN DO'N EIDEADH GHAEELACH.

Fhuair mi naidheachd as ur,
 Tha taitinn ri run roo cridh
 Gu faigheamaid fasan na duthach
 A chleachd sinn an tus ar tim.

O'n tha sinn le glaineachan lan,
 A' bruidhinn air maran binn,
 So i deoch-slainnte Mhontrois,
 A sheasamh a choir so dhuinn.

Chunna' mi 'n diugh an Dun-eideann,
 Comunn na felle cruinn,
 Litir an fhortain thug sgeul,
 Air toiseach an eibhnis dhuinn.
 Pìob gu loinneil an gleus,
 Air soilleireachd reidh an tuim;
 Thug sinn am follais ar 'n eideadh,
 A's co a their reubail ruinn?

Deich bliadhna fichead a's corr,
 Bha casag de'n chlo m'ar druim,
 Fhuair sinn ad agus cleoc,
 'S cha bhuineadh an seors' ud dhuinn:
 Bueail a' dunadh ar brog,
 'S e 'm barr-iall bu bhoiche leinn;
 Rinn an droch fhasan a bh'oiran',
 Na bodaich d'ar 'n oigridh ghrinn.

Mhill e pairt d'ar cumachd
 O'n bhlair, gu mullach ar oinn:
 Bha sinn cho lan de mhulad,
 'S gu'n d'fhas gach duine gu tinn;
 'S ann a bha 'n cas cho duilich,
 'S a thainig uile ri'm linn,
 'Nuair a rinn pairti Lunnainn,
 Gach ait a's urram thoirt dhinn.

'S fhada bha 'n onair air chall,
 Is fasan nan Gall oirnn dlu,
 Cota ruigeadh an t-sail,
 Cha tigeadh e daicheil dhuinn:
 B'eigin do'n bhrìgis bhi ann.
 'Nuair a chaidh ar comann cho ciuin
 'S gu'n d'rinneadh gach finne nan trail,
 'S gach fireannach fhagail ruig't'.

Tha sinn anis mar as math leinn,
 'S gur h-ard ar caraid 'sa chuir,
 A chuir air na daoine' am fasan,
 Rinn parlamaid Shasunn thoirt' diu':
 Beannachd gu brath do'n mharas,
 A thagair an drast ar cuis;
 Fhuair e gach dlige air ais dhuinn,
 Le ceartas an rìgh 'sa chrùir.

Fhuair e dhuinn comas nan arm,
 A dheanadh dhuinn sealg nan stuo,
 'S a ghleidheadh ar daoine 'sa champ,
 Le fagail an naimhdean bruit.
 Thogadh e misneach nan *Clann*,
 Gu iomairt nan lann le sunnd,
 Pìob, a's bratach ri crann,
 'S i caiseamachd ard mo ruin.

Fhuair sinn cothrom an drast,
 A thoilleas gradh gach duthach',
 Comas ar culaidh chur oiran,
 Gun fharaid de phor nan lub;
 Tha sinn a nis mar is coir,
 A's taitnidh an seol 'ar suil;

Chuir sinn' a bhrigis air lar,
'S cha tig i gu brath a cuil.

Chuir sinn a suas an deise,
Bhios uallach, freagarach, dhuinn,
Breacan an fheile phreasach,
A's peiteag de'n eudach ur;
Cot' a chadadh nam ball,
An bitheadh a' charnaid dlu,
Osan nach ceangail ar ceum,
'S nach ruigeadh mar reis an glun.

Togaidh na Gaeil an ceann,
Cha bhi iad an fann nì's mo,
Dh' fhalbh na speirichinn teann
Thug orra bhi mall gun lugh:
Siubhlaidh iad fir ach nam beann,
A dh'iarraidh dhamh seann le'n cu;
S eutrom theid iad a dhamhsa,
Fregraidh iad arann gach cuil.

Tha sinn an comain an uasail
A choisinn le chruadal cùl,
Chuir e le teomachd laidir,
Faoinachd dhaich air cul,
Oighre cinn-feadhna nan Gramach,
'S ioma fuil ard na ghnais:
'S ann tha marcus an aidh
Am mac thig an ait an diuc.

ORAN A BHOTAIL.

'NÙAIR a shuidheas sinn socrach
'S a dh-olas sinn botal,
Cha'n aithnich ar stoc bh'sinn
Na chuireas sinn ann;
Thig onoir a's fortan
Le sonas a chopain,
Ga'r son nach bi deoch oirnn
Mu'n tog sinn ar ceann?
Bheir an stuth grunn oirnn
Seinn gu fleanas,
Chuir a thoil-inntinn
Binneas n'ar cainnt,
Chaisg i ar 'n iota
'N fhior dheoch mhillis,
Bu mhuiladach sinne,
Na 'm biodh i air chall.

Deoch slainte nan gai-geach
Nan Gaelibh gada,
Ga'm b' abhaist mar fhasan,
Bhi poit air an dram,
Luchd gaoil an stuth bhlasda,
'S air dhaoirid an lacha,
Nach coomhnadh am beartas
A sgapadh 'ann am.
Fear g'am bell nì
Gheibh e na shreas e,
Fear a tha crionda

Fanadh e thall;
Fear a tha mi'or
Cha'n fhuilig sinn' idir e,
'S am fear a bheil grinneas
Theid iomain a nall.

'S ro rioghail an obair
Sruth briogar na togalach,
Ioc-slainnt a bhogachas
Cridhe tha gann:
'S e chuireadh an sodan
Air fear a bhiodh togarrach,
'S chuireadh e 'm bodach
A' fear a bhiodh teann,
Cha 'n 'eil e 'san tir,
Uasal no cumanta,
Nach 'eil air thi
Gach urram a th' ann,
Ge do bhiodh stri
Mu thogail na muirichinn,
Cia mar is urrainn sinn
Fuireach bh'o'n dram?

Tha e fionnar do'n chreabhaig
A h-uile la greine
Thig teas o na speuraibh
Thar sleibhtean nam beann,
'S e math ri la reota
Chuir blath's ann am poraibh
An fhir theid g'a dheoin
An taigh-osda na dheann.
Cuiridh e sunnd
Air muinntir eireachdail,
Timcheall a bhuird
S cuid eile dhiubh damhs':
Thogamaid fonn neo-throm
A's ceileirín,
'S freagarrach shinneas sinn
Deireadh gach rann.

O'n shuidh sinn cho fada,
'S gu'n dh-ol sinn na bh'-againn,
'S i choir dol a chadal
O'n thainig an t-am,
Cha'n fhoghnadh ach paillteas
Thoir solas ga' n' aigneadh,
Deoch mhor anns a mhadainn
Gu leigheas ar ceann.
Am fear tha gun chli,
Cuiridh e spiorad ann.
Togaidh e eri
Gach fir a tha fann,
Theid am f. ar tinn
Gu grunn air mhirreadh;
'S e leigheas gach tinnis,
Deoch mhillis an dram.

ORAN A BHRANNDAL.

LUINNEAG.

*Di-haal-lum, Di-haal-lum,
Di-é-il-é'il, hanndan,
Di-dir-ir i-hal-hi'-il-lum
Di-dir-ir-i hal haai-rum;
Di-é'il-hal dir-ir-i,
Ha-ri-hu'al-haai-rum,
Di-é'il-haal-dil-il-é'il,
Dor-ri-ho'ol-hann-dan.*

Tha fortan ann bi deoch againn,
Na biodh an copan gann oirn,
Tha pailteas anns na botlaibh,
Cha'n 'eil an stoc air chall oirn;
'S feairrde sinn an toiseach e,
Gu brosnachadh ar cainnte,
Ged' bhiodh a h-uile deoch againn.
'S e 's docha leinn an. *Branndai.*
Di-haal-lum, &c.

'S e sinn an sruthan mireanach,
An tobair millis seannsaill,
Tha binneas mar ri grinneas
A chuir spiorad am fear fann ann;
'S feairrde sinn na shireas sinn,
Cha chulaidh mhilleadh cheann e;
'S ro mhath 'n seise muineil
Do gach duine ghabhas rann e.
Di-haal-lum, &c.

Na fir anns am beil cridhealas,
Nach 'eil an cridhe gann ac,
Companaich na dibhe,
A ni suidhe leis an dram iad;
Iarraidh iad a rithisid e,
Mu bhitheas beagan ann deth,
Nuair chluinneas iad an fhidheall,
Bi' iad fighearach gu damhsa.
Di-haal-lum, &c.

'Nuair gheibh sinn de na barraillean,
Na 's math leinn fa'r comannda,
Na cupain a tha falamh
Bhi le searraig a cuir annta;
Gach caraid bhios a taitneadh ruinn,
Gu'm b'ait leinn e bhi cainnt ruinn,
Nuair thig a ghloinne bhasdalach,
Air bhlas an t-siucair-channadai.
Di-haal-lum, &c.

Cha chunnart duinn e theireachdainn,
Tha seileir anns an Fhraing dheth;
Cha'n eil eagal gainne
Air na loingeas thug a nall e;
Their sinne on bu toigh leinn e,
Nach dean a choire call oirn;
Air fhad 's ga'n dean sinn fuireach ris,
Bhi gabhail tuille sannt air.
Di-haal-lum, &c.

Na fir a tha na 'n sgrubairean,
Nach caith an cuid 's an am so,

Cha'n imir iad bhi cuidirinn,
Na'n tubaisdean le ganntar;
Cha sir iad dol an cuideachd,
A's cha'n iarr a chuideachd ann iad;
Mar cuir am burn am paghadh dhiubh,
Cha'n fhaigheadh iad am *Branudai.*
Di-haal-lum, &c.

ALASDAIR NAN STOP.

LUINNEAG.

*Alasdair nan stop
Ann an sraid a chuil.
Sin an duine coir
Air am beil mo run.*

'S coma leat an siola,
B'annsa leat an stop,
Cha'n e sin bu dochadh
Ach am botal mor.
Alasdair nan stop, &c.

Theid thu do'n taigh-osa,
'S olaidh tu gu fial;
Cha robh gainne stòraia
Air do phoca riamh.
Alasdair nan stop, &c.

Bha thu greis dheth t-aimsir
Ann an arm an Rìgh,
Cumaidh sin riut airgead,
'S fhearra dhut e na ni.
Alasdair nan stop, &c.

Gheibheadh tu led' cheanail
Leannan anns gach tìr,
Ged' a bhiodh tu falamh
Cha bhiodh bean a'd' dhi'.
Alasdair nan stop, &c.

Tha thu math air fairge,
'S tric thu marbhadh eieg,
Cas a shiubhal garbhlaich,
Theid thu shealg an fheidh.
Alasdair nan stop, &c.

Ged' thuirt Callum breac
Nach robh thu tapaidh riamh,
Co a chreideadh sin
Ach duine bha gun chiall?
Alasdair nan stop, &c.

'Nuair a theid mi Ghlascho
'S taitneach leam bhi 'g ol,
Ann an taigh mo charaid
Alasdair nan stop.
Alasdair nan stop, &c.

NIGHEAN DUBH RAINEACH.

AIR Fonn—"Cuir a chinn dileas."

CHUIR nighean dubh Raineach
Orn farran a's mionthlachd,
Nach cuir mi dhìom
Le cabhaig an drast,
Ghoid i mo sporan,
'S na dollair gu lionmhor,
Bh' agam fos n-losal
Feitheamh ri m' laimh.

Nam biodh a chail' ud
Gu daingeann am prìosan,
Rachainn g'a dìteadh
Dh'ionnsaidh a bhais;
A chionn gu'n do ghoidh i
'N rud beag bha sa chluadan,
Bh' agam sa' chuil
Nach d' innis mi chach.

'S muladach mise
Gun fhios cìod a ni mi,
O'n a tha mi,
Gun searrach, gun lair,
Gun chaora, gun oisg,
Gun ghabhar, gun mhiseach.
Gun a mart min
A chrimeas am blar.

Cha robh mi gun airgead
Gus an d' fhalbh e gu mi-mhail,
Leis an te chrìon
Nach d'amhaire air mo chas;
Rinn i mo chreacadhadh
'S bu pheacach an ni dh'i
Mise chuir sìos,
Gun i fein chuir an aird.

Cia mar a cheananicheas mi
Camraig na sìde?
Na 'n leig mi dhìom e
Tuilleadh gu brath?
Ged' thig a marsant
Le phaca do'n tìr,
Cha 'n fhaigh sinn aon sìon
Bhios aige air dail.

Bha mo chuid stòrais
Am phoca cho uallach,
'S ged a bhiodh buaile mhart
Air mo sgath;
'S i rinn an eucoir
A bheid a thug nam e,
'S tha mi fo ghruaim
'O mhadainn Di-mairt.

A rìgh nach robh mearlaich
Na cearna so'n rioghachd,
Anns a mhuir ìosal,
Fada bho thraigh;
Is caille dhubh Raineach
'S an fheumain an iochdar,
Chuideacha bidh
Do phartan nan spag.

RANN GEARRADH-ARM.

CHUKA' mi 'n diugh a chlach bhuaghach,
'S an leug aluinn,
Ceanglaichean de'n or mu'n cuairt dh'i
Na chruinn mhaillleadh;
Bannan tha daingean air suaicheantas
Mo chairdean,
A lean gramail ra'n seann dualchas
Mar a b' abhaist.

Inneal gu imeachd roimh chruadal,
Le sluagh laidir,
Fìr nach gabh giorag no fuathas,
Le fuaim lamhaich;
Fine is minig a ghluais
Ann an ruaig namhaid,
Nach sireadh pilleadh gun bhuannachd,
No buaidh larach.

Bha sibh uair gu grinn a seoladh
Air tuinn saile,
Chaidh tarrunn a aon de bhorda
Druim a bhata,
Leis a chabhaig sparr e 'n ordag
Sìos na h-aite,
'S bhuail e gu teann leis an ord i,
'S ceann dh'i fhagail.

An onoir a fhuair an saor Sleibhteach,
Leis gach treun'tas dh'fhas ann,
Ghleidheadh fathas ga shliochd fein i,
A dh'aideoin eucorach gach namhaid;
Na h-airm ghaige, ghasda, ghleusda,
Dh' orduigh an Rìgh gu feum dhasan,
Cho math 'sa th' aig duine 'n dream threun
sin,
Sliochd Cholla cheud-chathaich Spaintich.

Dorn an claidheamh, a's lamh dain'-ussail
Le crois-taraidh,
Iolairan le 'n sgiathan luatha,
Gu cruas gabhaidh,
Long ag imeachd air druim chuaintean
Le stiul arda,
Gearradh arm Mhic-an-t-Shaoir 'o Chruc-
chan,
Aonaich usachdrach Earraghael.

Tha do dhaoine tric air fairge,
Sgìobairean calma, neo-sgathach;
Tha 'n aogas cumachdail, dealbhach,
'S iomadh armait 'am beil pairt dhiu':
Thug iad gaol do shluibhal garbhlaich,
Moch a's annoch a sealg fasaich:
Cuid eile dhiubh 'nan dadain' uaisle,
'S tha cuid dhiubh 'nan tuath ri aiteach.

'S rioghail eachdraidh na chualas
Riamh mu'd phairtì,
'S lionmhor an talc, na tha suas dhiubh,
Na'm biodh cas ort;
Tha gach buaidh eile ga' reir sin,
An Gleann-Nodha fein an tamhachd,

Pìob a's bratach a's neairt aig Seumas,
An Ceann-cinnidh nach treig gu brath
sinn.

ORAN LUaidH.

LUINNEAG.

*Ho ro gu'n togainn air hugan fhathasd,
Ho ro i-o mu'n teid mi laidhe;
Ho ro gu'n togainn air hugan fhathasd.*

Togamaid fonn air luadh a' chloilain;
Gabhaidh sinn ceol, a's prain mhatha.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

B' fheaird' an clo bhi choir nan gruagach,
A dheanadh an luadh le'n lamhan;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

'Nuair a thionndas iad air cleith e,
Chluinntes fuaimean gach te dhiubh labhairt.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Orain ghrinne, bhinne, mhillse,
Aig na ribhinnean 'gan gabhail;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Luinneag ac' air luadh an eudaich,
Sunndach, eaothrachail ri mathas.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Thogamaid fonn gu ceol-mhor, aotrom,
Air a' chlo bu daoire dathan.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

An clo brionnach, ballach, citach,
Triuchanach, stiallagach, gathach;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

An clo taitneach, basach, boisgeil,
Laisde, daoimeineach, 's e leathunn.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Gu'm bu slàn a bhios na caoraich
Air an d' fhas an t-aodach fathail.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Beannachd aig an laimh a shnìomh e,
'S i rinn gnìomh na deag bhean-taighe;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

8 ann is coltach ris an t-sìod' e,
Dh' fhag i min e, 's rinn i mach e;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Snath cho rithinn ris na teudan,
'S e choreidh 'ea dh' fheudta snaththeadh;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Cha robh pluc, no meall, no gaog ann,
No glog chaol, no eiliasaid reamhar.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

'Nuair a theid an clo a'n mhargadh,
'S e ni 'n t-airgead air an rathad.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Cha bhi slat a sìos o chrun deth,
Miann gach sul e anns an fhaidhir.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Cha bhi suirighich' anns an duthaich
Nach bi 'n duil ri pairt deth fhaighinn.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

'S ann a tha 'n toil-inntinn aodaich
Aig na daoine 'a bhios 'ga chaitheadh.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Thogainn am fonn a dh'iarradh poitear,
A's luaidhinn an clo bu mhiann le mnathan.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

'S olc an obair luadh no fùcadh,
Ma bhios tuchadh oirnn le padhadh.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Chuireadh e sunnt air muinntir oga,
Suidheadh mu bhòrd ag ol gu latha.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Puinnse le gloineacha' lana,
Deochana-sihinnse 'gan gabhail;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Greis air fion, a's greis air branndal,
Greis air dram de'n uisge-bheatha;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Greis air fìdhleireachd 's air damhsa,
Greis air cauntaireachd 's air aighear.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

'Nuair theid stairn an aird an aodainn,
'S ro-mhath 'n t-am do dhaoine laidhe.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

AOIR AN TAILEIR.

A dhomhnull Bhain Mhìc O' Neacainn
Tha 'n droch nadur a d' phearsa,
Cha gnathaich thu 'n ceartas,
Gus am basaich thu 'n pheacadh,
'S maig aig anns na thachair,
Am ball-sampuil gun chneastachd,
'A rinn grainell an sgaitachd ud oirnn,
'A rinn grainell; &c.

Fhìr a thoisich ri ealaidh,
Bha thu gorach a d' bharail,
'Ga seoladh am' charabh,
'S gu'n mi t-fheoraich, no t-fharaid,
Chuir thu sgleo dhiot a's fanaid,
Co dhiubh 's deoin leat no 's ain-deoin,
Tha mi 'n dochas gu'm faigh thu do leoir,
Tha mi 'n dochas, &c.

Dhomhsa b'aithne do bhetsan;
Tha thu ain-colach, beumnach,
Is do theangaidh mar reusar,
Le taincid 's le geireid,
Thug thu deannal dhomh fhein d'i,
O's ann agad tha 'n eucoir,
Com' nach paighinn thu 'n eirig de sgeoil,
Com' nach paighinn, &c.

'S tu chraobh ghrodlaich air crionadh,
Lan mosgainn, a's fhionag,
A dh'fhas croganach, iosal,
Goirid, crotach, neo-dhireach,
Stoc thu togair na ghrìosaich,
A thoill do losgadh mar iobairt,
Leig thu 'n Soisgeul air di-chuimhn' gu
mor,
Leig thu 'n Soisgeul, &c.

Bu bheag an diubhail e thachairt
An la thurtha na facail,
Da phunnd agus cairteal
De dh'fhudar cruaidh, sgairteal,
A bhi a d'bhroinn air a chalcadh,
'S bhi 'gad' sgainéadh le maitse
Gas am fasadh tu t-ablach gun deo,
Gas am fasadh, &c.

'S blionach ruithinn gun fheum thu,
Ge do bhitheadh tu 'm feithe,
Coin is fithich a' d' theumadh,
Cha bhiodh an diol beidh ac'.
'S tric thu teann air 'na h-eibhlean,
Bhreac do shuimeir gu t-eistich,
Blath an tein' air do shleisdean gu mor,
Blath an tein', &c.

O' nach taileir is fhiu thu,
Chuir euch as a chuir thu;
Bi'dh tu ghna anns na cuiltean,
A' caradh nan luireach,
Bu tu asuinn nan cluitean,
'S tric a shuidh thu 'san smuraich,
'Nuair a bhithinn' air cul fir nan croc,
'Nuair a bhithinn' &c.

'S e do choltas r'a innseadh,
Fear sop-chearnach, grimeach,
Gun bhonaid, gun phiorbhuic,
Gu'n bhad-mullaich, gun chirea',
Lom uil' air a spionadh,
Car gu t'uillan a sìos ort,
Strac na dunach de'n sgriobaich mu'd cheos,
Strac na dunach, &c.

'S iomadh ait anns na thachair,
An t-uile Mac-Neacainn,
Eadar Albainn a's Sasunn,
Balltean margaidh a's machair;
'S tric a shealg thu air praisich,
O' nach d' fhalbh thu le clapa,
Chaidh' cha mharbh e duin' aca de'n
t-slogh,
Chaidh' cha mharbh, &c.

'S duine dona gun mhios thu,
Dh-fhas gun onair gun ghliocas,
Fear gun chomas gun bhriosgadh,
Chaill do spionnadh 's do mhisneach,
Leis na rinn thu de'n bhidsachd,
Bu tu 'n slaightire misgeach,
'S cian o'n thoill thu do cuipeadh mu'n ol,
'S cian o'n thoill thu, &c.

'S iomadh ceapaire romais,
Rinn thu ghlacadh na d' chrogan,
Is bhi 'a stailleadh le t-ordaig,
Ann an chab-dheudach sgornach,
'S reamhar farsuinn do sgornan,
Bru mar ohuilean an oiraich,
Fhuair thu urram nan geocach ri d'bheo,
Fhuair thu urram, &c.

Bi'dh na mnathan ag raite
'Nuair a rachadh tu 'n airidh
Gun tolladh tu 'n t-aras
Ann 'sam bitheadh an caise;
'Nuair a dh'itheadh tu pairt deth,
'S a bhiodh tu air trasgadh,
Anns a' mhuidhe gu'n sparr thu do chrog,
Anns a' mhuidhe, &c.

'S tu 'n tolk an onaimhteach,
Ge bu ghionach do mhaileid,
Tha do mhionach air t-fhagail,
Gu'n chrìoman deth lathair;
Cochall glogach ma t-aruinn,
Tha do sgamhan a's t-ainean
Lan galair, a's faslaich, a's chos,
Lan galair, &c.

Beul do chleibh air a thachdadh,
Air seideadh 's air brachadh,
'S e gu h-eididh air malcadh,
'S mor t-fheum air a chartadh,
Gach son eugail a' d' phearsuinn,
Caitheamh, eitich, a's casdaich,
Gus an d' eirich do chraicean o t-fheoil,
Gus an d' eirich, &c.

Tha do chrenchdan, 's do chuilean,
Lan eucail a's trusdair,
'S thu feumach air furtach,
Tha 'n deicheadh a' d' phluicean,
'S thu t-eiginn le clupaid,
T-anail bhreun, gu trom, murtaidh,
'S maig a dh'fheuchadh dhiot mooh-thra
do thoich,
'S maig a dh'fheuchadh, &c.

Do dheud sgrob-bhearnach, cabach,
Am beil na sgorr-fhiacalan glasa,
Mosgain, cosacha, a'gealbach,
Luibte, grannda, cam, feachdte,
A null 's a nall air an tarsuinn,
Cuid diubh caillt' air dol asad,
'S nam beil ann diubh air spagadh do bheoil,
'S nam beil ann diubh, &c.

Bi'dh na ronnan gu silteach,
'N an tonnaibh gorm, ruithteach,
A ghabhail toinneamh o d' liopan,
Thar cromadh do smige;
'S dorcha, doilleir, do chlisneach,
Cheart cho dubh ris a phice,
Uchd na curra ort, ceann cìro, 's gob geoidh,
Uchd na curra, &c.

Do mhaol chrucach air failleadh,
Gun chluasan, gun fhailleach;
Tha thu uain-nealach, tana,
Cho cruaidh ris an darach;
'S tu gun stàineach, gu'n anart,
'S aobhar truais thu ri d' ghearan,
'S gur fuair thu na gaillean an reot',
'S gur fuair, &c.

Tha ceann binneach 'na stuic ort,
Geocach, leith-cheannaich, giugach,
Eudann brucannaich, grugach,
Sron phlucaoh, na muire.
Tha croit air do chul-thaobh,
'S moran luraich a'd' ghluinean,
Da choischama, chaol, chrubach, gun treoir,
Da chois chama, &c.

Cha 'n eil uiread nan sailtean,
Aig a phliutaire spagach,
Nach 'eil cuspach a's gagach,
Tha thu'd' chrioplach 's ad' chraigeach,
'S lionmhor tubaist an taileir,
Dh-fhag an saoghal, 'na thrall e,
'S maing a shaothraich air t-arach 's tu og,
'S maing a shaothraich, &c.

Ma tha thu de shìochd Adhamh,
Cha choslach ri each thu,
Aig olcas a dh' fhas thu,
O thoiseach do laithean;
Cha tig co-bhair gu brath ort,
Gus am foghainn am bas dut,
'S do chorop odhar a charadh fo 'n fhod,
'S do chorop odhar, &c.

AOIR ANNA.

ANNA nigh'n Uilleam a'n Crompa,
Bean gun chonn 's i fhein air ailmhreith,
'Nuair chaidh mi 'n toiseach g'a sealltainn,
Cha'n e 'm fortan a'ghuir ann mi;
Bhruidhinn mise sìobhailt, suaire,
Mar dhuin-uasal anns an am sin;

T'oisich ise mar chu croada,
Bhiodh anna na dorsan a dranndail.

'S a'n aice tha beul an sgallais,
Gu fanaid a dheanamh air seann-duin',
Nach urrainn a dheanadh feum dh'i
Mar a bha i fein an geall air;
Chunna' mise latha ghluaisinn
Leis na gruagaichean mar chaitheas,
Dh'aithnich i gun dh'fhalbh an uair sin,
'S chuir i uaithe mi le angar.

Innsidh mi dhuibh teistean Anna,
O'n is aithne dhomh 'san am i,
Bean a dh'ol a peighinn phisich,
Cha bheo idir gun an dram i;
Cha neonach leam i bhi misgeach,
'S i 'n comhnuidh a meag a Bhrannai,
'S tric a bha 'na broinn gu leoir dheth,
'S bha tuille 'sa choir 'na ceann deth.

Cha 'n'eil a leannan r'a fhaotainn,
Cia mar dh'fhaodar e bhi ann d'i?
Breunag ris ann can' iad gaorsach,
A bha daonann anns na campan;
'Sa bha rithist fèadh 'n t-saoghail
A giulan adhaircean aig ceardan;
Cha d'fhuair i 'n onoir a shaoil i,
'N t-urram fhaotainn air na bardan.

'S mor an treunntas le Anna,
Bhi cho gheur le sgainneil chainnte,
'S maing air 'na thachair bean bheumach,
Aig am beil am beul gun fhaitheam;
'M fear a bheir ise dhachaigh,
'S ann air thig a chreach 'san cailldach,
'Nuair shaoil e gum bu bhean cheart i,
'S ann thachair e ri bhana-mhaighistir.

A bhana-chleasaiche gun ghrinneas,
'S maing fleasgach a theid na caramh,
'S tric i tuiteam leis na gilleen,
Ceap tuislidh i do na fearaibh;
A bhean bhruidhneach, m' isgeach, ghionach,
Ghlearach, lonach, shanntach, shallach,
Roinn gu reubadh air a teangaidh,
Coltach ri gath geur na nathrach.

Comhdach nach falaich a craiceann,
Leomach gun seol air cuir leis ann,
Cha'n 'eil brogad slan mu' casan,
Cha'n 'eil cota 'n-aid mu leasaibh;
Oirre tha aogas na glaietig,
Neul an aoig 'na h-aodainn preasach,
Closach i air searga' lachdunn,
'S coltach i ri dealbh na Leisge!

Taigh tha lan de mhnathan misgeach,
'S ois an t-ait an d'rinn mi tachairt,
Ged' thaine' mi ann gun fhios domb,
'S fhearr falbh trath na fuireach aca;
Bana-mhaighsidir a chomuinn bhristich
ANNA tha ainmeil 'san eachdraidh;
Mu gheibh each i mar fhuair mis i,
Cha tig iad gu brath g'a faicinn.

AOIR UISDEAN PHIOBAIR'.

TURAS a chaidh mi air astar
A Chinn-tailc,
Chunna mi daoin-uailse tlachdmhor,
Caoimhneil, pairteach;
Bha aon bhallach ann air banais,
A thug dhomh tamailt,
O 'n a bha e-san mar sin domh-sa,
'S ann mar so bhios mise dha-san.

'S ann an sin a thoisich Uisdean,
Mar a ni cu an droch naduir,
Tabhunaich ri slusadh na duthcha,
'S be ran gu'n gearradh e 'n sailtean
'S math an companach do'n chu e,
'S dona 'n companach ie cach e,
Cha chuideachd e bhard no phiobair,
Aig a mhiomhalachd 'sa dh'fhas e.

Aidich fhein nach 'eil thu 'd phiobair,
'S leig dhìot bhi 'm barail gur bard thu;
Dacine cridheil iad le chelle,
'S bithidh iad gu leir a tair ort;
Fear ciuil gun bhinneas gun ghrinneas,
Fuadaichidh sinn as ar pairt e,
Mar a thilgeas iad cròbh chrionaich
O 'n fhionan a mach as a gharadh.

Mu chi thusa bard no filidh
No fear dana
Mu bhios aon diubh 'g iarraidh gille'
Ghiulan malaidd,
Lean an duine sin le durachd,
Los gu'n siubhlaidh tu h-uil aite:
'S mor an glanadh air do dhuthaich,
I chuir cul riut 's thu g'a fagail.

No ma chi thu fear a sheinneas
Pìcu no clarsach,
Faodaidh tusa 'n t-inneal ciuil
A ghiulan da-san,
Gus am bi oraisenn do dhroma'
Fas na bhallaibh loma, bana,
Mar a chi thu mille' srathrach
Air gearran a bhios ri a' each.

Cia mar a dheanadh e oran,
Gun eolas, gun tuigse naduir,
O nach deanadh e air doigh e,
'S ann bu choir dha fuireach samhach;
Bruidhinn ghlugaich 's cuid di mabach,
Moran stadach ann an pairt d'i,
Na ni e phlabartaich chomhraidh,
Cha bheo na thuigear a Ghaeilg.

'S sgimealair cheanna na'm bord thu,
Far am faigh thu'n t-ol gun phaigheadh;
Cia mar chunnas sinn na geocalch,
Mar bi Uisdean og 'san aireamh?
Cha robh do bhrù riamh aig sìochadh,
Gus an lìonadh tu bhìadh chailch i:
'S mor an t-ol na chaisgeadh t'-iotadh,
'Nuair chite thu 's do ghios paitteach.

'S tric do leab' an lag an oiraich.
No'n cùl garaidh,
Bi do cheann air con-tom comhuard,
'S ro mhaith 'n t-ait e;
Bidh na coin ag iomlaidh t'fheòsaig,
A toirt dìot a bheoil 'sa chairèan,
Do chraos dreammach toirt phog salach
A'd dhearbha bhrathrean.

Na'n cluinne' sibh muc a rucall,
Geoidh a's tunnagan a racall,
'S ann mar sin a bha piob Uisdean,
Bronach muldach a ranaich;
Muineal gun' aolmann air tucha,
'N ribheid cha'n fheud bhi laidir,
'S e call daonna air a chul-thaobh,
Na gaoith bu choir dol an 'sa mhala.

Bha lurga coin air son gaothair'
A'd chraos farsuinn,
'S culaidh sin a thogail plaigh
'S an enai' air malcadh;
Rinn e t'anail salach breun,
Ma theid neach fo'n Ghrein an tair riut,
'S fhearr bhi eadar thu 'sa ghaoth,
Na seasamh air taobh an fhasga.

Cia mar a ni Uisdean og dhuibh
Ceol gu damhsa,
Nuair a chitheadh tu sruth ronn
O'n h-uile toll a bh' air an t-seannasair;
'Sgeul tha fìor a dh'inneas mise,
Gur h-e dh'fhag e 'nis cho manntach
Gu'n tug iad dheth leis an t-siosar
Barr na teanga.

Seididh Uisdean piob an ronngain,
'S mor a h-anntlachd,
Bithidh i coltach ri gaoir chonnasbeach
A bhiodh an cnoc fraoich a drannail;
An Circeapoll laimh ri Tonga,
A' baigearachd air muinntir bainne,
Fhuair mise piobaire 'n rumpuill,
'S dh'fhag mi ann e.

AOIR IAIN FAOCHAIGH.

IAIN FAOCHAIGH* ann an Sasunn,
'S mor a mhaslachd 'us a mhi-chliu,
Chail e na bh' aige de chairdeann,
'S tha 'naimhdean air cinntinn lionnabar,
Ge b' fhad' a theich e air astar,
Chaidh a ghlaic'ih, 's tha e ciosnaicht;
Charaich iad e fo na glasan,
'S tha 'n iuchair taisgt' aig maor a phrìosain.

Tha e 'nis' an aite cumhann,
'S e 'n a chruban, dubhach, deuraich,
A chas daingeann ann an iarunn,
'G a phianadh, a's e 'n a eigin.

* John Wilks.

B' fhasa dha 'bhi anns an fhlabhra
Na 'n iarguin a tha 'n a chreubhaig ;
'S e 'n sin o cheann corr a's bliadhna,
A h-uile la ag iarraidh reite.

Ach, na'm faigheadh tusa reite
An eirig na rinn thu 'sheannachas,
B'aobhar-misnich do gach beist e
Gu'm faodadh iad fein do leanmhainn ;
Fear gun seadh, gun lagh, gun reusan,
'S anns an eucoir a ta t-carbas ;
Theann thu mach o achd na cleire,
'S thug thu boid nach eisd thu searmoin !

Thug thu di-meas air an Eaglais,
Air a chreideimh, 's air na h-aintean
Chuir thu breugan air an Trianail
'S air na h-iartrasan a dh' fhaig iad ;
Tha e 'nis' 'n a ghnothaich coisail,
'Reir an t-soisgeil 'tha mi claitinn,
Gu'n do chuir thu cul ri sochair
Na saors' a chòisinn ar Slan'ear.

Chuir thu cul ri d' bhoidean-baistidh,
'S mor a mhasladh dhut an aicheadh,
Chail thu 'chuir a' am biodh an ceartas,
Roghnaich thu 'm peacadh 'n a h-aite ;
Gheidh thu 'n riaghalt 's an seol-stiuridh
A bh'aig Iudas, do dhearbhb bhrathair ;
'S mor an againneal air do dhuthaich
Thusa, bhruid, gu'n d' rinn thu fas innt.

Ach, ged a sheallte 'h-uile doire,
Cha robh coille riagh gun chrionach,
'S tha fios aig an t-saoghal buileach
Nach bi 'choill uile cho direach :—
'S tusa 'chraobh 'tha 'n deigh seacadh,
Gun chait, gun mheangain, gun mheuran,
Gun snomhach, gun sugh, gun duilleach,
Gun rusg, gun urad nam freumhan.

'S tu an t-eun a chaidh 's an deachamh,
'S e nead creacht' an deachaidh t-fhagail ;
'S tu 'm fithich nach d' rinn an ceartas,
A chaidh air theachdaireachd o 'n airc ;
'S tu 'm madadh-allaidh gun fhiaclan,
'S mairg a dh'iarradh 'bhi mar tha thu,
'S tu 'n ceann-cinnidh aig na biastan,
'S tha gach duin' a's fiach a' tair ort.

Cha-n iognadh leam thu 'bhi 'd bhalach,
'S 'bhi salach ann ad nadur,
O'n a thin thu ris an duthchas
A bh' aig na sgiursairean o'n tain' thu !
'S tu 'n t-isear a fhuair an t-amaidh
Ris an t-siursach air na sraidean
'S i 'n droch-bheairt a thog 'ad chloinn thu,
'S ann 'ad shloightire 'chaidh t-arach !

Thoisich thu 'n toiseach gu h-iseal
Air a' echrine 's air a' bhoichdainn ;
'S e 'n donas thug dhut a bhi sporsail
'S ann bu choir dhut bhi 'gad chomadh,
'S bochd nach d' fhan thu aig do dhuthchas,
'Ad bhruthair a' bruich nam poitann,

A' cumail dibhe ris gach gruifair'
'Nuair a dhruigheadh iad na botail.

Bha thu, greis 'ad thim, 'ad bhalgear,
'S laidh thu 'n fhad sin air na cairdean,
A bhi oldheche 's gach tigh a's duthaich,
A dhruigeadh cuid an trath' dhut ;
A mheud 's a bha de dh' ainmfeich ortsa
Chuir thu cuid nam bochd g' a phaidheadh :
Ciod e 'nis' a chuir an stoc thu
Ach an robairachd 's a mheirle ?

Shaoil thu gu'm faigheadh trachain,
(Bu mhasladh gu'm biodh i 'd thairgae)
Cead suidhe 'am parlamaid Bhreituinn,
Gun chiall, gun cheartas, 'ad canchaidh.
Duine dall a chaidh air seachran,
Nach 'eil beachdail air na 's fhearra dha,
Le comhradh tubaisleach, tuisleach,
'S le sir droch-thuiteamas cearbach.

Duine gun fhearann, gun oighreachd,
Gun ni' gun staoile, gun aigrid,
Gun bheus, gun ehreidhimh, gun chreideas,
Gun ghin a chreideas a sheannachas ;
Duine misgeach, bristeach, breugach,
Burraidh tha na bheid 's n'a ainmhidh,
'S trioblaid-intinn, le itheadh deisneach,
Gu tric a' teumadh a chridhe chealgnaich.

Tha thu sonraicht' ann ad chonan
A' togail conais 'am measg dhaoine,
Cha chualas roimhe do choimeas
A bhi dhonas air an t-saoghal,
Ach an nathair an garadh Edein,
A mheall Eubh aig bun na craoibhe,
A chomhairlich gu buain a mhios i,
A dh'fhag ris an cinne-daoine.

Thoisich thu 'n toiseach 's an eucoir
Ag innse bhreugan air righ Deorsa,
Cha chreid duine bhut an sgeul ud,
'S cha toir iad eisdeachd do d' chomhradh ;
'S beag a dhruigheas do dhroch-dhuraichd,
Aig oighr' a' chruin a's na corach
'S a liuthad neach a tha, gu toileach,
A' toirt onorachd' a mhorachd.

Ge beng ortsa Mòrair Loudain,
B' aithne dhomhs' an sonn o'n d' fhas e,
Duin-usal foisinneach, fennar,
Cridhe connar, aigne arda :—
Seanalair, air thus na h-armailt,
A bha ainmeil anns an blaraidh ;—
Cha mhid e madadh air bheothal
A bhi tabhannach an tras' ris.

'S gorach a labhair thu moran
Air cul Iarla Bhoid, an t-armunn,
Connspunn onorach, le firinn
A' seasamh na riogachd gu laidir ;
'S e gu h-ard-arramach, prisleil
Ann an cuirt an righ 's na ban-righ'n
A dh' aindecin na faochag 's nam bisadan
Leis an 'fhicsh del ann an pairt ris.

Bhruidhinn thu gu leir mu Albainn,
 'S b'fhearr dhut gu'm fuaith tu samhach,
 N'a'n t-geadh tu 'n coir nan Garbh-chrioch,
 B'a mhaigh a bhiodh ann ad alte;
 Bhiodh tu 'm prìosan ri do lathan
 'Dh 'aingeoin na ghabhadh do phairt-sa;
 'S an eirig na rinn thu 'dhròch-bheairt,
 Bheirteadh chroich mar ghalar-bais dhut.

Cha'n ioghnadh dhut bhi fo mhuilad,
 Fhuair thu diumb gach duin' an al so;
 'S e sin fein a bha thu 'cosnadh,
 'S creutair crosd thu o'n a dh' fhas thu;
 'S lionar mi-run ann ad chuideachd,—
 Mallachd na Cuigae 's a' Phap ort!
 Mallachd an t-saoghail gu leir ort!
 'S mo mhallachd fein mar ri each ort!

RANN

A CHADHAS MAIGHDEAN D'A LEANNAN.

CHA 'n eolas graidh dhut
 Uisge shraibh na shop,
 Ach gradh an fhir thig riut,
 Le blathas a tharruinn ort;
 Eirich moeh Di-domhnuich
 Gu lè chomhnairt phlataich,
 'S thoir leat beannachd pobuill,
 Agus currachd sagairt;
 Tog sud air a ghualainn
 Agus sluasaid mhaide,
 Faigh naoi gasan ranaich,
 Air an gearradh, le tuaigh,
 A's trì chnaimhean seann-duine,
 Air an taruinn a uaigh;
 Loisg air teine crionaich e,
 Dean sud gu leir na luath,
 Suath sin ra gheala-bhroilleach,
 An aghaidh na gaoith tuath;
 'S theid mise 'n ra 's am barrantas,
 Nach falbh 'm fear ud bhuat.

MARBH-RANN DO CHU

A CHAIDH BATHADH 'SA MHAIGHEACH TARSAINN NA BHEUL.

LATHA do Phadruig a sealg,
 'Am fireach nan learg air shlabh,
 Thug e ghleann Artanaig sgrìob,
 'S ann thachair e 'm frith nam fiadh.
 Leig e na shiubhal an cu,
 A bha luath, laidir, lughar, diann,
 Cha robh a leithid riamh san tìr;
 Ach bran a bh'aig rìgh nam Fian.

Gaodhar, bu gharg calg a's fionnadh,
 Cruaidh, colgara, fuil a's malla,

Bu mhath dreach, a's dealbh, a's cumachd,
 A churraidh bu gharg sa chasaid,
 Bheirtheadh e 'm fad dearg a mullaich,
 'S am Be -earb, a dluthas a bharrach,
 B'e fhasan bhi triall don mhuadh,
 'S cha tain' e riamh dhachaigh fallamh.

Culaidh leagadh nan damh donn,
 Air mullaich na'n tom 's nan enoc,
 Namhaid n'am biad dubh a's ruadh,
 'S ann air a bha buaidh nam broc,
 Bha mhaighdean tarsainn na bheul,
 Thuit iad le cheil ann an slochd;
 Bha iad balte bonn ri bonn,
 A's muladach sin leam a nochd.

RANN CO'-DHUNADH.

THA mise 'm shuidh air an uaigh,
 Tha 'n leaba' sin fuar gu leoir,
 Gu'n fhios agam cia fhad an tìm,
 Gus an tannar mi fhein da coir;
 Comhdach 'lainn 's leine lin,
 A's ciste diubh dhionach bhord,
 Air mheud 's ga 'n cruinnich mi nì,
 Sud na theid leam sìos fo'n fhod.

'S beag ar curam ro 'n bhas,
 'M fad'sa bhios sinn laidir og,
 Saoilidh sinn mu gheibh sinn dail,
 Gur e ar 'n aite fuireach beo;
 Faodaidh sinn fhaicinn air each,
 'S iad g'ar fagail gach non lo,
 Gur nadurra dhuinne gach trath,
 Gum beil am bas a' teannadh oirnn.

Tha mo pheaca-sa ro throm,
 'S muladach sin leam an drast;
 Tha mi smaoineacha' gu tric,
 Lìchad uair a bhris mi 'n aithn,
 Le miann mo dhroch inntinn fein,
 Leis an robh mo chreubhag lan;
 Gun chuimhn air Ughdarras De,
 Le durachd am bheul n'am laimh.

Ged' is mor mo pheaca gnìomh,
 'S mi 'n cionta cend pheacaidh Adh'mh,
 Cheannacha' mi le fuil gu daer,
 A dhoirte sgaoilteach air a bhìar;
 Tha mo dhùil, 's cha dochas faoin,
 Ri fochd fhaotainn air a sgath,
 Gu'n glacer m'anam gu sìth,
 Le fulangas Chrìosd an-hain:

Tha mo dhochas ann an Crìosd
 Nach diobalr e mi gu brath,
 'Nuair a leagar mo chorp sìos
 Ann an staid iosail fo'n bhìar;
 Gu'n togar m'anam a suas,
 Gu rìoghachd nam buadh 's nan gras,
 Gu'm bi mo leaba fo' dhìon
 Cois cathrach an Tì is aird.

Cha bhiodh m'eagal ro' an aog,
Ged' thigeadh e m' thaobh gun dail,
N'am bithinn co pheaca saor,
'N deigh's a ghaoll a thug mi dha;
Tha mo dhuil anns an Dia bheo,
Gu'n dean e trocail orm an drast,
Mo thoirt a 'steach a' dh'ionad naomh,
'N cuideachd Mhaols a's Abraham.

Gabhaidh mi nis mo chead an t-sluagh,
Le'n toirt suas daibh ann am' chainnt,
Fagaidh mi aca na chnuasgich
Na stuaglan a bh'ann am' cheann;
'Los gu'n abair iad ra' cheile,
"Mar a leugh sinn fein gach rann,
Co air an d'heid sinn ga'n sirreadh?
'Nis cha'n 'eil am Filidh ann."

MARBH-RANN AN UGHDAIR,

DHA FEIN.*

FHR tha 'd sheasamh air mo lic
Bha mise mar tha thu'n drast;
Si mo leaba 'n diugh an uaigh,
Cha'n'eil smior no smuais a'm' chnaimh:
Ged' tha thusa la'dir, og,
Cha mhair beo, ged' fhuair thu dail;
Gabh mo chomhairle 's bi glie,
Cuimhnich tric gu'n tig am bas.

Cuimhnich t-anam a's do Shlanuigh'r,
Cuimhnich Pharras thar gach ait;
Gabh an cothrom gu bhi sabhai't
Ann an gairdenchas gu brath:
Ged' a thuit sinn anns a gharadh
Leis an fhailling a rinn Adh'mh,
Dh'eirich ar miseach as ur
'Nuair fhuair sinn Cumhnant' nan Gras.

Cuimhnich daonnan a chur romhad,
Gu'n coimhead thu a h-uile aithn',
O'se cumhachdan an ard righ
Rinn am fagail air da chlar;

* The Author's Epitaph, by himself.

Chaidh sin lùbhairt do Mhaols;
Rinn Maois an lùbhairt do chach;
Na'm b'urrain sinne ga'm freagradh,
Cha b'aobhar eagal am bas.

Caochladh beatha th' ann 's cha bhas,
Le beannachadh graamhor, buan;
Gach neach a ni a chuid is fearr,
'S ma' t-ait am faigh e dhuais
Cha bhi'n t-anam ann an cas,
Ged' tha'n corp a' tamh's an uaigh,
Gus an latha'n tig am Brath
'S an eirich sliochd Adhaim! suas.

Seinnear an trompaid gu h-ard,
Cluinnear 's na h-uile ait' a fuaim;
Duigear na mairbh as a bhlar
'N do charaich each iad 'nan suain;
'S mhead 'sa chailleadh le an-uair,
No le annradh fuar a chuain;
Gu sliabh Shìoin theid an sluagh,
Dh' fhaotain buaidh le fuil an Uain.

Gheibh iad buaidh, mar fhuair an siol,
A chinn lionmhor anns an fhoann;
Cuid deth dh'fhas gu fallain, direach,
'S cuid na charran iosal crom;
Gleidhear a chuid a tha lionntach,
'Am beil brigh a's torrath trom;
Cailllear a chuid a bhios aot:
'S leigear leis a ghaoith am

Cha'n'eil bean na duine beo,
Na lannan phòda nach dealaich;
Bha iad lionmhor sean a's og
Ar luchd-còlais nach 'eil maireann:
Cha b'e sin an t-aobhar broin
Bhi ga'n cuir fo'n fhod am falach,
Na'm biodh am bas na bhas glan,
Cha bu chas talamh air thalamh.

Ghabh mi 'nis mo chead do'n t-saoghal,
'S do na daoine dh'fhuirich ann;
Fhuair mi greis gu sunndach aotrom,
'S i'n aois a rinn m' f'hagail fann:
Tha mo thalantan air caochladh,
'S an t-aog air tighinn 's an am:
'S e m' achanaich air sgath m' Fhear-
saoraidh,

Bhi gu math 's an t-saoghal thall.

FEAR SRATH-MHAISIDH.

MR. LAUCHLAN MACPHERSON, of Strathmasie, was born about the year 1723, and died in the latter end of the last century. He was a gentleman and a scholar; and gave his able assistance to Mr. James McPherson in his arduous and successful translations of Ossian's poems. His own works have not been printed in a collected form, and the most of them have, therefore, never been committed to press.* Mr. Macpherson was not a poet by profession; he invoked his muse only when an object of approbation or animadversion presented itself, and attracted his notice: his observations and remarks were made on the customs and manners of men; his humour was directed against, and his ridicule exposed, excesses. He had the felicity of expressing himself in terms most appropriate to the posture and light in which men stood, who exposed themselves to censure; and he never failed in placing them in a position in which no one would wish to be found, yet into which many often fall.

CUMHA DO DH' EOBHON MACPHEARSON, TIGHEARNA CHLUAINAIDH.

[AIR DHA TEICHEADH DO 'N FHRAING.]

Gur lionmhor trioblaid sinte,
Ris an linn a chi 'n droch shaoghal so,
Tha plaigh, claidheamh 's mi-run ann,
Tha gaol na firinn aotrom ann,
Tha fear na-foille dìreadh ann,
Tha 'n cri-aon-fhillt' a' tearnadh ann,
'S ma lasas eas' a rìreamh riu'
Gheibh daoine dìreach aomadh ann.

Ged dh'eirinn le rìgh Seumas,
Agus dol air ghleus fo m' armachd leis,
Mar saoil mi gur h-e'n eu-coir e,
An ni choir gu'n eight' am chealgair mi?
Ma ni sinn mar a's leir dhuinn
Cha bli ruigh na Grein cho feargach ruinn,
Ach 'se clann nan daoin' a's geir-breithich,
'S gur fad is eis air Alba sin.

O! is iomadh gaisgeach sar-bhuilleach,
A laodaich blar an cunntais oirn.

Thug Tearlach a's na fasaich an,
Chaill fuil an dail nan Stiubhartach,
Nan cadal trom 's na h-araichean,
'S a'n cul ri lar 's cha duisgear iad,
Bha croich a's tuagh toirt bas orra.
'S bha cuid dhù dh'fhag an Duthchannan.

Am fear a dh'fhag an duthaich so,
Bu mhath air chul na Cruadnach e,
Be'n Gael sgaiteach, cluicheach e,
'S bu duthasach air Chluainidh e:
Be'n crann chuir croiseal diubhalach
A dhruid a null thar chuaintean e;
Thug teistean fir thar cheudan leis,
"A chaoidh nach meud a bhuadhaicheas."

Gu'm b'fhearail, smiorail, anmant e
Bu lasair fhearg 'nuair dhuisgeadh e
Bu bheo na fheol 's na mhealbhainn e,
Bu bhealach far am bruchdadh e,

* All the poems that we have ever heard or seen attributed to him are in the collection, with the exception of four: viz., *A Hunting Song*, in the form of a dialogue between the sportsman and the mountain deer, in which President Forbes's Unclothing Act is loudly declaimed against; *The Advice*, in which the poet labours to curb ambition, and to modify inordinate worldly desires; *An Amorous Piece*, and *Aoir nan Luch*. These last two we have captured in an old Manuscript, together with the song we have classed first in his section of this work. We have had considerable difficulty in deciphering it; but the Love ditty we found partly erased and partly unintelligible, and *Aoir nan Luch*, although not destitute of merit, is not much to our liking.

Mar thuinn ri carraig fhaigeach e,
Mar fhaoilleach 's stoirn ga dubhlachadh,
Mar thein air fraoch nan garbhlaichean,
'S mar easraich gharbh an ur uisge.

Cha chuireadh failleas gruaimean air
'S cha chuireadh fuathas campar air,
Cha bu raghainn tuasaid leis,
'S na b'fheadar dha bu luath-lamhach,
Bha luim, a's greim, a's cruadal ann,
'S bu treun a' bualadh namhaid e,
Mar ealtainn gheur fo'n fheur uain e
Gun gearrte sluagh san simhreith leis.

Cha bu bhrais gun reusan e
'S cha mho bu leumach, gorach e,
Biodh lamh a casg na h-eu-corach
'S lamh eile treun sa' chomraig aig.
Bha truas a's iochd ri feumaich ann,
'S b'i sith a's reit a' b'ordugh dha,
'S cha'n fhaca mis le'm leirsinn
No'n neach fo'n ghrein ri foirneart e.

Cha bu duine gorach e,
A chuireadh bosd a' thruacantas
Mu nadur gu dearbh b'eolach mi,
Bha cuid de'm sheorsa dh'eireadh leis:
Mas buidheann ghasd an comhraig sibh,
Bidh na *Naoidh* an conaidh beusadh dhuibh,
'S mas bratach thais an co-stri sibh,
Cha chluinnear beoil a' seis umaibh.

'Nuair thrialladh brais na fèirge dheth,
Bu mbalta tla mar mhaighdeinn e,
Bu bhlath mar aiteal grein mhoich e,
Bu chiuin mar speur an anamoch e
Mar ghlaicair oigh fo ceud-bharra,
'S i tighinn gu reith gu caomhneachaid,
Bha sean a's og cho speiseil dheth,
'S nach fac iad 'treun cho toilleannach.

'Nuair bha'n saoghal bruilleanach,
'S gluasad air luchd nathsaichean
'Nuair bhiodh an cinn gun chluasagan.
Gun tamh le buail' a's bathaichean,
Thug Eobhon sgrìob thoir fuasgladh dhuinn
'S ghlais e suas a' Ghacaidh,
'S cha'n iarradh iad mar bhuaicheallan
'S an taobh-tuath ach na fasaichean.

Ach dh-fhalbh e nis a's dh'fhag e sinn,
'S co chaisgeas lamh na h-eacorach?
Ged fhaicte 'n choir ga sarachadh,
Gu'n chaill sinn lamh ar treundais,
Mo bheannachd suas do Pharraid leis,
Bho'n dh'fhill am bas na cideadh e,
'S a dh'aindean rìgh a's parlamaid,
Rinn Rìgh nan grasan a' seite ris.

COMUNN AN UISGE-BHEATHA.

FEAR mo ghaoil an t-uisge-beatha,
Air am bi na daoine a' feitheamh!
'S tric a' chuir e saoi 'na laidhe
Gun aon chlaideamh rusgadh.
Cìod eile chuireadh sunnt oirn,
Mur cuireadh bean a's uinn e?

'Nuair chaisgens gach sluagh am pathadh,
'S a theid mac nam buadh air ghabhail,
'S lionmhor uaisle feadh an taighe
'S biodh nach caitheadh cuinneadh.
Cìod eile, &c.

Cha b'e sud an comunn suarrach.
'S mairg a dh'iarradh an taobh shuas daibh.
'S iad nach cromadh thun na fuaraig,
Ge bu dual daibh 'n luireach.
Cìod eile, &c.

Gheibht' an sin gach lamh bu chruaidhe,
'S co b'fhearr na clann na tuatha?
'M fear bhiodh aig an amar-fhuail,
Gu 'm buailleadh e aon triuir dhuibh.
Cìod eile, &c.

Bidh iad lan misnich is cruaidail,
Gu h-aigeantach brìg 'san tuasaid.
Chuireadh aon fhichead san uair sin
Tearlach Ruidh fo 'n chrun duinn!
Cìod eile, &c.

Chluinneadh fear a bhiodh gun chluais iad,
Nan deannadh luinneag a's fuaim e;
Comunn teangach, cainnteach, cnochach,
Damlasach, suaire', neo-bharuideil.
Cìod eile, &c.

Comunn aoidheil, olmhor, pàirteil,
Pogach, dornach, sronach, gabhaidh,
Sporsail, eolmhor, cernach, gaireach,
Nach cuir eas gu suairein.
Cìod eile, &c.

Gar am pàidhear an fheill-martuinn
'S ged' rach an rìgh — mhathair,
Leanaidh iads' an ioc-shlainnt admhòr
Gus am fag an lughas iad.
Cìod eile, &c.

'M fear a chaidh choimhead na h-oidheche,
Leig a chasan air a dhruim e;
Thug e staigh an rud nach d'rinn e,
'S b'oillteil a bha chultaobh.
Cìod eile, &c.

Dh'eirich am fear a bha laimh ris
Theicheadh ro bholadh an fhaidh,
Thuit e anns a' mhuighe-lagain,
'S mhill a' chath a shuilean.
Cìod eile, &c.

Dh'eirich an treas fear gu daicheil
Chum 's gu'n tearnadh e'm fear baite,

Chuir e ghriogach as le mhasan,
 "S cota Spainneach ur air.
Cìod eile, &c.

'N sin dar dh'èirich iad uile
 Thuirte fear, "Gabhar greim do 'n duine,
 Fhuair e maslath, 's cha b'è munar :
 Loisgeadh mu 'na ghlun e."
Cìod eile, &c.

Thuirte caraid an fhìu a chaidh losgadh
 "Tha thu fìor bhrèagach, a losgain.
 Bi mach fhad 's tha 'n dorus fosgailt',
 Ogluich, lobhte dhuaisg so."
Cìod eile, &c.

San uair a 's fearr a bhios aca
 Bi'dh lamh air gach cuail' a's bata,
 Bi'dh fear buailte, 's fear ga thachdadh,
 'S fear fo 'n casan ciurte.
Cìod eile, &c.

Fear eile thig aileag 'na bhragad,
 Stiùiridh e'm broilleach a bhrathar
 Aran pronn, a's im a's caise,
 Brucach, blath, cur smuid dheth.
Cìod eile, &c.

Their bean-an-taighe gu diblidh—
 'Dhuin', is ole an carall bidh sin,
 'S mor a b'fhearr dhomh agam fhin e,
 'S moid a phris a's duthaich."
Cìod eile, &c.

'N sin dar thig na coin sa chom-ith,
 Leigidh iad air cinith camith.
 Leasaidh fear eile an nollaig
 Le gleus ronnach urar.
Cìod eile, &c.

'Nuair dh'fhassas a' bhangaid goirid,
 Chuid nach tainig ach mu dheireadh,
 O nach faigh iad lan an goile,
 Goiridh iad gu diumach.
Cìod eile, &c.

Theid iadsan a nis anns sa cheile,
 'S chi gach uaid' e fein 'an deigh laimh,
 Bi'dh sard air na h-armaidh gleusta,
 'S deulaichean 'gan rusgadh.
Cìod eile, &c.

'S ann an sin a bhios a' chaonnag,
 Firum, farum, chon a's dhaoine,
 Clann a' ranaich, mnai ri caoina,
 'S baobhail crost' a' chuirte iad.
Cìod eile, &c.

'S ma chreideas gach fear na chual e,
 'S meas' e na thuirte Callum Ruadh rium.
 'S iad na coin a bhios 'an uachdar.
 'S bi' daoin' uaisle muchta.
Cìod eile, &c.

A BHANAIS BHAN.

LUINNEAG.

*Mo run air a chomunn ud
 Cha somolta neo-thomadach,
 Mo dhurachd do 'n chomunn ud
 Gun bho gun bholla gann daibh.*

An euala' sibhs' a bhanaid bhan,
 Bh'aig Eobhon Mac-Dhughail Di-mairt,
 Ann am Pac-ulla gu h-ard
 Aig na thruagh iad angar.
Mo run, &c.

'Nuair a thainig iad a nios
 Rinn iad achanaich ri Brian
 Iad a bhi uille cho liath,
 Re ciabhag fhir na bainne.
Mo run, &c.

Labhair fear na bainse fein
 Tha dath airgeid oirn' gu leir
 Cìod an cron tha oirn' fo 'n ghrein
 Mar dean fear-beurra raon oirn ?
Mo run, &c.

Thuirte Padruig Mac-Mhuirich gu foil
 Agam-sa 'tha bhratach shroil
 Is mar sguir am bard d'a sgleo
 Mar tha mi beo theid sreang air.
Mo run, &c.

Labhair an Cleireach gu dan'
 Agam-sa ta ceart thar chach;
 Theid am Ministear am' phairt
 'S gun teid ar bard sa phrangas.
Mo run, &c.

Thuirte am Maighisdir-Sgoile liath
 Mu 'se gleus-air-mas a mhiann,
 Mo roghuinn-s' e th'air seachd cial
 'S i cheird bha riamh cuir ann domh.
Mo run, &c.

Thuirte fear bu daine na cach
 Agam cha'n'eil speis d'ar dan,
 Eiribh 's cuim' an t-urial bla'
 'S gu'n lion mo lamh-sa dram dhuibh.
Mo run, &c.

Dh'èirich iad uil cho bhras
 'S ann an sud bha farum chas,
 Mar gu'm bithendh an trup ghlas,
 Ag dol am baileal Frangach.
Mo run, &c.

Cha di-chuimhnich mi gu brath
 Gus an teid mi anns an lar
 Comunn ciar-dubh glas mo graidh
 A bha san tra so dumsadh.
Mo run, &c.

A BHRIGIS LACHDUNN.

LUINNEAG.

'S coma leam a bhrigis lachdunn,
B' annsa 'm feile-beag m breacan,
'S beag a ghabh mi riamh de thlachd,
De 'n fhasan a bh'aig clann nan Gall.

CHA Chleirichean 's cha 'n Easbuigean,
Chum a bharr an t-seisein mi;
Ach a bhrigis leibideach,
Nach deanadh anns na preasan clann!
'S coma leam, &c.

Ged tha bhrigis miotlachdar,
Gur faumail anns na crìochan i,
Gach fear a bhios ri diolanas,
Gu 'n toir i strìochdadh air gun taing.
'S coma leam, &c.

Ach cuiribh air na mnathan i,
'S ann orra 's fearr a laidheas i,
Gur sgiobalt' air feadh taighe i,
'S b' e 'n ceol am faighinn innt a damhs'.
'S coma leam, &c.

Gur mise bh' ann 'sa 'n eiseachd,
'S na mnathan 'g radh ri cheile,
Gu 'm b' fhearr leo orra fhein i,
Na bhi ceusadh an fhir chaim!
'S coma leam, &c.

Cha mhath gu dìreadh bruthaich i,
S cha 'n fhiach leinn thun an t-siubhail i,
'S cha 'n eil mi idir buidheach,
Air an fhear a luthaig i bhi ann.
'S coma leam, &c.

Cha mhath an t-eideadh idir i,
'Nuair theid sinn anns an uisge lea,
'Nuair lubas i m' ar 'n iosgaidean,
Gu 'n d' thoig i niosgaid air gach ball.
'S coma leam, &c.

Bhrigis dubh gun sianadh,
Chuir as an t-aodach briatha,
Bhiodh fòsgailt air ar bialthaobh,
'S nach iarradh a chumail teann.
'S coma leam, &c.

Chuir i mach do Shasunn sinn,
Le surd a bhi sgairteil oirnn,
'S leig i rithisd dhachaigh sinn,
Gun fhiu a Chaiptein air ar ceann.
'S coma leam, &c.

Ged thug iad dhuinn 'sa 'n fhasan i,
Cha 'n eil i idir taitneach leinn,
'S truagh a Rìgh! nach robh e tachte,
'M fear' a thug an t-aachd a nall.
'S coma leam, &c.

* Duncan Forbes, of Culloden, was Lord President of the Court of Session in the eventful period of the Rebellion, 1745.

IAIN RUADH STIUBHART.

JOHN ROY STUART, not less celebrated for his invocations of the muse than for his prowess in the field of battle, was a native of Kincardine, in Badenoch. Being of the middle class, and the son of a respectable tacksman, to whose farm he succeeded, he had the benefit of a good education. His scholastic advantages, combined with his extraordinary genius, soon procured him the reputation of a "knowing one." Like many other votaries of the muse, he manifested a strong and early predilection for hunting and fishing, which in themselves are a species of poetry. At an early period of his existence he copiously imbibed the principles of Jacobinism. These principles grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength;—and he was always proud to trace his descent from the royal family of the Stuarts. We do not mean here to enter on the moral or constitutional dissection of a poet; but history and observation have combined to impress us with the fact, that people of Colonel Stuart's mental structure are, some how or other, more liable to fall into companies, than men of solid clay. The continual demands upon his presence at the festive board led to some irregularities, upon which censoriousness might animadvert, but

over which we are disposed to draw the veil of oblivion. This we are the rather inclined to do, as he himself always stood forth as "king's evidence" against his own eruptions at the shrine of Bacchus. His genuine sallies of wit have established his reputation as an arch wag; and his more plaintive strains are characterized throughout by originality and great pathos.

Stuart's mind was of that fabric which delights in the jostle of the elements of strife; and his puissant arm, coolness of courage, and intrepidity of action, trumpeted his fame far and near. It is needless here to recount his adventures and "hair-breadth 'scapes," in the memorable civil war of 1745,—history already records them. On the first outbreaking of that war he was in Flanders, actively engaged in belligerent operations against the British government, when the Duke of Cumberland was called home to lead the Hanoverian forces against the Prince. Roy Stuart also hurried to his native country, now distracted with intestine broils and civil war; and when at Culloden, he signalized himself in hewing and cutting down the red-coats, and spreading havoc and death on all hands, the Duke, pointing to the subject of our memoir, inquired who he was: "Ah!" replied one of his aides-de-camp, "that is John Roy Stuart." "Good God!" exclaimed the Duke, "the man I left in Flanders doing the butcheries of ten heroes! Is it possible that he could have dogged me here?" It is told of Colonel Stuart that he strongly urged for a day's truce before attacking the Government forces at Culloden. This however, Lord George Murray overruled; and the prognostications of the Colonel were but too fully verified in the result of a precipitate and unequal combat. The sombre feelings whose dark current chafed his soul in consequence of the extinguishment of the Jacobites' hopes on that day, are beautifully embodied in two fine and pathetic songs. In one of these he directly charges Lord George with treachery, and pours forth torrents of invective and revenge. His martial strains thunder along with the impetuosity of the mountain torrent—racy, sinewy, and full of nerve. He was so firm in his opinion of his Lordship's sinister motives, that he rushed from rank to rank that he might "hew the traitor to pieces." His elegiac muse was also of a very high order; his "*Lament for L'ly M'Intosh*," whose attachment to the Jacobin party is well known, is at once lofty in sentiment, poetical in its language, and pathetic in its conceptions. We do not mean to ascribe to poetic or military genius all the recklessness which a sober-plodding world compliments it with; and we, therefore, suppress a gossiping story in which our warrior-poet figures with the Lady of the Lord Provost of Glasgow. After lurking for some time in the caves, woods, and fastnesses of his native country, he escaped to France with other faithful adherents of Charles, where he paid the debt of Nature, leaving behind him an imperishable fame for the genuine characteristics of a warrior and a poet.

LATHA CHUILODAIR.

AIR Fonn.—“Murt Ghlinne-Comhann.”

O ! gur mor mo ehuis mhulaid,
 ‘S mi ri caoine na guin a ta ‘m thir,
 A righ ! bi laidir ‘s tu ‘s urrainn,
 Ar naimhdean a chumail fo chis
 Oirne ‘s laidir diuc Uilleam,
 ‘N rag mheirleach tha guin aige dhuinn;
 B’eud salchar nan steallag,
 Tigh’n an uachdar air chruineachd an
 fhuinn.

Mo chreach Tearlach Ruadh, boidheach,
 Bhi fo bhinn aig righ Deorsa nam biasd;
 B’e sud dìteadh na corach,
 An fhirinn ‘sa beul foipe sios;
 Ach a righ mas a deoin leat,
 Cuir an rioghachd air seol a chaidh dhinn,
 Cuir righ dlìgheach na corach,
 Ri linn na tha beo os ar cinn.

Mo chreach armait nam breacan,
 Bhi air sgaoileadh ‘s air sgapadh ‘s gach ait,
 Aig fìor bhalgaircan Shasuinn,
 Nach no ghnathaich bonn ceartas na ‘n dail;
 Ged a bhuannaich iad baiteal,
 Cha b’ann da ‘n cruadal na ‘n tapadh a bha,
 Ach gaodh n-iar agus frasann,
 Thigh’n a nìos oirnn bharr machair nan
 Gall.*

‘S truagh nach robh sinn an Sasunn
 Gun bhi cho teann air ar dachaigh sa bha,
 ‘S cha do sgaoil sinn cho aithghearr,
 Bhiodh ar dicheall ri seasamh n’a b’ fhearr;
 Ach ‘s droch dhraoidheachd a’s drachdan,
 Rinneadh dhuinne mu ‘n deachas na ‘n dail,
 Air na frithean eolach de sgap sinn,
 ‘S bu mhi-chomhail gu’n d’ fhairtlich iad
 oirnn.

Mo chreach mhor! na cuirp ghle-gheal,
 Tha na ‘n laidh’ air na sleibhtean ud thall,
 Gun chiste gun leintean,
 Ga ‘n adhlacaidh fhein anns na tuill;
 Chuid tha beo dhiu ‘n deigh sgaoileadh,
 ‘S iad ga fogar le gaotnan thar tuinn;
 Fhuair a Chuigs’ a toil fein dinn,
 ‘S cha chan iad ach “reubaltaich” ruinn.

Fhuair na Gaill sinn fo ‘n casan,
 ‘S mor a naire ‘sa maslaidh sid leinn,
 ‘N deigh ar duthcha ‘s ar ‘n aite,
 A spuilleadh ‘s gun bhlaiths againn ann;

* Allusion is here made to Nairn, where the Duke of Cumberland was celebrating his birthday on the night preceding the battle. Thither the Highlanders wended their way, expecting to take him by surprise; but it blew in their faces a tremendous storm of rain and wind, and frustrated the attempt. The storm continued next day, and tended materially to discomfit the operations of the mountaineers in the commencement, and ultimately to their total and precipitate rout.

Caisteal Dhuinidh ‘n deigh a losgadh,
 ‘S e na laraich lom, thosdach, gun mhiagh;
 Gu ‘m b’e ‘n caochala’ goirt e,
 Gu ‘n do chaill sinn gach sochair a b’ fhiach.

Cha do shaoil leam, le m’ shuilean,
 Gu ‘m faicinn gach cuis mar a tha,
 Mur sputadh nam faoilleadh,
 ‘N an nan luidhean a sgaoileadh air blar;
 Tìug a chuibhle car tionndaidh,
 ‘S tha ioma fear aime-cheart an cas;
 A Righ seall le do chaoimhneas,
 Air na fir th’ aig na naimhdean an sas.

‘S mor eucoir ‘n luchd orduigh,
 An fhuil ud a dhòrtadh le foill;
 Mo sheachd mallachd aig Deorsa,*
 Fhuair e ‘n lath’ ud air orduigh dha fein;
 Bha ‘n da chuid air a mheircean,
 Moran giogan gun trocair le foill;
 Mheall e sinne le chomhra’,
 ‘S gu ‘n robh ar barai’ ro mhor air r’a linn.

Ach fhad ‘sa ‘s beo sinn r’ar latha,
 Bi’dh sinn caoidh na ceathairn chaidh dhinn,
 Na fir threubhach bha sgairteil,
 Dheanadh teughbail le chaidheamh ‘s le
 sgiath;
 Mur biodh siantan n’ ar n’ aghaidh,
 Bha sinn shios air ar n’ aghairt gu dian,
 ‘S bhiodh luchd Beurla na ‘n laithe,
 Ton-air-cheann, b’e sid m’aighear’s mo
 mhiann.

Och nan och! ‘s mi fo sprochd,
 ‘S mi ‘n drasda ri oisnach leam fein
 ‘G amharc fèachd an du-Rosaich,
 ‘G ithe feur agus cruineachd an fhuinn;
 Rothaich iargalt a’s Cataich,
 Tigh’n a nall le luchd chasag a’s lann,
 Iad mar mhiol-ohoin air aeran,
 Siubhal oriochan, charn, chlach, agus
 bheann.

Mo chreach! tir air an tainig,
 Rinn sibh nìs clàr reidh dh’i cho lom,
 Gun choiree gun ghnaiseich,
 Gun siol taght’ ann an fasach na ‘m fonn,
 Pris na cìre air an spardan,
 Gu ruige na spainean thoirt uainn,
 Ach sgrios na craobhe fa bla dhiubh,
 Air a prionadh fo barr gus a bonn.

Tha ar cinn fo ‘na choille,
 ‘S eigin beanntan a’s gleannain thoirt oirnn,
 Sinn gun sugradh gun mhaonus,
 Gun eibhneas, gun aitheas, gun cheol,
 Air bheag bidhe no teine,
 Air na stucan an laidheadh an ceo,
 Sinn mar chomhachaig eile,
 Ag eisdeachd ri deireas gach lo.

* Lord George Murray.

ORAN EILE,

AIR LATHA CHUILODAIR.

O! gur mis' th' air mo chradh,
Thuit mo chridhe gu lar,
'S tric snithe gu m' shail o m' leirsinn.
O! gur mis', &c.

Dh'fhalbh mo chlaistinneachd bhuam,
Cha chluinn mi 'sa n' uair,
Gu mall na gu luath ni 's eibhinn.
Dh'fhalbh mo, &c.

Mu Phriunns' Thearlach mo ruin,
Oighre dligeach a chruin,
'S e gun f'bios ciod an tubh a theid e.
Mu Thearlach, &c.

Fuil rioghail nam buadh,
Bhi 'ga diobairt 's an uair,
'S mac diolain le 'shluagh ag eiridh.
Fuil rioghail, &c.

Siol nan cuilean a bha,
Ga 'n ro mhath chinnich an t-al
Chuir iad siol ann an cas na h-eigin.
Siol nan cuilean, &c.

Ged a bhuannaich sibh blar,
Cha b' an d' ur cruadal a bha,
Ach gun ar shluaghainn' bhi 'n dail a cheile.
Ged a bhuannaich, &c.

Bha iad iomadaidh bhuainn,
Dheth gach finne mu thuath,
'S bu mhiste sinn' e ri uair ar feuma.
Bha iad iomadaidh, &c.

Coig brataichean sroil,
Bu ro mhath chuireadh an lo,
Gun duine dhiubh choir a cheile.
Coig brataichean, &c.

Iarla Chrompa le shloigh,
Agus Barasdal og,
'S Mac-Ic-Ailein le sheoid nach geilleadh.
Iarla Chrompa, &c.

Clann-Ghriogair nan Gleann
Buidheann ghiobach nan lann
'S iad a thigeadh a nall na 'n eight' iad.
Clann-Ghriogair, &c.

Clann-Mhuirich nam buadh,
Iad-san uile bhi bhuainn,
Gur h-e m' iomadan truagh r'a leughadh.
Clann Mhuirich, &c.

A Chlann-Domhnall mo ghaill,
'Ga 'm bu shuaitheantas fraoch,
Mo chreach qile! nach d' fhaod sibh eiridh.
A Chlann-Domhnall, &c.

An fhuil uaibhreach gun mheang,
Bha buan, eruadalach, ann,
Ged chaidh ur bualadh an am na teughbail.
An fhuil uaibhreach, &c.

Dream eile mo chreach,
Fhuair an laimhseacha' goirt,
Ga 'n ceann am Friscalach gasda, treubhach
Dream eile, &c.

Clann-Fhiunnlaigh Bhraidh-Mharr,
Buidheann ceannsgalach, ard,
'Nuair a ghlaoidhte adbhans 's iad dh' eir-
eadh.
Clann-Fhiunnlaigh, &c.

Mo chreach uile 's mo bhron,
Na fir ghasd' tha fo leon,
Clann-Chatain nan srol bhi dhels-laimh.
Mo chreach uile, &c.

Chaill sinn Domhnall donn, suaice,
O Dhun Chrompa so shuas,
Mar ri Alasdair ruagh na feile.
Chaill sinn Domhnall, &c.

Chaill sinn Raibeart an aigh,
'S cha bu ghealtair e' m blar
Fear sgathadh nan cnamh 's nam feithean.
Chaill sinn Raibeart, &c.

'S ann thuit na rionnagan gasd;
Bu mhath aluinn an dreach,
Cha bu phagheadh leinn mairt na 'n eirig.
'S ann thuit, &c.

Air thus an latha dol sios,
Bha gaodh a cathadh nan sian,
As an adhar bha trian ar leiridh.
Air thus an latha, &c.

Dh' fhas an talamh cho trom,
Gach fraoch, fearunn a's fonn,
'S nach bu chithrom dhuinn lom an t-sleibhe.
Dh' fhas an talamh, &c.

Lasair theine nan Gall,
Frasadh pheileir mu 'r ceann,
Mhill sidh eireachgas lann 's bu bhead e.
Lasair theine, &c.

Mas fìor an dana g'a cheann,
Gu 'n robh Achan* 'sa champ,
Dearg mheirleach nan raud 's nam brègan.
Mas fìor an dana, &c.

* Lord George Murray is here alluded to; his father to preserve his estates whatever the upshot of the conflict might be, sent Lord George to join the Prince, while his oldest son took up arms in support of the government forces—each having instructions to measure their adherence or fidelity according to the probabilities of success.

'S e sin an Seanalair mo
Grain a' smallaich an t-sloigh,
Reic e onoir 'sa choir air eucoir.
'S e sinn an, &c.

Thionndaidh choileir 'sa chleoc,
Air son an sporain bu mho,
Rinn sud dolaidh do sheoid righ Seumas.
Thionndaidh, &c.

Ach thig cuibhle an fhortain mu 'n cuairt.
Car bho dheas na bho thuath,
'S gheibh ar 'n eas-cnraid duais na h-eucoir.
Ach thig cuibhle, &c.

'S gu 'm bhi Uilleam Mac Dheors',
Mur chraoibh gun dhilleach fo leon,
Gun fhreamh, gun mheangan, gun mheoi-
rean geige.
'S gu 'm bi Uilleam, &c.

Gu ma lom bhios do leac,
Gun bhean, gun bhrathair gun mhac,
Gun fhuaim clarsaich, gun lasair cheire.
Gun ma lom, &c.

Gun solas, sonas, no seannas,
Ach dolas dona mu d' cheann;
Mur bh' air ginealach Chlann na h-Eiphit.
Gun solas sonas, &c.

A's chi sinn fhathas do cheann,
Dol gun athadh ri crann,
'S eoin an adhair gu teann ga reubadh.
A's chi sinn, &c.

'S bidh sinn uile fa-dheoidh,
Araon sean agus og,
Fo 'n righ dhlighheach 'ga 'n coir duinn geil-
leadh.
'S bidh sinn, &c.

URNAIGH IAIN RUADH.*

Aire taobh sruthain na shuidhe 's e sgith,
Tha 'n Criosdaidh bochd Iain Ruadh
Na cheatharnach fhathas gun sith,
Sa chas air tuisleadh sa 'n tim gu truagh.

Ma thig Duimhnich no Cataich a'm dhail,
Mu 'n slanaich mo luigheannan truagh,
Ged thig iad cho tric a's is aill,
Cha chuir iad orm lamh le luath's.

Ni mi 'n ubhaidh rinn Peadar do Phal,
'S a luighean air fas leum bruaich,
Beachd paidir 'n ainm Sagairt a's Pap,
'Ga chuir ris na phlaid mu'n cuairt.

*Having sprained his ankle when under hiding, after the battle of Culloden, and while resting himself beside a cataract, keeping his foot in the water, he composed the above pieces as a prayer,

and the following stanzas in English; both of which he seems to have couched in the style of language peculiar to the Psalms.

JOHN ROY STUART'S PSALM.

The Lord's my targe, I will be stout,
with dirk and trusty blade,
Though Campbell's come in flocks about,
I will not be afraid.

The Lord's the same as heretofore,
he's always good to me,
Though red-coats come a thousand more,
afraid I will not be.

Though they the woods do cut and burn,
and drain the waters dry;
Nay, though the rocks they overturn,
and change the course of Spey!

Though they mow down both corn and grass,
and seek me under ground;
Though hundreds guard each road and pass,
John Roy will not be found.

The Lord is just, lo! here's a mark,
he's gracious and kind,
While they like fools prop'd in the dark,
as moles he struck them blind.

Though lately straight before their face,
they saw not where I stood;
The Lord's my shade and hiding-place—
he's to me always good.

Let me proclaim, both far and near,
o'er all the earth and sea,
That all with admiration hear,
how kind the Lord's to me.

Upon the pipe I'll sound his praise,
and dance upon my stumps,
A sweet new tune to it I'll raise,
and play it on my trumps.

† An incantation of great antiquity, handed down to us from the classic era of Homer. It has still its class of sturdy believers in many remote and pastoral districts of the Highlands. The Editor well recollects with what complacency and *sang froid* the female Esculapil of his native glen used to repeat the "*Eolas sgiuchudh fethie*," over the hapless hobbler of sprained ankles. With the success or result of the procedure we have nothing to do: its efficacy was variously estimated. The "*Cantatum orum*" was a short oration of Jrambo, in the vernacular language; and if the dislocated joints did not jump into their proper places during the recitation, the practitioner never failed to augur favourably of comfort to the patient. There were similar incantations for all the ills to which human flesh is heir: the toothach, with all its excruciating pain, or did not withstand the potency of Highland magic, dysentery, gout, dysury, &c. had all their appropriate remedies in the never-failing specifics of incantation. Nor were these cures confined to the skilful hand of the female necromancer alone; an order of men, universally known by the cognomen of the "*Char-sheana chain*," were the legitimate practitioners in the work. Two of these metrical incantations we may briefly quote as specimens of the whole. The first relates to the cure of worms in the human body and runs thus:—

"Mharbhaln dubhag 's mharbhaln doirbheag,
A's naoi naoinear dheth a seora,
'S solar crion gan casan lionmhor,
Bu mhor pianas air foadh fioda," &c.

Here follows the other, denominated "*Eolas a Chronachaidh*," or "*Casg Beum-Sula*." During its repetition, the singular operation of filling a bottle with water, was being carried on; and the incantation was so sung as to chime with the gurgling of the liquid, as it was poured into the vessel; thus forming a sort of uncouth harmony, according well with the wild and superstitious feelings of the necromancers. From the fact that one or two Irish words occur in it, and that the charm was performed in the name of St. Patrick,

Ubhaidh eile as leith Mhuire nan gras,
'S urrainn ereideach dheanadh slan ri uair;
Tha mis' am chreideamh gun teagamh, gun
dail,

Gu'n toir sinn air ar naimhdean buaidh.

Sgeul eile 's gur h-oil leam gu'r fìor,
Tha 'n drasd anns gach tìr shu 'n cuairt,
Gach fear gleusda bha feumail do 'n rìgh,
Bhì ga 'n ruith feadh gach frith air an
ruaig.

Bodaich dhona gun onair, gun bhrìgh,
Ach gionach gu nì air son duais,
Gabhail fath oirnn 's gach ait ann sa'm bì—
'Cuir a chuibhle so' Chriosda mu'n cuairt!

Ma thionndas i deiseal an drasd,
'S gu'm faigh Frangaich am Flannras buai',
Tha 'm earbs' as an targanachd bha,
Gu 'n tig armailt nì sta dhuinn thar chuan.

Gu'n toir Fortan dha didean le gras,
Mur Mhaois 'nuair a thraigh a mhuir ruadh,
S gu'm bith Deorsa le 'dhrealainibh bait,
Mur bha 'n t-amadan Pharaoh's a shluagh.

'Nuair bha Israel sgith 'san staid ghrais,
Rinneadh Saul an la sin na rìgh,
Thug e sgiursadh le mìosguinn a's plaigh,
Orra fein, air an al 's air an nì.

Is amhuil bha Breatuinn fo bhron,
O 'na threig iad a choir 's an rìgh;
Ghabh fàitheas rinn corruich ro-mhor,
Crom-an-donais! chaidh 'n seorsa 'n diasg.

A Rìgh shocraich Muire nan gras,
Crom riumsa le baigh do chluas;
'S mi 'g umhladh le m' ghlun air an lar,
Gabh achanaich araid bhuam.

Cha'n eil sinn a sìreadh ach coir,
Thug Cuigs agus Dheorsa bhuainn;
'Reir do cheartais thoir neart dhuinn a's
treoir;

A's cum sinn bho fhoirneart sluaigh!

—Amen.

it is probably of Irish origin; but we know that
it held equally good in the Highlands of Scot-
land as it did across the Channel.

Deanama dhutsa, eolas air sul,
A uchd 'llie Phadraig naohu,
Ait at amhaibh a's siad earabull,
Air naol coisair 's air naol connachair,
As air naol bean seang sìth,
Air sùl seanna-ghille 's sealla seanna-mhna,
Mas a sùil fìr i, i lasadh mar bhig,
Mas a sùil mnath i, i bhì dh'asbhuind a cìch,
Folcadair fhuar agus fhuarachd da fuil,
Air an nì, 's air a daoine,
Air a còmh, 's air a caolich feta.

CUMHA DO BHAINTIGHEARNA

MHIC-AN-TOISICH.*

CIA iad na dee 's na Duilean treun,
Theid leamsa sa'n sgeul' bhroin;
Tha ghealach fos, 's na reulltan glan,
'S a ghrian fo smal gach lù,
Gach craobh, gach coill, gach bean 's cloinn,
Dha 'm beil na'm broinn an deo,
Gach luibh, gach fear, gach nì 's gach spreidh,
Mu'n tì rinn boise mor.

Mar choinneal cheir, 's i lasadh treun,
Mar earr na grein ro noin,
Bha reull na mais, fo shiontaibh deas,
A nis thug fras an mor,
Oir bhris na tuinn 's na tobair bhuinn:
'S le mulad dhrugh na neoil,
'S e lagaich sinn, 's ar 'n-aighe tinn,
'S gu'n ruith ar cinn le deoir.

Mu'n ribhinn ailt nan ioma gras,
A choisinn gradh an t-sloigh,
Mo bheud gu brath do sgeula bais,
An taobh ud thall de'n Gheop,
Ainnir ghasd' nan gorm-shuil dait,
'S nan gruaidh air dhreach nan ros,
'S e do chuir fo lù a chlaoidh mo neart,
'S a dh'fhag mi 'm feasd gun treoir.

Do chorp geal, seang, mar lili ban,
'Se 'n deis' a charadh 'n srol,
A nis a ta gach neach fo chradh,
'S tu 'n ciste chlar nam bord,
A gheug nam buadh is aillidh snuadh,
Gur mis tha truagh 's nach beo,
Do chuimhn' air chruas, ri linn nan sluagh,
Gur cinate' dh'fhuasglas deoir.

Tha Mac-an-Toisich nan each seang,
'S nam bratach sranmhor sroil,
Gun aobhar gairdeachais ach cradh,
Ma ghradh 's nach eil i beo,
A ribhinn shuairc a b' aillidh snuadh,
O Chaisteal Uaimh nan corn,
An gallan reidh o cheannard treun,
An t-sloinne Mheinnich mhoir.

* For the Air, see the Rev. Patrick M'Donald's
Collection of Highland Airs, page 16—No. 106.

Note—This lament was composed on the cele-
brated Lady M'Intosh of Moyhall, whose firm
attachment to the Chevalier's interest is well
known. A story is told of this lady which ex-
hibits her character in a very bold and masculine
light. Prince Charles had arrived at Moy, on
his way from England, two or three days before
his followers came through Athol and the wilds
of Badenoch. M'Intosh and his clan were from
home with the other Jacobites, and the place
was altogether unprotected. Some keen-sighted
loyalist had seen the Prince, and forthwith com-
municated the intelligence to Lord Loudon, then
stationed at Inverness with 600 soldiers. His
Lordship immediately marched towards Moy,
taking a circuitous route, however, to avoid de-
tection. Intimation was carried to Lady M'In-

tish of his Lordship's approach—it was a moment of awful and anxious incertitude. She immediately sent for an old smith, one of M'Intosh's retainers, and a council of war was held. "There is but one way," said her Ladyship, "of saving Prince Charles—your own Prince; and that is by giving them battle." "Battle!" exclaimed the smith, "where are our heroes? alas! where tonight are the sons of my heart?" It was ultimately arranged that Prince Charles should be placed under hiding, and that the son of Vulean, with other six old men who were left at home, should give them battle. Armed with claymore, dirk, and guns, together with a bagpipe and old pall (drum), our octogenarian little army lurked in a dense clump of brush-wood until the red

coats came up. It was now night, and the sound of Lord Loudon's men was heard—they were within a mile of Moy! The smith and his followers, as instructed by her Ladyship, fired gun after gun, until the six were discharged; he then roared out "Clan M'Donald, rush to the right; Cameron, forward in a double column in the centre. M'Intosh, wheel to the left, and see that none will escape!" This was enough; the red coats heard—stood, and listened—all the clans were there—so, at least, thought Lord Loudon, and away they fled in the greatest disorder and confusion, knocking one another down in their flight, and not daring to look behind them until they had distanced the smith by miles!

COINNEACH MAC-CHOINNICH.

KENNETH M'KENZIE was born at *Caisteal Leuir*, near Inverness, in the year 1758. His parents were in comfortable circumstances, and gave him the advantages of a good education. When he was about seventeen years of age, he was bound an apprentice as a sailor, a profession he entered with some degree of enthusiasm. Along with his Bible, the gift of an affectionate mother, he stocked his library with two other volumes, namely: the poems of Alexander M'Donald and Duncan M'Intyre. These fascinating productions he studied and conned over on "the far blue wave," and they naturally fanned the latent flame of poetry which yet lay dormant in his breast. His memory was thus kept hovering over the scenes and associations of his childhood; and, represented through the magic vista of poetic genius, every object became possessed of new charms, and so entwined his affections around his native country and vernacular tongue, that distance tended only to heighten their worth and beauties.

He composed the most of his songs at sea. His "*Piobairachd na Luinge*" is an imitation of M'Intyre's inimitable "*Beinn-dorain*," but it possesses no claims to a comparison with that master-piece. We are not prepared to say which is the best school for poetic inspiration, or for refining and maturing poetic genius; but, we venture to assert, that the habits of a seafaring man have a deteriorating influence over the youthful feelings. This has, perhaps, been amply exemplified in the person of Kenneth M'Kenzie. He was evidently born with talents and genius; but, notwithstanding the size of his published volume, we find only four or five pieces in it which have stepped beyond the confines of mediocrity: these we give, as in duty bound.

M'Kenzie returned from sea in the year 1789, and commenced going about taking in subscriptions, to enable him to publish his poems. With our own veneration for the character of a poet, we strongly repudiate that timber brutality which luxuriates in insulting a votary of the muses. Men of genius are always, or almost

always, men of sensibility, and nice and acute feelings; and it appears to us inexplicable how one man can take pleasure in showing another indignities, and hurting his feelings. The itinerant subscription-hunting bard, has always been the object of the little ridicule of little men. At him the men of mere clay hurl their battering-ram; and our author appears to have experienced his own share of the evil. Having called upon Alexander M'Intosh, of Cantray Down, he not only refused him his subscription, but gruffly ordered him to be gone from his door! Certainly a polite refusal would have cost the high-souled *gentleman* as little as this rebuff, and apologies of a tolerably feasible nature can now be found for almost every failing. Our bard, thus unworthily insulted, retaliates in a satire of great merit. In this cynic production he pours forth periods of fire; it is an impetuous torrent of bitter irony and withering declamation, rich in the essential ingredients of its kind; and M'Intosh, who does not appear to be impenetrable to the arrows of remorse, died, three days after the published satire was in his possession.* Distressed at this mournful occurrence, which he well knew the superstition and gossip of his country would father upon him, M'Kenzie went among his subscribers, recalled the books from such as could be prevailed upon to give them up, and consigned them to the flames: a sufficient indication of his sorrow for his unmerciful, and, as he thought, fatal castigation of M'Intosh. This accounts for the scarcity of his books.

Shortly after this event, his general good character and talents attracted the attention of Lord Seaforth and the Earl of Buchan, whose combined influence procured him the rank of an officer in the 78th Highlanders. Having left the army, he accepted the situation of Postmaster in an Irish provincial town, where he indulged in the genuine hospitality of his heart, always keeping an open door and spread table, and literally caressing such of his countrymen as chance or business led in his way. We have conversed with an old veteran who partook of his liberality so late as the year 1837.

In personal appearance, Kenneth M'Kenzie was tall, handsome, and strong built; fond of a joke, and always the soul of any circle where he sat. If his poems do not exhibit any great protuberance of genius, they are never flat; his torrent may not always rush with impetuosity; but he never stagnates; and such as relish easy sailing and a smooth-flowing current, may gladly accept an invitation to take a voyage with our sailor-poet.

MOLADH NA LUINGE

LUINNEAG.

'S beag mo shunnt ris an luinn,
 M'oran buirn 's beagan bracha;
 B'annsa leam caismeachd mo ruin,
 Air cuan du-ghorm le capull.

Ge d' a tha mi ann san am,
 Air mo chrampadh le astar
 'S tric a thug mi greisean garbh,
 Air an fhairge ga masgadh.
 'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Greis le beachd a deanamh luil,
 'S greis cuir siuil ann am pasgadh,
 Greis airjomairt, 's greis air stiuir,
 'S greis air chul nam ball-acuinn.
 'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

'S e mo cheist an capall grinn,
 Rachadh leinn air an aiseag,
 'S taobh an fhuaraidh, fos a cinn,
 'S muir ri slinn taobh an fhasgeidh.
 'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

* This happened in the year 1792, in which our author published.

Uair a bhliodh i fada shìos,
 Anns an iochdar nach faict' i,
 'S greis eile 'n-aird nam frith,
 'S i cuir dh'i air a leath-taobh.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

'S i nach pilleadh gun cheann-fa',
 'S i neo-sgathach gu srachdadh,
 A gearradh tuinn' lè geur roinn,
 'S cudrom gaoith' air na slatan.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

'Nuair a chuir i air a doigh,
 'S a cuid seol ris na racan,
 Chuir i a mach an t-aodach sgeoid:
 Sud a sron ris an as-caoin.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Bhliodh i turrahan gun tamh,
 'S chluinnte g'ainich fo'n t-sac i,
 'S bhliodh gach glun dh'i dol fillt',
 'S chluinnte bid aig gach aisinn.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Chite muir na thonnann ard,
 'S chluinnt' i garaich gu farsuinn,
 'S bheireadh ronn ard nan steoll,
 Buille throm ann gach ahlais.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

'Ann an as-cnoineachd a chuain,
 'S ann am fuathas na fraise,
 Thugaibh faiceil air a ghaoth:—
 "Fhearabh gaoil cumaibh rag i."
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

'Chluinnte farum aig an fhaigr',
 Molach garbh anns an ath-sith,
 Beucach, rangach, torrach, searbh,
 Srannach, anabharadh, brais i.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

'Buill bu treis de'n chorcraich uir,
 Croinn de'n ghiubhsaich bu daite,
 Eideadh cainb nach biodh meanbh,
 'S chite geala-dhearg a bhrataich.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

'Se mo ruin na fearadh glenst',
 'S iad nach-treigeadh 'an caitean,
 Chluinnte lèngan nam fear og,
 'S iad nach deonaicheadh gealtachd.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

'Tha'n cridheachan farsuinn mor,
 'S tric a dh'ol iad na bh'aca,
 Damhs a'a inghinean a'a ceol,
 'Nuair bu choir-dol gu'n leabaidh.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Bh' dh' iad gu farsachar geur,
 'N am do'n ghrein dol a chadal,

Ceileireach, luinneagach, reidh,
 'N am bh'i 'g eiridh sa' mhadainn.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

AM FEILE PREASACH.

LUINNEAG.

'S e feile preasach tlachd mo ruin,
 'S osan nach ruig faisg an glun,
 'S cota breac nam basan dlu,
 'S bonaid dhu-ghorm thogarrach.

B' annsa leam am feile cunich,
 Na casag de 'n aodach lùsigh',
 'S brìgis nan ceann-glaichean cruaidh,
 Gur e'n droch-uair a thogainn dh'i.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Tha mo run do'n cideadh las,
 Cuach an fheilidh nan dlu bhàs,
 Shiubhlain leis 'a na sleibhteac gach,
 'S rachainn trais air obair leis.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Ge'd a tharlainn ann sa' bheinn,
 Fad na seachduin 's mi leam fein,
 Fuachd na h-oidhech' cha dean dhomh beud,
 Tha 'm breacan fhein cho caidearach.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Shiubhlain leis fèadh ghleann a's sleibh,
 'S rachainn do'n ohlachan leis fhein,
 Tlachd nan grungach 's uail nan steud,
 'S e deas gu feum na'n togramaid.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

'S ealamh eadrom e sa' ghleann,
 'S ouilbheir reidh fo' sgeith gun mheang,
 A dh'fhagaidh udlaich ceir-ghéal fann,
 A bheireadh srann sa leagailh e.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Am feileadh air am beil mi'n geall,
 Dealg nar guailibh suns gun fheall,
 Crios ga ghlasadh las neo-theahn,
 'S biodh e gach am gu baganta.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

'S ann leam bu taitneach e bhi n-aird,
 Nam dhomh tachairt ri mo ghradh,
 B'fhear leam seachduin dheth na dha
 De bhrìgis ghrainnde rag-sheallach.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

'S caomh a'n t-eide 'm breachdan ur,
 'S ann air fein a dh'eireadh cliu,
 Mar sin 'a buaigh-larach ann 's gach cuis,
 'S e dheanadh turn gun eagal air.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

'N am do ghaigich dol air feum
Gaeil ghaist gu sracadh bheic,
Pìob ga spalpadh 's anail reidh,
A chuireadh eud a's fadaidh ann.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

B'e sud caismenachd ard mo ruin,
Cronan gaiveach, barr gach ciuil,
Brais phuirt inheara, leannadh dlu,
Cliath gu lughor grad-mheurach.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

'Nuair a ghlaic' san achlais i,
Beus bu taitnich chunna' mi,
Siunnsair pailt-thollach gun di—
Os cionn a chinn gu fad-chruannach.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

'S i 's boiche dreach 'sa 's tlaobdmhor snuagh,
Tartrach, sgairteil, brais phuirt luath,
Muineal crom air uchd nam buagh,
Chluimnte fuaim 'nuair ragadh i.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

A ri! bu ruith-leannach na meoir,
Danaibis brais mu'n seach gun leon,
Is iad air ebrith le mire gleois,
Chluimnte srol gu farumach.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Bheireadh i air ais gu fonn
An cridhe dh'fhas gu tursach, trom,
'S chuireadh i spiorad 's gach sona
Gu dol air am gu spadaireachd.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Fhuair i 'n t-urram thar gach ceol,
Cuiridh i misneach 's gach feoil,
Togaidh i gu 'rd nan neoil,
Lantinn seoid gu baitealach
'S e feile preasach, &c.

MAIREARAD MHOLACH MHIN.

LUINNEAG.

Mo run Mairearad mhin mholach,
'S mo run Mairearad mholach mhin,
Mo run Mairearad mhin mholach,
'S iomadh fear a' b'air a ti.

'S ioma gille tapaidh barra-ghast,
Eadar Dealgunros nam frith,
'S ceann Loch-nis nam bradan tarra-gheal,
Tha le ime-cheist air a ti.
Ma run, &c.

'N aile chumainn trod ri naoinear,
Ged' a dh'aomadh iad gu stri

'S cha leag mi gu brath le duin' i,
On a dh'fhas i molach min.
Mo run, &c.

'S truagh nach sinn bha air airidh,
Air ar fagail ann lein fhuin,
'S chumailh i bho'n fhuachd mi sabhailt,
On a dh'fhas i molach min.
Mo run, &c.

Ge d' a gheibhinn tairgse bhaintigh'rn,
'S neo-ar-in thainn a bheiridh d'i,
'S mor gum b'fhearr leam Nic-'Ill-Eannndrais,
Tha na th'ann d'i molach min.
Mo run, &c.

Buaidhean mo chruinneig oha leir dhomh,
An cuir an geill cha dean mi 'n lunn',
Thug nadur dh'i tuigs as reasan,
Agus ceill nam beusan fillt.
Mo run, &c.

Tha i sgeudaichte le h-aileteachd,
'S a cairdeas mar ghran air pill,
Seimh, fallain, ur, 's cumate dh'fhas i,
O mullach gu sail a buinn.
Mo run, &c.

Leam a b'ait a bhi ga pogadh,
Beul on tig an t-oran binn,
Gruaidh mar dhearcag, suil is modhair,
'S mor mo bhosd a gloir a cinn.
Mo run, &c.

B'annsa leam a bhi ga h-eisdeachd,
Na sineorach sa Cheitean shil,
Na fonn fithle nam binn theudan,
'S na tha cheol 'an Eirinn chri.
Mo run, &c.

Do Chuilodair gu'n tig gaisgich,
Gillean tapaidh as gach tir,
'S bi'dh gach fear an geall air fuireach,
Mar ri Mairearad mholach mhin.
Mo run, &c.

Dheannann cur, a's ar, a's buain dh'i,
'S dheannann cruach gun chiorram dh'i,
'S bheirinn sithinn o uchd fhuar-bheann,
'S bheirinn ruaig air cuaintean agi.
Mo run, &c.

Shiubhlain latha 's shiubhlain oidhe,
Is gheibhinn saibhreas dh'i gun di,
'S on is caomh leam Nic-'Ill-Eannndrais,
'S caomh le Nic-'Ill-Eannndrais mi.
Mo run, &c.

AN TE DHUBH.

AIR FOKN—"A Mhorag na dean mar sin."

LUINNEAG.

Hoireann o eile
'S na hi-ri-ri eile
Horeann h-o 's na h-o eile
Gur mor mo speis do'n te dhubh.

'S truagh nach robh mi air m' fhagail
Le m' leannan 's an fhasach,
Far nach fhaicinn mo chairdean
Tha toir tair' do'n te dhubh !
Hoireann, &c.

An seilbh gleannain gun chonnalach,
'S air mulach nam beanntan,
Ghleidhinn aran do m' annsachd,
Geg tha 'n ceann oirre dubh.
Hoireann, &c.

Dheanainn cuir agus bunin d'i,
'S bheirinn turas thar chuainteann,
'S cha bhiodh uireasbhuidd uair oirr—
Ged tha cuailleann cho dubh.
Hoireann, &c.

Dheanainn treabhadh ri oireadh
'S dheanainn cur anns an oidhche ;
Dheanainn mire ri maighdein—
'S chuirinn daoimein air triumph !
Hoireann, &c.

Ge suarach aig each i,
Tha uaisle na nadur,
Tha suaireas na gaire—
Ged tha 'm barr oirre dubh !
Hoireann, &c.

Thug nadur dh'i gliccas,
Mar gheard air a tuigse,
'S i lan de dheagh ghibhteann,
'S a ceann nach miste bhi dubh !
Hoireann, &c.

Clochan corrach is mine,
Air uchd solais na ribhinn,
Deud gheal mar na disnean,
'S beul o 'm binn a thig guth.
Hoireann, &c.

O gualainn gu h-ordaig,
Fhuair urram bhan oga,
Glac gheal nan caol-mheoirean,
'S a gairdean feola cho tiugh.
Hoireann, &c.

'S math thig staidheas le faomadh,
Air a bodhaig is gaolach,
'S gur gil i fo h-sodach,
Na chuid is caoine de 'n gharuth.
Hoireann, &c.

Cruinn chalpa na gruagach,
Gun dochair mu 'n cuairt d'i,
Troith chulmair 's i cuanta
Nach cuir cuagach brog dhubh
Hoireann, &c.

Gnais is aillidh ri sireadh,
Ciuin tha ann an iomairt,
'S le snathaid ni grinneas,
Nach dean iomadh te dhubh !
Hoireann, &c.

Ged a tha i gun storas,
Tha taitneas na comhradh,
B'annsa furan a poige,
Na'n te ga'n leom a cuid cruaidh.
Hoireann, &c.

'S na 'm bitheadh i riarach,
Air fuireach seachd bliadhna,
Cheannaicheadh breid d'i gun iarraidh,
Mu'm biodh a sia dhiu air ruith.
Hoireann, &c.

Dh-olainn 's cha neonach,
De dh-uig' a phuill mhoine,
Air a slainte gu deonach—
Gur mise dh-oladh de'n t-sruth !
Hoireann, &c.

DROBHAIR NAN CAILEAGAN.

AIR FOKN—"Cabar Feidh."

'S a nise bho'n a theig sinn,
Le cheille bhi farasda,
Bheirinn comhairl' fheumail,
Dhut fhein ann san dealachadh ;
Na toir do run gun reason,
Do the dheth na caileagan,
Oir 's duilich leam gun d'eist mi,
Droch sgeula ma fhearaiginn ;
Na bi cho tric a' dol na measg,
Mar chraoibh gun mheas, na caileagan,
Ge d' shaoileadh tus, gun robh iad dhut,
Cho min ad t-uchd ri bainne dhut,
Nam suidhe steach, le eibhneas nit,
Ri cuir ma seach nan dramachan,
Bi'dh cuir nan cinn a'g eiridh,
'S gach te dhiu ri fanaid ort !

Tha na gilleann oga,
Nan dochas cho aideach,
'S iad le'm barail ghorach,
'An toir air na caileagan,
Ach fhad sa bhios an suilean,
Cho duinne, cha'n aithnich iad,
'S cha 'n fhaic iad Gloc-air-garadh,*

* A clamorous vain young woman, whose custom was, when she saw any strangers passing by, to get up on some eminence, and call the hens from the corn, or cry to the herd to be careful, for no other reason than that she might be taken

Ge'f' tharladh i maille riu.
 A chachdh cha'n fhaic sibh, lad cho ceart,
 Mar gabh sibh beachd le ghlaimeachan,
 'S mus e 's gun dears sibh, mo 's faisg,
 Gun tig a ghart, san t-eannach dhlh;
 Mar bheathach beochd, a bhios gun toirt,
 'Nuair theid a ghoirt a's t-earrach ann,
 'S ceart ionann 's mar ni ghorach,
 Air drobhar nan caileagan.

Ge b'e chuireas duil annt',
 An durachd cha'n aithnich e,
 Ge d' dheanadh i do phogadh,
 'S ge d' oladh i drama leat,
 'S ge d' ghealladh i le dochas,
 Gum posadh i 'neathrar thu,

notice of. The cognomen is one of general application, but the bard had a particular dame in view;—and we have been told on undoubted authority when she heard of her new name, that she gave up all concern about the hens and the herd-boy, to the great comfort and ease of both. Her father, however, suffered by the assumed modesty of his daughter—the herd boy slept, the cows followed the hens into the corn fields, and destroyed them so much, that the old man was heard to swear if he came in contact with the poet, he would give him a hearty flogging for making his daughter worse than useless to him at outside work!

'Nuair thionnta' tu do chul-thaobh,
 B'adh 'n sùilean gan camadh riut.
 Mar sud their ise, ged' tus 's glie',
 Gun deannainn tric, nach aithne dhut,
 'S ge mor do bheachd, cha rachainn leat,
 Mar blodh do bheartas maille riut,
 'S mar be dhomh 'n leisg, a bhi am leis,
 Cun deannainn reò a's ceannach ort,
 'S 'nuair bhios tu falamh cluinneadh,
 Gum feuch mi eul-thaobh bhaile dhut.

'S ge be ghabhas fath orr',
 Ga brach b'adh air aithreachas
 'S ma dh' fheuchas i dha cairdeas,
 Cha'n fhearr bhios a bharail oirr';
 'S mo theid e mo is dana—
 Thig tair' agus farran air,
 'S mo gheibh i e sa gharadh,
 Cha tar e dhol tharais air:
 B'adh e cho glie ri duin' air mhiag,
 'S b'adh each ga mheas mar amalan;
 Nuair bhios e glact' mar ian an snap,
 'S nach urr' e chas a tharruinn as;
 'S a chaoi le thachd, cha 'n fhaigh e las,
 Mur brist e 'n acuin theannachaidh,
 'S ma se 's nach cuir e breid oirr',
 'S an-eibhinn ri latha dha.

UILLEAM ROS.

WILLIAM ROSS, was born in Broadford, parish of Strath, Isle of Skye, in the year 1762. His parents were respectable, though not opulent. His father, John Ross, was a native of Skye, and of an ancient family of that name, whose ancestors had lived in that country throughout a long series of generations. His mother was a native of Gairloch, in Ross-shire, and daughter of the celebrated blind piper and poet, John McKay, well known by the name of *Piobaire Dall*.

It appears that when William was a boy, there was no regular school kept in that part of the country: and as his parents were anxious to forward his education they removed with him and a little sister from Skye to Forres. While attending the Grammar school of the latter place, he discovered a strong propensity to learning, in which he made such rapid advances as to attract the notice and esteem of his master; and the pupil's sense of his obligations was always acknowledged with gratitude and respect. This teacher, we are informed, declared, that on comparing young Ross with the many pupils placed under his care, he did not remember one who excelled him as a general scholar, even at that early period of life.

After remaining for some years at Forres, his parents removed to the parish of Gairloch, where the father of our bard became a pedlar, and travelled through Lewis,

and the other western Isles—and, though William was then young and of a delicate constitution, he accompanied his father in his travels through the country, more with the view of discovering and making himself acquainted with the different dialects of the Gaelic language, than from any pecuniary consideration—the desire of becoming perfectly familiar with his native tongue, thus strongly occupying his mind even at this early period of life. And he has often afterwards been heard to say, that he found the most pure and genuine dialect of the language among the inhabitants of the west side of the Island of Lewis.

In this manner he passed some years, and afterwards travelled through several parts of the Highlands of Perthshire, Breadalbane, and Argyleshire, &c., seeing and observing all around him with the eye and discernment of a real poet. At this period, he composed many of his valuable songs; but some of these, we are sorry to say, are not now to be found.

Having returned to Gairloch, he was soon afterwards appointed to the charge of the parish school of that place, which he conducted with no ordinary degree of success. From the time of his entering upon this charge, it was generally remarked, that he proceeded in the discharge of his duties with unremitting firmness and assiduity, and in a short time gained a reputation for skill in the instruction of the young committed to his trust, rarely known in the former experience of that school. He had a peculiar method and humour in his intercourse with his pupils, which amused and endeared the children to him; at the same time it proved the most effectual means of impressing the juvenile mind and conveying the instructions of the teacher. Many of those who were under his tuition still speak of him with the greatest enthusiasm and veneration.

In the course of his travels, and while schoolmaster of Gairloch, he contracted an intimacy with several respectable families, many of whom afforded him testimonies of friendship and esteem. His company was much sought after, not only on account of his excellent songs, but also for his intelligence and happy turn of humour. He was a warm admirer of the songs of other poets, which he often sung with exquisite pleasure and taste. His voice, though not strong, was clear and melodious, and he had a thorough acquaintance with the science of music. He played on the violin, flute, and several other instruments, with considerable skill; and during his incumbency as schoolmaster, he officiated as precentor in the parish church.

In the capacity of schoolmaster he continued till his health began rapidly to decline. Asthma and consumption preyed on his constitution, and terminated his mortal life, in the year 1790, in the twenty-eighth year of his age. This occurred while he was residing at Isdalachro, Gairloch. His funeral was attended by nearly the whole male population of the surrounding country. He was interred in the burying ground of the *Clachan* of Gairloch, and a simple upright stone, or *Clach-chuimhne*, with an English inscription, marks his “narrow house.”

In his personal appearance, Ross was tall and handsome, being nearly six feet high. His hair was of a dark brown colour, and his face had the peculiarly open and regular features which mark the sons of the mountains; and, unlike the general tribe of poets, he was exceedingly finical and particular in his dress. As a

scholar, Ross was highly distinguished. In Latin and Greek he very much excelled; and it was universally allowed that he was the best Gaelic scholar of his day.

It is not to be wondered at, that a being so highly gifted as was Ross, should be extremely susceptible of the influence of the tender passion. Many of his songs bear witness that he was so. During his excursions to Lewis, he formed an acquaintance with Miss Marion Ross of Stornoway (afterwards Mrs. Clough of Liverpool,) and paid his homage at the shrine of her beauty. He sung her charms, and was incessant in his addresses,—

————— “ Every night he came
With music of all sorts, and songs composed
To her :”

But still he was rejected by the coy maid; and the disappointment consequent on this unfortunate love affair, was thought to have preyed so much on his mind, as to have impaired his health and constitution, during the subsequent period of his life. To this young lady he composed (before her marriage) that excellent song expressive of his feelings, almost bordering on despair, “*Feargar luain a's mi air chuairt.*”

In the greater number of his lyrics, the bard leads us along with him, and imparts to us so much of his own tenderness, feeling, and enthusiasm, that our thoughts expand and kindle with his sentiments.

Few of our Highland bards have acquired the celebrity of William Ross—and fewer still possess his true poetic powers. In purity of diction, felicity of conception, and mellowness of expression, he stands unrivalled—especially in his lyrical pieces. M'Donald's fire occasionally overheats, and emit sparks which burn and blister, while Ross's flame, more tempered and regular in its heat, spreads a fascinating glow over the feelings, until we melt before him, and are carried along in a dreamy pleasure through the Arcadian scenes, which his magic pencil conjures up to our astonished gaze. If M'Intyre's torrent fills the brooklet to overflowing, the gentler stream of Ross, without tearing away the embankment, swells into a smooth-flowing, majestic wave—it descends like the summer shower irrigating the meadows, and spreading a balmy sweetness over the entire landscape. If it be true that “*Sermo est imago animi,*” the same must hold equally true of a song—and judging from such of his songs as have come into our hands, our author's mind must have been a very noble one—a mind richly adorned with the finest and noblest feelings of humanity—a mind whose structure was too fine for the rude communion of a frozen-hearted world—a mind whose emanations gush forth, pure as the limpid crystalline stream on its bed of pebbles. It is difficult to determine in what species of poetry William Ross most excelled—so much is he at home in every department. His pastoral poem “*Oran an t-Samhraidh,*” abounds in imagery of the most delightful kind. He has eschewed the sin of M'Intyre's verbosity and M'Donald's anglicisms, and luxuriates amid scenes, which, for beauty and enchantment, are never surpassed. His objects are nicely chosen—his descriptions graphic—his transitions, although we never tire of any object he chooses to introduce, pleasing. We sit immoveably upon his lips, and are allured at the beck of his finger, to feed

our eyes on new and hitherto unobserved beauties. When we have surveyed the whole landscape, its various component parts are so distinct and clear, that we feel indignant at our own dulness for not perceiving them before—but as a finished picture, the whole becomes too magnificent for our comprehension.

Ross possessed a rich vein of humour when he chose to be merry;—few men had a keener relish for the ludicrous. His Anacreontic poem "*Moladh an Uisge-Bheatha*," is a splendid specimen of this description. How vivid and true his description of the grog-shop worthies—not the base and brutalized debauchees—but that class of rural toppers, who get *Bacchi plenus* once or twice in the year at a wedding, or on Christmas. This was a wise discrimination of the poet: had he introduced the midnight revelry, and baser scenes of the city tavern, his countrymen could neither understand nor relish it. But he depicts the less offensive panorama of his country's bacchanals, and so true to nature—so devoid of every trait of settled libertinism, that, while none is offended, all are electrified—and the poet's own good taste and humour expand over the singer and the entire group of auditors.

Among his amorous pieces, there are two of such prominent merit, that they cannot be passed over. "*Feasgar luain*," so intimately connected with the poet's fate, has been already noticed. Its history like that of its author, is one of love and brevity—it was composed in a few hours to a young lady, whom he accidentally met at a convivial party—and sung, with all its riches of ideality and mellowness of expression, before they broke up. "*Moladh na h-oighe Gaelich*," although not so plaintive or tender, is, perhaps, as a poetical composition, far before the other. Never was maiden immortalized in such well-chosen and appropriate strains—never did bard's lips pour the incense of adulation on maiden's head in more captivating and florid language, and never again shall mountain maid sit to have her picture drawn by so faithful and powerful a pencil.

Without going beyond the bounds of verity, it may be affirmed that his poetry, more perhaps than that of most writers, deserves to be styled the poetry of the heart—of a heart full to overflowing with noble sentiments, and sublime and tender passions.

ORAN DO MHARCUS NAN GREUMACH;

AGUS DO'N EIDEADH-GHAELACH.

Bu trom an t-arsneul a bh'air m'aigne,
Le fadaidh 's le mi-ghean,
A bhuin mo threoir 's mo thabhachd dhìom,
Cha ghabhadh ceol na maran rium
Ach thanig ur thosgair' da m' iunnasaidh
'Dhuisg mi as mo shuain,
'Nuair fhuair mi 'n sgeul bha mor ri eigh'd
Gun d'eadromaich mo smuain.

Is latha sealbhach, rathail, dealarach,
Alail, ainmeil, agh-mhor,

A dh'fhuasgail air na h-Albannaich,
Bho mhachraichean gu garbhlaichean,
Bho uisge-Thuid* gu Arcaimh-chuain,
Bho Dheas gu Tuath gu leir;
Is binne 'n srann feadh shrath a's ghleann
Na organ gun mheang gleus.

A Mharcuis oig nan Greumach,
F'hir ghleust' an aigne rioghail,

* The Water of Tweed.

O ! gu'm a buan air t-aiteam thu,
Gu treubhach, buadhach, macanta,
'S tu 'n ur-shlat aluinn 's mairneil blath
De'n fhuibhaidh aird nach crion,
Gur tric na Gaeil 'g ol do shlainnt',
Gu h-armunnach air fion.

Mo cheist am firean foinnidh, direach,
Maiseach, fìor-ghlan, ainmeil,
Mo sheobhag sul-ghorm amaisgeil,
Tha comhant, eliaiteach, bearraideach,
A b'aird' a leumadh air each-sreine,
'M barrachd euchd thar chaich;
'S tu bhuinig cuis a bharr gach cuirt,
'S a chuir air chul ar cas !

Air bli air farsan dhomh gach la
Gur tus tha ghna air m' inntinn,
Mo ruin do'n tìr o'n d'imeich mi,
'S mo shuil air fad gu pilleadh ri :
'S ann thogas orm gu grad mo cholg
Le aigne meannnach, treun—
Mo ehlabh tha gabhail lasadh aigheir,
'S ait mo naigheachd fein.

Thainig fasan anns an achd
A dh'ordaich pailt am feileadh,
Tha eiridh air na breacanach
Le fàrum tren' neo-lapanach,
Bi'dh oighean thapaidd sniomh 'sa dath
Gu h-eibhinn, ait, le uail
Gach aon diu 'g eideadh a' gaoil fein
Mar 's reidh leo anns gach uair

Biodh cogadh ann no sio-chainnt,
Cha chuir sin sior-euchd oirn,
An arm no feachd na chogras iad,
No 'n ar-amach cha 'n obamaid,
Le'r teanadh suas ri uchd an fhuath's',
Le'r n'earadh uasal fein ;
Le lannan cruaghach, neart-mhor, buan,
A leantain ruaig gun sgios !

On fhuair sinn fasan le'r sar chleachdadh,
Duisgeadh beachd ar sinnsir,
Le run gun cheilg 's na h-uile fear,
'S gun mheirgh' air leirg nan Lunnainneach,
Le sunnt a's gleus, a's barrachd speis
Toir aite* fein do'n Rìgh,
Mo lras gun eis mar b'fhearr leam fein sin,
No ge d' eibht' an t-shith !

Note.—This song, as its title indicates, was composed on the repeal of President Forbes's undressing act, and an anecdote is related of its first rehearsal, which we deem not unworthy of a place here. Our author, like all other poets of his day and country, was a staunch Jacobite, while his father was equally firm in his adherence to the family of Hanover. William had composed the song during one of his excursions through the country, where he probably heard of the erasure of the obnoxious act from the Statute Book, and sung it for the first time to a happy group of rustics who were in the habit of congregating nightly at his father's ingle to hear his new compositions. When he came to the last

* Hanover.

stanza, in which he indirectly lampoons his Majesty, "Ah!" said his father, involuntarily laying his hand on a cudgel, "ye clown, you know where and when you sing that." "Really, father," replied the poet, "I would sing it in the House of Commons if you were not there!"

ORAN AN T-SAMHRAIDH.

AIR Fonn—"Wot ye wha I met yestreen."

O ! mosg'leamaid gu suilbhear ait,
Le sunntachd ghasl', a's eiramaid,
Tha mhadainn-sa le furan caomh
Toirt cuireadh faoilteach, eibhinn, duinn ;
Cuireamaid fàit air an lo,
Le cruitean ceolmhor, teud-bhinneach,
'S biodh ar cridhe deachdadh fuinn
'S ar beoil a seinn le speirid dha.

Nach cluinn thu bith-fhuaim suthain, seamh,
'S a bhruthaichn sgeamhail, bhla-dhealtrach,
'S beannachdan a nuaas o' neamh
A dortadh fial gu bar aca :
Tha nadar a caochladh tuar
Le caomh-cruth, cuannda, pairt-dhathach,
'S an cruinne ionlan, mu'n iath grian,
A tarraichn fiamhan gruasail air !

Nach cluinn thu coisir stoida, suaire',
'S an doir' uil shuas le'n ornan,
Seinn clu dha'n Cruithadair fein,
Le laoidhean ceutach, solasach,
Air chorrailh an sgiath gun tamh
Air mheangain ard nan ro-chrannaibh,
Le'n ceileirean toirt moladh binn,
Dha'n Ti dh'ath-phill am bealachd riu.

Gu'm b'fhearr na bh'eadal an tamh,
Air leabaidh stata chloimh-itich,
Eiridh m'och sa mhadainn Mhaigh,
Gu falbh na fasach fheoirneinich,
Ruag a thoirt air bharr na d'riuchd,
Do dhoire dlu nan smeorachcan,
Am bi tuis is euraich na fion,
Le faile ciatach rosanan.

Tha feartan toirbheartach, neo-ghann,
'S an am so gun gheann dubhlachdach,
Cuir truagan trom-dhait' air gach raon,
Le dealt, 's le braon ga'n urachadh
Tha *Flora* enodachadh gach cluain,
Gach glaic, a's brunch le furaichean,
'S bi'dh neoincan, rosan, 's lili ban,
Fo'n dithcan aluinn, chul-mhaiseach.

Tha *Phæbus* fein, le lochran aig !,
Ag oradh ard nam beannataichean,
'S a' taomadh nuas a ghathan tla,
Cuir dreach air blath nan gleanntanan ;

Gach innseag 's gach coireann fraoich
Ag tarraing faoil na Bealltainn air;
Gach ffracach, gach tulach, 's gach tom
Le foirm cuir fuinn an t-samhraidh orr'.

Tha caoin, a's ciuin, air muir a's tir,
Air machair mhin 's air garbh-shleibtean,
Tha cuircean driuchd na thuir air lar,
Ri aird 's ri ain na geala-ghreine:
B'ìdh coill', a's por, a's fraoch, a's fear,
Gach iasg, gach eun, 's na h-ainmhidhean
Ri teachd gu'n gnasachadh 's gu nos,
Na'n gue, 's na'n doigh, san aimsir so.

Gur eibhinn abhachd nionag og,
Air ghasgan feoir 'sna h-aonaichean,
An gleantaibh fasaich 's iad gu suaire',
A fàlbh le buar ga'n saolachadh;
Gu h-urail fallain gun sgios,
Gu maiseach, fialaidh, fuilteachail,
Gu neo-chiontach 'gun cheilg, a's gras
Nan gaol a snamh nan aodannan.

Uain' gach mi-ghean, sgios a's gruaim,
'S na bidheamaid uair fo'n aineartan,
Crathamaid air eul gach bron,
Le fonn, le col, 's le canutaireachd;
'S binn' an tathaidh sud mar cheud
No gleadhraich eithid chabhsairean,
'S mi 'm pillein ehuaid', eul-ghorm fhraoich,
'S na brughachean saor an champaraid.

Bitheadh easlaint eitigeach, gun ehl
An didean rimheach sheomraichean
Bitheadh eugalean gun speis, gun brigh,
'N aithribh righrean, 's mor-uaislibh,
Biodh slainte chonnabhach gach ial,
Am buthaibh fiul gun strothalachd,
Aig Gaicil ghasd' an eithid ghearr,
Fir speiseil, chairdeil, ro-gheanach!

ORAN AIR GAOL NA H-OIGHE

DO CHAILEAN.

Ann am ma-lainn chiuin choitean,
'S an spreidh air an lon,
Agus cailin na buaille,
Gabhail 'n-uallain mu'n coir;
Do bhi gathanan *Phæbus*,
A cuir an ceill tro' na neoil,
Latha buadhach, geal, eibhinn,
'S las na speuran le ros.

Ach cha b'è 'n tan, bha'd a tìcnal,
Anns an Innis sa' ghleann,
So bhuin m'aine gu luasgan,
'S mi air eilean ann an am,
Ach an cailin bu drach-mhoire',
Mine maid, agus leinn,
Bh'air an tulaich na'n fonnar,
Gu ciuin, fàilteach, gann.

Shnamh mo smointean an iognadh,
'S thuit mi 'n coachladh ro-mhor,
Sheas mi snasacht mar ionhaidh,
'G amharc dian air an oigh,
'S ge do bhrosnach mo dhuarachd mi
Dh'eisleadh ur-laoith a beoil,
Stad mi rithist le munath,
'S dheachd mi run gu bli foil.

Ach gur deacair dhomh innseadh,
Leis mar dhiobrainn an cainnt,
Dreach na finn' ud, sa h-aidteachd,
A thug barr air gach geall;
Tha slios geala-mhin mar eala,
No mar eamach nan gleann,
'S a h-anail churaidh mar chainéal,
O beul meachair gun mheang.

Bha fult cam-lubach, boidheach,
Baehach, or-bhuidh', na dhuail,
Cas-bhuidh', sniomhanach, taineach,
An neo-charadh mu'n cuairt,
Do bhraghad sneachdaidh a b' fhuor-ghlain
Fo' lè bu mhin-dheirge gruaidh,
Gun imleachd bha, ach buaidh naduir,
A toirt gach barr dhuat gun uail!

Aghaidh bhainidh, ghlan, mhothar,
Bu bhinn, ros-dheirge, beul,
Snail mheallach, ghorm, thairis
Caol-mhala, 's rosg reidh,
Ucht soluis, lan sonais,
Geala bhroilleach mar ghrein
'S troidh mhin-ghael, chaoin, shocrach,
Nach doich-neadh am fear.

Ach gu dubhar na coille,
Am binne 'n goireadh a chuach,
Bha 'm fochar na h-Innse,
Gus an tionailt' am buar,
Gun do dh'imich an eailin,
Min, farasda, suaire';
Ghleus i guth, 's ghabh i oran,
'S bu ro-bhinn cheol bhoireadh buaidh.

B ann air gaol bha i tighinn,
'S run a eiridhe, sa buaidh,
Do dh'og-lach nan ciabh or-bhuidh',
An leir Laomhinn nan cuach,
Do dhiuchd uiseag, a's smeorach,
Am barraibh ro-chrannaibh suas,
A's sheinn cho binn an co'-ghleus d'i,
'S gun do dh'eisid mi car uair.

"O chaillean! O Chaillean!"
Do sheinn cailin nan gaol,
"Cia fath nach tigeadh tu tharais,
Do ghleannan fàilich nan craobh?
Is nach iarrain-s' air m'ordugh,
De storas, no mhaoin,
Ach bhi laidhe na t-asgail,
Fo' do bhreacan san fhraoch.

"Gu'm b'og mis' agus Cailean,
Ann an gleannan na cuach,

A's sinn a tional nan dithean,
Leinn fhin fèadh nan cluan;
A's sinn 'gar leagadh nar sineadh,
'Nuair bu sgi leinn air bruaich
'S bhiodh na cruitearan sgiathach,
Cuir ar cionalais bhuain.

"Gu'm bu neo-chiontach maran
Mo graidh ann sa' choill;
A's sinn a' mireadh n-ar 'n-aonar,
Gun smaointinn air foill;
Sinn gun mhalad, gun fhadachd,
O mhalainn gu h-oidhich',
Agus *Capit* g'ar tabadh,
Gu toirt graidh, 's sinn nar cloinn.

" 'S ge do thainig an samhradh,
'S mi sa' ghleann so ri spreidh,
Gur e'a tric leam am fagail,
'S bithidh each as an deigh;
'S ann a dhineas mi tharais
Do na gharan leam fein,
Gu bhi taomadh mo dhosgainn
Ann am fochar nan geug.

" Tha mo chairdean fo ghrunaim rium,
O la chual' iad mar tha—
Gur anna leam Cailean
Na fear-baile le than;
Ach cha treiginn-s' mo cheud-ghradh,
Gus an geillein do'n bhas;
On a gheall e bhi dileas,
'Cia fath mu'n dibriun-sa dha?'"

So mar sheinn an eomh chailin,
Tosan tairis a graidh,
'S a boid sheasnuach da ceud ghaol,
A's nach dibreadh gu brath,
Gach oigh' eile da eluinn so.
Gun robh a h-inntinn gu bas,
Gu bhi leantainn an t-samhl' ud,
Gu'n a h-an-toil thoirt dha.

Ach air bhi grathuinn na m' thamh
dhomh,
'S mi gun abhachd san rod,
'S mo chliabh air lasadh le h-eibhneas
A' tabhairt eiseachd da'n oigh—
Chunnacas oganach gasda
Teachd o' leacain a chro,
'S e le uile shar imeachd,
'S b'ann gu Innis nam bo.

Bha dhreach, 'sa dhealbh mar bumhian-
nach,
Le oigh iarraidh dh'i fein,
An tus briseadh an runachd,
'S i fo h-ur bhla air foill;
Beachd a b'fhearr, bu neo-fhurasd
A thabhairt tuille na dhoigh,
Air an oganach mhaiseach,
A teachd o leacain nan geug.

Ach suil dha'n tug an t-og gasd:
Bu rioghail mas' air gach tao',

Dhearc air oigh nan ciabh cas-bhuidh',
Siar fo' asgail nan craobh;
Dheachd a chaidhe le furtachd
Gu'm b'e sud cuspair a ghaol,
A's ghuidh e beannachd da 'n eodhail,
A bheag ann bron daibh arann.

Is ann an glacaibh a cheile,
Le mor speis mar bu mhiann,
Ghlais an dith's ud le eibhneas,
'S an run reidh ga'n cuir dian;
'S o'n bha furan cho tairis,
'S nach b'fhuras aithris cho fial,
Ghuidh mi sonas gun dith dhaibh,
Gu la 'n erich a's mi triall.

Note.—The circumstances that called forth the foregoing beautiful song were these:—Our author in his excursions was perambulating the Highlands of Perthshire, where he happened to alight on a shieling, or mountain dairy, in the occupancy of a respectable farmer's daughter attended by a young man one of her father's servants. The bard was warmly invited to remain with them in this humble but hospitable hut for some days to rest himself and to bear them company. The invitation was accepted. A person of the poet's penetration could not long remain ignorant of the fact that the artless maiden was uneasy in her mind; and, as they had now arrived at that stage of familiarity which justifies the disclosure of secrets, upon being questioned, she told him that her affections were fixed upon a neighbouring swain—a handsome, young fellow, whose advances, however, were discountenanced by her parents in consequence of his poverty. Ross possibly entered with enthusiasm into his friend's romantic love affair—at all events, he was not the man to do violence to the feelings of the human heart for the sake of pounds, shillings, and pence. Short as his stay was in the shieling, he had frequent opportunities of seeing the young lover and the milk maid meet in the solitude of a contiguous dell. Spurning the threatened wrath of parents, they were speedily married—the poet was invited to the marriage feast, where he sung this song so tenderly expressive of the bliss which had its consummation, in the union of his fair friend with the man of her affections.

MARBH-RANN DO PHRIUNNSA TEARLACH.

CO'-SHEIRM.

*Soraidh bhuan dha'n t-suaithneas bhan,
Gu la-luain cha ghlais o'n bhas;
Ghlac an naigh an suaithneas ban
'S leacan fuaraidh tuaim' a thamh!*

Air bhi dhomh-sa triall thar druim
Air di-donaich, 's comhlan leam,
Leughas litir naigheachd leinn,
'S cha sgeul' ait a thachair inn',
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Albainn arsaidd! 's fathunn broin,
Gach aon mhuir bait' tha barcadh oirn,

T-olghre rioghail bhi san Roimh,
Tirt' an enoi chist' liobhta bhord!
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

'S trom leam m'osnaich anns gach la
'S tric mo smaointean fìrl' o laimh—
Cluain an domhain truagh an dail,
Gur cobhartach gach feoil do'n bhas!
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Tha mo chridh' gu briste, fann,
'S deoir mo shul a' ruith mar allt,
Ge do cheilin sud air am,
Bhruchd e mach 's cha mhiste leam.
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Bha mi seal am barail chruaidh,
Gu'n cluinnte caismeachd mu'n cuairt;
Cabhlaich Thearlaich thigh'n' air chuan,
Ach threig an dail mi gu la-luain,
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

'S lionmhor laoch a's mili treun,
Tha 'n diugh an Albainn as do dheidh,
Iad fo's n-ìosal sìleadh dheur,
Rachadh dian leat anns an t-sreup.
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

'S gur neo-shubhach, dubhach, sgi,
Do threud ionmhuinn anns gach tìr,
Buidheann meannach bu gharg eli,
Ulamh, arm-chleasach 's an t-sri.
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Nis cromaidh na cruitearan binn,
Am barraibh dhos fo' sprochd an cinn,
Gach beo bhiodh ann an srath na'm beinn
A caoidh an co'-dhosgainn leinn.
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Tha gach beinn, gach cnoc, 's gach sliabh,
Air am faca sinn thu triall,
Nis air call, an dreach 's am fiamh,
O nach tig thu chaidh nan cian.
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Bha'n t-al og nach fàs thu riamh,
'G altrum graidh dhut agus miagh,
Ach thuit an cridhe nis na'n eliabh,
O na chaidil thu gu sìor.
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Ach biodh ar n' uirnich moch gach la
Ris an Tì is aird' a ta,
Gun e dhioladh oirn' gu brath,
Ar 'n eucoir air an t-suaithneas bhan.
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Ach's eagal leam ge math a chleir,
'S gach sonas gheallair dhuinn le'm beul,
Gu'm fuicear sinn a' sìleadh dheur
A choinn an suaithneas ban a threig.
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Cuireamaid soraidh bhuainn gu reidh
Leis na dh'imicheas an cein,
Dh'ionnsaidh an ait' na laidh an reull,
Dh'fhogradh uainn gach gr'uaim a's neul.
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

S bitheamaid toilicht' leis na tha,
O nach d' fhaod sinn bhi na's fearr,
Cha bhi n-ar cuairt an so ach gearr,
A's leanaidh sin an suaithneas ban,
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

MIANN AN OGANAICH GHAEILICH.

AIR FOKX—"We'll go no more a roving."

Tha sud do ghna air m'inntinn,
Le iompaidd chinnteach, reidh,
'S gur fada bho'n bu mhiannach leam,
Gu'n triallamaid dha reir;
'S a nis' bho nach urrainn mi
Ga chumail orm gu leir,
B'ìdh mi fùdheoidh ag aideachadh
Na th'agam dhut de speis.

*An sin treigeamaid am farsan,
'S gu'm b' fhearr na bhi air chuairt,
Bhi maille ris a' chailin sin,
Le farsadachd gun ghruam.
An sin treigeamaid, &c.*

Gach aon a chi mi 's beartaiche,
Bithidh spailp orr' as am maoin.
Ach sud cha b'urraimn m' iasgach-sa,
Ge d' liathain leis an aois,
Mo nadur ge d' bhiodh iarrtach,
Dha' mhiann 's nach tugainn taobh,
Le snaim cho dian' cha shnasaichinn,
Mar glacte mi le gaol.
An sin treigeamaid, &c.

Na ged' bu shamhl' an storas mi,
Ge neonach sud leibh fein.
Dha'n neach is liugh' coracleach,
Tha 'm Breatuinn mhor gu leir
Ge soilleir inbhe 'n stata sin,
Cha taladh e mi ceum,
'S air mheiltean oir cha lubainn-s'
Ach an taobh dha 'm biodh mo dheidh.
An sin treigeamaid, &c.

Gach fear dha'm beil na smaointean so,
Bithidh m'anta dha gu mor,
Air chumha gun ghne theag-mhaladh,
R'a f'haotainn bhi na dhoigh;
A run-sa 'nuair a d'fhiosraichinn,
Na'm measainn bhi air choir,
Gu'm molainn gun a diobairt dha,
Cho fad sa bhiodh e beo.
An sin treigeamaid, &c.

Gu'm b'ait leam cailin fínalta,
 'S i maiseach, fíor-ghlan, ciuin,
 Ged' nach biodh ní, no airgead aic',
 Ach dreach a's dealbh air thus
 Ach sud na'n tarladh aic' a bhi
 'S ga reir bhi pailt' an cliu,
 Cha chreidinn gu'm bu mbist' i e,
 'S i fein bhi glie air chul.
An sin treigemaid, &c.

Cha treiginn fein a bharail sin,
 A dh'aindeoin 's na their each,
 Le iomluas gu bhi caohlaidheach,
 'S nach nontaicheadh mo chail,
 Gach fear bi'dh mar a's toileach leis,
 Gun choireachd bhuam gu brath,
 'S a leanas e gu dicheallach,
 A bheirt a chi e 's fearr.
An sin treigemaid, &c.

MIANN NA H-OIGHE GAELICH.

[AIR AN FHONN CHEUDNA.]

Na'n tarladh dhomh sin fheatainn,
 Cha b'eigin leam no cas,
 Bhi 'g iomlaid gaoil gun fhadal ris,
 'S gu reidh ga aidmheil dha,
 'Sa dh' aindeoin uail a's goraich
 Nan oighean oga, bath,
 'S e sud an teuchd gu dideanadh,
 An cridheachan gu brath.

*Gu'm b' annsa na bhi m'onar,
 Mo lamh 's mo ghaol thoirt uam,
 Maraon a's lubadh farasda,
 Le oigear fearail suaire.
 Gu'm b' annsa, &c.*

Na'n deanadh fortan fabhar rium,
 'S an dail sin chuir ma m' choir,
 Le oigear maiseach, mileanda
 Gun anbharr, no dith stoir,
 A chuir an taobh a bithinn-sa,
 'S mi fein am nighinn oig,
 Gun easbhuidh seadh no pairtean air
 Cha'n aich'ain e ach foil.
Gu'm b' annsa, &c.

B'e sud an ceile thaghainn-sa,
 'S cha chladhaire neo-threun,
 Dha'm biodh lan nan cobhraichean,
 Dheth 'n or 's gun treoir dha reir;
 A threudan a' tigh'n' tharais air,
 Le barrachd dheth gach seud,
 Cha'n f'hadh saibhreas sona mi,
 Gun toileachas na dheigh.
Gu'm b' annsa, &c.

Gu'n cumadh Ni-math bhuam-sa sud!
 Fear gabbaidh, cruaidh, gun chliu,

Na fhionaig dhriopail, gheur-chuisich,
 Bhios leirsinneach le shuil,
 Gun tomad a measg dhaoine dheth,
 Gun ghean, gun fhaoilt, na ghnuis,
 Gun fhailteachd, chairdeil, f'hurannach—
 Gun uirghioll aig a's flu.
Gu'm b' annsa, &c.

Ach oigear, dreachmhor, tabhachdach
 Neo-ardanach na ghne,
 Bhios calma 'nuair as eigin da,
 'S rei'-bheartach dha reir;
 Gun storas bhi tigh'n' tharais air,
 Gun aim-bheartas gu leir,
 'S e sud na'm faighinn m'arratas,
 A mhiannaichinn dhomh fein.
Gu'm b' annsa, &c.

ORAN

AR AISEADH AN FHEARUINN DO NA CINN-
 FHEADHNA SA' BHLIADHNA—1782.

LUINNEAG.

*Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn,
 Ho i hoiriunn horo,
 Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn.*

Thug m' inntinn air fad gu beadradh,
 Mar nach leagadh bron i.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Bith'maid gu maranach, geanach,
 Fearail, mar bu choir dhuinn.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Cuirt am bola breac na tharruinn,
 'S glaineachan air bord dhuinn.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Chuala mi naigheachd a Sasunn,
 Ris na las mo sholas.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Na Suinn a bha 'n iomairt Thearlaich,
 Thigh'n' gu dail an corach.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

'S ge d' tha cuid diu sud a thriall uainn,
 Tha 'n iarmad air foghnadh.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Feudaidh mac bodaich a reiste,
 Bhi cuir bleid a storas.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Cosgamaid bola de chuineadh
 Nan Suinn nach eil beo dhiu.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Tostamaid suas gach ceann-finne,
Bh'annas an iomairt mhoir ud.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Tostamaid suas luchd ga leanmhuinn
Gun dearmad air Deorsa;
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Sluagh Bhreatuinn agus Eirinn,
Geilleachdainn da mhorachd.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Ge bu duilich leinn an sgeul ud,
Mac Bìgh Seannas fhogradh.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Cha'n eil sta a bhi ga iunndran
Ge b'e 'm priunnsa coir e.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

'S gun tig tuisleadh air na rìghrean
Mar a dhiobras olach,
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Fonn an cinnich fìor shìol coirce,
Cinnidh foehan ostraich;
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Mar thug mi gu ceann mo luinneag,
Sguiridh mi gu stolda,
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

FEASGAR LUAIN.

FEASGAR Luain, a's mi air chuairt,
Gu'n cuolas fuaim nach b' fhuathach leam,
Ceol nan teud gu h-ordail, rei d.
A's coisir da reir os a chionn;
Thuit mi 'n caochladh leis an ioghnadh,
A dh-aisig mo smaointean a null,
'S chuir mi 'n ceill gu'n imichinn cein,
Le m'aigneachd fein, 's e co'-streap rium.

Chaidh mi steach an ceann na coisir,
An robh ol a's ceol as damhs',
Rìbhinnean, a's fìeasgaich oga,
'S iad an ordugh grinn gun mheang;
Dhearcas fa leath air na h-oighean,
Le rosg foil a null 'sa nall,
'S ghìacadh mo chridhe, 's mo shuil co'ladh,
'S rinn an gaol mo leon air ball!

Dhiuchd mar aingeal, ma mo choinneamh,
'N ainneir og, bu ghriinne snuadh;
'Seang shlios fallain air bhla canaich,
No mar an eal' air a chuan;
Suil ghorm, mheallach, fo chaoil mhala
'S caoin' a sheallas 'g amharc uath,
Beul tìla, tairis' gun ghe smalain,
Dha'n gna carthannachd gun uail.

Mar ghath grein' am madainn cheitein,
Gu'n mheath i mo leisrinn shul,
'S i ceumadh urlair gu reidh, iompaidh,
Do reir pugannan a chiuil;
Rìbhinn mhodhail, 's fìor-ghlan foghlum,
Dh-fhion-fhuil mhorghalach mo ruin,
Reull nan oighean, grian gach coisridh,
'S i'n chiall eomhraidh, cheol-bhinn, chiuin.

'S teare an sgeula sunnailt t-eugaisg,
Bhi ri fheatainn san Roinn-Eorp,
Tha maie', a's feile, tiachd, a's ceutaidh,
Nach facas leam fein fa m' choir,
Gach cliu a' fas riut muirn, 's an aillteachd
An sugradh, 's a maran beoil,
'S gach buaidh a b'ailli, bh' air Diana,
Gu leir mar fhagail, tha alg Moir.

'S bachelach, duallach, cas-bhuidh', cuachach'
Caradh suaineas gruaig do chinn,
Gu h-aluinn, boidheach, faineach, or-bhuidh,
An caraibh seòighn' san ordugh grinn,
Gun chron a'fas riut, a dh' fheut' aireamh,
O do bharr gu sail do bhuinn;
Dhiuchd na buaidhean, oigh, mu'n cuairt dut,
Gu meudachdain t-uail 's gach puing!

Bu leigheas eugail, slan o'n Eug,
Do dh' fhear a d' fheudadh bhi ma d' choir
B' fhear na'n cadal bhi na t-fhagaig,
'G eisdenachd agallaidh do bheoil;
Cha robh *Bhenus* a measg leugaibh,
Dh' aindeoin feucantachd cho boidh'ch,
Ri muirinn mhìn, a leon mo chridh',
Le buaidhean, 's mi 'g a dith ri m' bheo.

'S glan an fhion-fhuil as na fhriamhaich
Thu, gun fhiarradh mhiar, no mheang,
Cinneadh morghalach, bu chrodha,
Tional co 'ladh cho'-stri lann,
Bhuin'eadh cuis a bharr nan du'-Ghall,
Sgiursadh iad gu'n duthchas thall,
Leanadh ruaig air Cataich fhuara,
'S a toirt buaidh orr' anns gach ball.

Tha cabar-feidh an dluth's do reir dhut,
Nach biodh easlaineach san stri,
Fìr nach obadh leis gu'n togail
Dol a chogadh 'n aghaidh rìgh,
Bu cholgail, faiceant' an stoirm feachdaidh,
Arnach, breacanach, air tì
Dol 'san iomairt gun bhonn gioraig,
'S nach pilleadh gu dhol fo chis.

'S trom leam m' osna', 's cruail' leam m' fhor-
tan
Gun ghleus socair, 's mi gun sunnt,
'S mi ri smaointinn air an aon run,
A bhuin mo ghaol gun ghaol d'a chionn.
Throm na Duilean peanas dubaitt,
Gu misamhlachadh air ball,
Thaladh *Cupid* mi san dusal,
As na dhuig mi bruite, fann!

Beir soraith buam d'on rithinn shuaire',
De'n chinneadh mhor a's uaisle gnas,
'Thoir mo dhurachd-sa g'a h-ionusaidh,
'S mi 'n deagh run d'a cul-bhuaidh' ban.
'S nach brúadar eadail a ghluais m'aighe,
'S truagh nach aidich e dhomh tamh,
'S ge b'ann air chuairt, no thall an euan,
Gu'm bi mi smuainteach ort gu brath.

MOLADH A BHAIRD

AIR A THIR FEIN.

Ox is farsan leam gach la,
Bi'dh 'n srachd so gu Braid-Albann,
A d'fheuch a fear a gheibh mi slaint,
A thigh'n' gu ard nan garbh-chrioch,
'S ge do dhirich mi Lùire-lla.
Tha mo epid air falbh bhuam,
Ge tus bliann' uir' o 's beag mo shurd,
Ki bryghaichean Choire-Choramaic.

A thaigh Chill-Fheinn, cha bhuanachd leinn,
Air chinnt' ge d' tha tha boidheach,
A bhi ri sneachd' a diol mo leapa,
Dha'n t-Sasannach dhoite,
'S i'n tir fo thaath dha mor mo luaidh sa,
Ghluais mo smuain gu oran,
'S mi airt bealach triall ri gallion,
Gu fearann nach eol domh.

A Shraith Chinn..Fhaolain nam ba-maola
'S nam fear-caola, luatha,
'S mi nach tagh-leadh, air do ghaol thu.
Nochd gur faonraidh fuar thu ;
Thuirt beul an rafaird riom gum b'fhearr,
Na Gearr-loch an taobh-Tuatha,
Fhearann gortach, lan de bhochdain,
Gun socair aig tuath ann.

Beir mo shoraith 'thir a mhonaidh,
A's nam beann corrach, arda,
Fridh nan gaisgeach 's nan sonn gasda,
Tir Chlann-Eachuinn Ghearr-loch,
Gur uallach, eangach, an damh breangach,
Suas tro' gleannan fasaich,
Bi'dh cuach sa bhaidan, seinn a leadainn,
Moch sa mhadainn, Mhaighe,

Gum b'e Gearr-loch an tir bhaigheil,
'S an tir phairteach, bhiadhar,
Tir a phailteis, tir gun ghlaune,
Tir is glaine falachd,
An tir bhainneach, uachdrach, mhealach,
Chaomhach, chaunnach, thiorail,
Tir an arain, tir an tachdair,
Sithne, a's pailteas iasgaich,

Tir an aigh i, tir nan armunn,
Tir nan sar-fhear gleusa;
Tir an t-suairois, tir gun ghrusimean,
Tir is uaisle faile.

An tir bhoreach, nam frith ro-mhor,
Tir gun leon, gun gheibhinn,
An tir bhraonach, mhaichrach, raonach,
Mhartach, laoghach, theurach.

Gu'n ti nollaig mhor le sonas,
Gu comunn gun phrabar,
O'n's fionmhor gaisgeach le sar acunn
Theid gu feachd na traghaid,
Mar shluagh Mhic-Chu 'il le cruai' fhiubhai',
Ruag gun chun' air srachdan ;
Bi'dh Muireardach maide fo' bhinn chabar
Gu stad i sa Bhraidhe.

Ge do tha mi siubhal Galldachd,
Cha'n ann tha mo mhi-chuis,
Ge d' tha mi 'n taobh-s' ann {priobal
Tha mo ruin do'n chomunn chiuin nach
'Nam tairce' do'n la thigh sibh o'n traigh,
Gu seomar ban nam piean;
Bi'dh ceol nam feadan 's Eoin da spreigeadh
Gu beagadh 'ur mi-ghean.

Bi'dh bola lan air bhord na'n dail,
Cuir surd fo chail na coisir,
Bi'dh luaidh mu'n cuairt nach cluinnt' a
luach.
Aig suinn chuir cuairt na h-Eorpa
Bi'dh luagh a's luinnag, duan a's iorram,
'S cuairt le sgil bho'n oisich,
Aig buidhean ghasda, nan arm sgaitteach.
Treunmhor air feachd comh-stri.

'Nuair tharladh sibh' san taigh-thabhairn,
Far an traichte stoip leibh,
Cha b'e'n canran bhiodh n'ur pairt,
An uair a b'airde poit dhuibh,
Ach mir', a's maran, gaol, a's cairdeas
'S iomairt lamh gun do-bheirt
'S bu bhinn ri eiseachd eaint 'ur beul,
Seach iomairt mheur air oigh-cheol.

Cho fad sa dh'imich cliu na h-Alba,
Fhuaradh ainm na duch' ud,
An am a h-uaislean dhol ri cruadal
'S Eachunn ruadh air thus dhiubh,
O la Raon Flodden nam beum trom'
A shoeraich born na fiadhaidh,
Gu h-uallach, dosrach, suas gun dosgairn,
Uasal bho stoc mhuirneach.

ORAN A RINN AM BARD

ANN AN DUN-EIDEANN

AIR FOMN.—"The Links of the Dee."

Sa' mhadainn 's mi 'g eiridh,
'S neo-eibhinn a ta mi,
Cha b' ionann a's m' abhaist,
Air airdh nan gleann,
O 'n thainig mi 'n taobh-s',
Chuir mi cul ris gach maran,

'S cha bheag a chuis-ghraine leam,
Cannran nan Gall;
Cia mar dh'fheudain bhl subhach,
'S mo chri an ait eile?
Gun agam ach pairt dheth,
Sa 'n ait' anns am beil mi,
Fo dhubhar nam mor-bheann,
Tha 'n corc dheth 's cha cheil mi.
'S gur grain' leam bhl 'g amharo,
Na th'agam na gheall.

O! 's tric bha mi falbh leat,
A gheala-bhean na feile,
Ann a doire nan geug,
A's air reidhlein na druohd;
'S air arathaidh a ghlinne,
Far bu bhinne guth smeorach
'S air iomair nan noineinean,
Fheoirneanach chur',
A direadh a mhulaich
'S a tional na spreidhe,
Gu Innseag na tulaich,
Air iomain sa' cheitean,
Bu neo-chionntach maran,
Mo ghraidh-sa gun bheud ann;
'S gu 'm b'ait leam bhl 'g eisdeachd
Ri sgeula mo ruin.

ORAN ANNS AM BEIL AM BARD

A MOLADH A LEANNAIN.—AGUS A DHUTHAICH
FEIN.

AIR FOKN—'O'er the muir among the heather.'

Gur e mis' tha briste, bruite,
Cia b'e ri'n leiginn mo runachd.
Mu'n ainir is binne sugradh,
'S mi ri giulan a cion-falaich.

*E ho ro mo run an cailin
E ho ro mo run an cailin
Mo run cailin suairc' a mharain,
Tha gach la a' tigh'n' fo' m'aire.*

Tha mo chridhe mar na cuaintean,
Mar dhuilleach nan crann le luasgan,
No mar fhiadh an aird nam fuar-bheann;
'S mo chadal luaineach le faire.

E ho ro, &c.

Shiubhail mi fearann nan Gael,
'S earrainn de Bhreatuinn air farsan
'S cha'n fhacas na bheireadh barr,
Air Finne bhan nan tla-shul meallach.

E ho ro, &c.

Bu bhinne na smeorach Cheitein
Leam do ghloir, 's tu comhradh reidh rium,
'S mo chliabh air lasadh le h-eibhneas,
Tabhairt eisdeachd d'fha d' bheul tairis.

E ho ro, &c.

Bu tu mo chruit, mo cheol, 's mo thailleadh,
'S mo leug phriseil, rimheach, aghmhor,
Bu leighens eugall o na bhas domh,
Na'm feudainn a ghna bhl mar riut.

E ho ro, &c.

Gu muladach mi 's mi smaointinn,
Air cuspair mo chion' gun chaochladh,
Oigh mhin, mhaiseach, nam bas maoth-
gheal,
'S a stios caoin-tla mar an canach.

E ho ro, &c.

Tha do dhealbhan gun chearb, gun fhiarradh,
Min-gheal, fìor-ghlan, dìreach, lìonta,
'S do nadur cho seamh 's bu mhiannach,
Gu pailt, falaidh, ciallach, banail,

E ho ro, &c.

Air fad m' fhuireach an Dun-eideann,
Cumail comuinn ri luchd Beurla
Bheir mi 'n t-soraidh so gu'n treigsinn
Dh' ionnsaidh m' eibhneis ann 'sna glean-
[naibh.]

E ho ro, &c.

Ge do tharladh dhomh bhl 'n taobh-sa,
Gur beag mo thlachd dheth na du-Ghaill.
'S bi'dh mi nis a' cuir mo chul riu,
'S a deanamh m' iuil air na beannaibh,

E ho ro, &c.

Gur eatom mo ghleus, a's m' iompaiddh,
'S neo-lodail mo cheum o'n fhoann so,
Gu tir ard nan sar-fhear sunntach,
'S a treigsinn Galkdachd 'nam dheannamh.

E ho ro, &c.

Diridh mi gu Tulach-Armuinn,
Air leth-taobh Srath min na Lairce,
'S tearnaidh mi gu Innseag bla-choill
'S gheibh mi Finne bhan gun smalan.

E ho ro, &c.

MOLADH AN UISGE-BHEATHA.

LUINNEAG.

*Ho ro gur toigh leinn drama,
Ho ro gur toigh leinn drama,
Ho ro gur toigh leinn drama,
'S ioma fear tha'n geall air.*

Mo ghaol an coilgearnach spraiceil,
Dh-fhas gu foirmeil, meanmach, maisiach,
Dh-fhas gu speiseil, treabhach, tapaidh
Neo-lapach san aimhreit;
Ho ro, &c.

Ach troair g' an d' fhuair a chailleach,*
Bha uaireigin anna na h-Earadh,
Cha mheasa ni mi do mholadh,
Ge do lean mi 'm fonn aic'.
Ho ro, &c.

Thagh i 'm fonn so. 's sheinn i cliu dhut,
Dh-aifhneich i'n sgoinn a bh'ann san druthaig,
'Nuair a bhiodh a broinn san rupail,
B'e run thu bhi teann oirr'.
Ho ro, &c.

Ach 's tu 'm fear briodalach, sugach,
Chuireadh ar mi-ghean air eul duinn,
'S a chuireadh teas oirn san dulachd,
'Nuair bu ghuu an geamhradh,
Ho ro, &c.

Stuth glan na Toiseachd, gun truailleadh,
Gur ioc-shlaint choir am beil buaidh e;
'S tu thogadh m'inntin gu suaireas,
'S cha b'e druaid na *Frainge*.
Ho ro, &c.

'S tu 'n gill' eibhinn, meannnach, boidheach,
Chuireadh na cailleachan gu boilleh,
Bheireadh seannachas as na h-oighean
Air ro-mhoid am baineachd,
Ho ro, &c.

Chuireadh tu uails' anna a bha'-laoch,
Sparradh tu uail anna an arachd,
Dh-fhagadh tu cho suaire' fear dreamach,
'S nach biodh air air dreamdan.
Ho ro, &c.

'S tu mo laochan soitheamh, siobhalt,
Cha bhi loinn ach far am bi thu,
Fograi' tu air falbh gach mi-ghean
'S bheir thu sith a aimhreit'.
Ho ro, &c.

'S mor tha thlachd air do luchd toireachd,
Bithidh iad fiadaidh, pailt ma'n storna,
Chaidh cha sgrubair 's an taigh-od iad,
Sgapadh oir nan deann leo.
Ho ro, &c.

Cha' n'eil cleireach, no pears eaglais,
Crabhach, teallsanach, no sagart,
Dhu nach toir thu caochladh aigne—
Spurra' ceill san amhlair.
Ho ro, &c.

* The bard here alludes to the celebrated Mary McLeod the poetess, who is said to have been a little dry in her last years. Tradition has it that, when Mary paid a visit to any of her friends, if the *shell* was not in immediate requisition, she feigned to be suddenly seized with colic—raising such lugubrious moans and shrieks as could not but alarm the inmates. "Oh! Mary, dear daughter," they would exclaim in their simplicity, "what ails you—what can do you good?" Mary, who was musical even in her distress, would reply in the words of the chorus—" *Ho ro ur toigh lean drama*"

Cha' n'eil cleasaich anna an rioghachd
Dha' m bu leas a dhol a stri riut,
Dh-fhagadh tu e-san na shineadh,
'S pìoban as gach ceann deth.
Ho ro, &c.

Dh-fhagadh tu fear mosach fiadaidh,
Dheana' tu fear tosdach briathrach,
Chuire' tu sog air fear olanail,
Le d' shoghraidhean greannar.
Ho ro, &c.

Dh-fhaga' tu cho slan fear bacach,
'S e gun ich, gun oich, gun acain,
'G eiridh le sunnt air a leth-chois,
Gu spailpeil a dhambas.
Ho ro, &c.

Chuire' tu bodaich gu beadrach,
'S na cromsaichean sgrogach, sgreagach,
Gu eiridh gu frogall, na cheigeil,
Ri sgeig air an t-sheann aois,
Ho ro, &c.

Bu tu suiriche mo ruin-sa,
Ge d' thuit na mnathan nach b'fhiu thu,
'Nuair a thachras tu sa' chuill riù,
Bheir thu cuis gun taing dhiu.
Ho ro, &c.

Bu tu cairid an fhir-fhacail,
Bheireadh fuasgla' dha gu tapaidh.
Ged nach ol e dhìot ach cairteal,
'S blasmoirid a chainnt e.
Ho ro, &c.

Tha cho liugha buaidh air fas ort,
'S gu la-luain nach faod mi'n aireamh,
Ach 'se sgaol do chliu 's gach aite,
Na baird a bhi 'n geall ort.
Ho ro, &c.

Thogadh ort nach b'fheairde mis thu,
Gun ghoid thu mo chuid gun fhios uam
Ach gun taing do luchd do mhiosgainn
Cha chreid mise drann dheth.
Ho ro, &c.

Bha mi uair, 's bu luach-mhor t-fheum-dhomh,
Ge nach tuig mal-shluagh gun cheill e,
Dum amabam, sed quid refert,
Na ghraig *que amanda*.
Ho ro, &c.

MAC-NA-BRACHA.

LUINNEAG.

'S toigh linn drama, lion a ghlaime,
Cuir an t-sarray sin an nall;
Mac-na-brach' an gille gada,
Cha bu rapairean a chlann.

Ge b'e dhl-mol thu le theangaidh.
B'ole an aithne bha na cheann.
Mar tig thu fhathast na charamh,
Gu'm bell mo bharall-sa mealt'.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Na'm b'e duine dha nach b'col thu,
Dheana' foir-eart ort le calnt,
Cha bhidheamaid fein dha leanmhuinn,
Chionn 's gu'm biodh do shealbh air
gann,
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Ach fear a bha greis na d' chomunn,
Cha b'e chomain-s' a bh'ann
Bhi cuir mi-chlta air do nadur,
Gur an dha-sa bhios a chall,
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Co dh'aoireadh fear do bheusan?
Ge do bheirt' e fein sa'n *Phraing*,
No dhi-nholadh stuth na Toiseachd?
Ach trudar nach oladh dram.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Stuth glan na Toiseadh gun truailleadh,
An ioc-shlaint is uaisle t' ann,
'S fearr gu leigheas na gach lighich,
Bha no bhitheas a measg Ghall.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Cia mar a dheanamaid bannais?
Cumhnanta, no ceangal teann?
Mar bi dram agalnn do'n Chleireach,
Bu leibeideach feum a pheann.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Tha luchd crabhaidh dha do dhiteadh,
Le cul-chaint a's briodal feall,
Ge d' nach aidich iad le'm beoil thu,
Olaidh iad thu mar an t-allt.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

A Chleir fein, ge seunt' an cota,
Tha'n sgornanan ort an geall,
Tha cuid ac' a ghabhas fnoileadh,
Cho math ri saighdear sa' champ,
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

An t-OLLA MAC-IAIN* le Bheurla,
Le 'Laideann a's 'Ghreuguis-chainnt,
Gu'n dh-fhag stuth uaibhreach nan Gael,
'Teang' a chananaich ud mall.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

'N uair thug e ruaig air feadh na h-Alba,
'S air feadh nan garbh-chrioch ud thall
Dh-fhag Mac-na-brach' e gun lide
Na amadan liotach, dall.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Gu'm b'ait leam fein, fhir mo chridhe,
Bhi mar ri d' bhuidhean 's gach am,

* Dr. Samuel Johnson.

'S tric a bha sinn ar dithis
Gun phìob, gun fhidheall, a damhs!
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

When our author's celebrated preceding song in praise of whiskey became generally known, Mr. John MacDonald, the author of the excellent love-ditty, the second set of *Mairi Laghach*, invoked his muse and composed a parody on Itaya-tematically overthrowing everything Ross had said in its praise. Our author having heard of this, again tuned his lyre—sustained the positions he formerly assumed—sustained the villifier of *agua vite* and at still the length celebrated the inspiring qualities.

MOLADH NA H-OIGHE GAELICH.

AIR Fonn—"Mount your baggage."

A Nighean bhoidheach
An or-fhuilte bhachalaich,
Nan gorm-shul miogach,
'S nam min bhas sneachda-gheal,
Gu'n siubhlain reidheach
A'a sleibhtean Mhreatuinn leat,
Fo earradh sgaoilte
De dh'aodach breacain orm,

'S e sud an t-eideadh
Ri 'n eireadh m'aigne-sa,
'S mo nighean Ghaelach,
Aluinn agam ann;
O bheil na h-oidhche
Gu soills' na madainne,
Gu'm b'ait n-ar sugradh
Gun dual cadail oirn.

Ge d' tha na bain-tighearnan
Gallda, fasanta,
Thug oigh na Gaelig,
Barr am mais' orra,
Gur annir sheoighn i
Gun sgoid ri dearc' oirre,
Na h-earradh gle-mhath
De dh'eudadh breacanach.

Gur foinnidh, mileanta
Direach, dreachmhor, i,
Cha lub am feoirnean
Fo broig 'nuair shaltras i;
Tha deirge a's gile
Co-mhire glenchedunaich,
Na gnais ghil, eibhinn,
Rinn ceudan airtneulach.

Reidh dheud chomhnard
An ordugh innealta,
Fo bhillibh sar-dhaitht',
Air blath *bhermillian*;
Tha h-aghaidh narach
Cho lan de chinealtachd,
'S gun tug a h-aogas,
Gach aon an ciomachas.

Gur binne comhradh
Na oraid fhileanta,
Tha guth nì's ceolmhoir',
Na oigh-cheol binn-fhaclach,
Cha laidheadh bron oirn,
No leon, no lomadan,
Ri faighinn sgeul duinn
O bheul na òinne sin.

'Nuair thig a Bhealltainn,
'S an Samhradh lusnach,
Bi'dh sinn air airdh,
Air ard nan uchdanan,
Bi'dh cruil nan gleannan
Gu canntair, cuirteasach,
Gu tric gar dugsadh
Le surd gu moch-eiridh.

'S bi'dh 'n crodh, 's na caoirich,
'S an fhraoch ag inealtradh,
'S na gobh'raibh bailg-fhionn,
Gu ball-bhreac, bior-shuilleach,
Bi'dh 'n t-al 's an leimnich
Gun cheill, gun chion -ra,
Ri gleachd 's ri comhrag
'S a snotach-bhileagan.

Bi'dh mise, a's Mairi
Gach la 's na glacagan,
No'n doire geugach
Nan eunan breac-iteach,
Bi'dh cuach, a's smeorach,
Ri ceol 's ri caiseamachd,
'S a gabhail orain
Le sgornain bhlasda dhuinn.

Note.—"WILLIAM ROS chiefly delighted in pastoral poetry, of which he seized the true and genuine spirit.—'Moladh na h-oighe Ghaelich' or his 'Praise of the Highland Maid' is a masterpiece in this species of composition. It embraces everything that is lovely in a rural scene; and the description is couched in the most appropriate language."—BIBLIOTHECA SCOTO-CELTICA.

AN LADIE DUBH.

LUINNEAG.

*Ho ro ladie dhui',
Ho ro eile,
Ho ro ladie dhui',
Ho ro eile,
Ho ro ladie dhui',
Ho ro eile,
Gu'm b'èibhinn le m'aigneadh
An ladie na'm feudadh.*

Nach mireagach *Cupid*,
'S e sugradh ri mhathair,
Dia brionnach gun suilean,
An duil gur ceol-gair' e,

A' tilgeadh air thuairream,
Mu'n cuairt anna gach aite,
A shnighdean beag, guineach,
Mar's urrainn e'n sathadh.
Ho ro ladie dhui', &c.

Bha sagart 's na eriochan,
'S bu diaghaidh 'm fear-leughaidh,
Air dunadh le creideamh,
'S le eagnachd cho eudmhor;
'S b'ann a cheann-cagair,
A theagasg bhi beusach
Gun ofrail a nasgadh
Aig altairean *Bhenus*.
Ho ro ladie dhui', &c.

'Nuair a chunnaic a bhan-dia,
Fear-teampull cho duire,
Gun urram dh'a maildeachd,
Gun mhiagh air a sugradh,
Chuir i 'n dia daildach,
Beag, feallsach, gun suilean,
'Dh-fheuchain am feudadh e,
A ghleusadh gu h-urlaim.
Ho ro ladie dhui', &c.

'Nuair dhiuchd an dia baother,
Beag, faoilteach, mu'n cuairt da,
Gun thilg e air saighead,
O cnailin na buaille
Chaidh 'n sagart na lasair,
'S cha chuir as gu la-luala e,
Mar bhitheadh gun gheill e,
Do *Bhenus* san uair sin.
Ho ro ladie dhui', &c.

'S b'e aidmheil an *Lebhit*,
'Nuair a b' eigin da umhlachd,
Gu 'm b' fheairrde gach buachaille
Gruagach a phusadh,
'S bha cailin na buaille,
Cho buan ann a shuillean,
S' gun robh i na aigneadh,
Na chadal 's na dhusgadh.
Ho ro ladie dhui', &c.

'S e fath ghabh an sagart,
Air caidridh na h-oighe,
Air dha bhi air madainn,
Ga h-aidmheil na sheomar,
A glacadh 'sa leagadh,
Air leabaidh bhig chomhnaird,
'S mu's maitheadh e peacadh,
Bhi tacan ga pogadh.
Ho ro ladie dhui', &c.

Ach tilgidh na Cinnich,
Mar ilisgean oirnne,
Mar tha sinn cho deidheil,
Air eibhneas na h-oige
Luchd-creideimh a's crab'
Toirt stracan gu gora'
'S a bristeadh nan aint'
Le barr am buill-e'
Ho ro ladie d'

Note—The foregoing cynical song was composed on a rigidly righteous Highland School-master, who, fancying that his ferula and cassock were sufficient to sustain him in his self-lauded innocence, was notorious in the country-side for his scorching tirades against all delinquents—especially such as had incurred the rebuke of the kirk-session. Our bard, although free from the grosser immoralities, being a little amorous in his disposition, came once or twice under the lash of this censor.—But alas! the instability of human virtues—"holy Willie" himself got an illegitimate child! The *fama* of the Saint's sin ran from one corner of the parish to the other by getting his servant maid in the *family way*.—The poet readily availed himself of the opportunity to retaliate upon the Dominie, and applied the lash with great skill.—Nothing excels the irony and sarcasm of our bard in this production; if he does not exult a little too loudly over a fallen enemy.

CUMHADH A BHAIRD

AIR SON A LEANNAIN.

AIR Fonn—"Farewell to Lochaber."

GED' is socrach mo leabaidh,
Cha'n e'n cadal mo mhiann,
Leis an luasgans' th'air m'aigneachd,
O cheann fad' agus cian,
Gu'm beil teine na lasair,
Gun dol as na mo chliabh,
Tabhairt brosnachadh geur dhomh,
Gu bhì 'g eridh 'sa triall.

CO'-SHEIRM.

*Seinn eibhinn, seinn eibhinn,
Seinn eibhinn an dail,
Seinn eibhinn bhinn eibhinn,
Seinn eibhinn gach la,
Seinn eibhinn, binn eutrom,
Seinn eibhinn, do ghna
Seinn eibhinn, seinn eibhinn,
Chuireadh m' easlain gu lar.*

Tha mi corr a's tri bliadhna,
Air mo lionadh le gaol,
'S gach aon la dhin stiùireadh,
Saighead ur ann mo thaobh;
Cia mar 's leir dhomh ni taitneach,
Dh'aindeoin pailteas mo mhaoin?
'S mi as eugmhais do mharain,
Bhiodh gun ardan rium saor,
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

'S e do mharan bu mhiann leam,
'S e tigh'n' gun fhiabhras gun ghruaim,
Mar ri blasdach na t-eòraid,
'S e bu cheol-bhinne fuaim;
Dh'eireadh m' inntinn gu h-abhachd,
Ri linn bhì 'g aireamh gach buaidh.
A bha co'-streup ri mo leannan
Bainidh, farasda, suaire'.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

'S gur gile mo leannan
Nan cal' air an t-snamh,
Gur binn' i na'n smeorach,
Am barraibh ro-chrann sa mnaigh,
Gur e geamh'achd a beusan,
'S i gun eacoir na cail,
A lub mise gu geilleadh
Air bhèag eigin na gradh.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

Gu'm beil maise na h-eudann,
Nach feudainn-'s' a luaidh,
Tha i pailt ann an ceutaidh,
'S an ceill a thoirt buaidh,
Gun a coimeas ri featainn
Ann an speis, san taobh-tuath,
M' og mhin-mhala bhainidh,
Thogadh m' inntinn o ghruaim,
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

'S ge do bhithinn an eugail,
Agus leigh air toirt dail,
Nach biodh furtachd an dan domh,
Ach am bas an gearr uin',
Chuireadh eugas mo mhin-mhal',
Mo mhi-ghean air chul,
Ghlacainn binneas na smoraich
A's gheibhinn solas as ur.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

Ge binn cuach 's ge binn smeorach,
'S ge binn coisir 's gach crann,
Seinn ciuil dhomh 'n coill smudain,
Theich mo shugradh-'s' air chall—
Tha mi daonnan a smaointeach,
Air mo ghaol ann sa' ghleann
'S mi air tuiteam am mi-ghean,
Gun a briodal bli ann.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

'Nuair a bhithinn-'s' 's mo mhin-mhal'
An gleannan rimheach na cuach,
No 'n doire fagach na smoraich,
Gabhail solais air chuairt;
Cha mhalairtin 's' eibhneas
O bhi ga h-eugmhais car uair,
Air son stòras fhir-stata,
Dh' aindeoin airdead an uail.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

Ge bu righ mi air Albainn,
Le cuid airgeid a's spreidh
B'e mo raghainn mo mhin-mhal',
Thar gach rìbhinn dhomh fein,
Cha bu shuaimhneas gu bas domh
'N aon aite fo 'n ghrein,
'S mi as eugmhais do mharain,
Gus mo thearnadh o bheud.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

Ach' mosg'leam tharais a mi-ghean,
'S cuiream gith air mo ghruaim,
Beo nì's faide cha bhi mi
Gun mo mhin-mhala shuairt!

Oig mhin beir mo shoraidh
Leat na choirean so shuas,
Seinn mo ruin ann sa' ghleannan.
'S tuigidh 'n cailin e bhuat.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

CUACHAG NAN CRAOBH.*

CHUACHAG nan craobh, nach trua'leat mo
chaol'
'G osnaich ri oidhche' cheothar—
Shiubhlainn le'm' ghaol, fo dhubhar nan
craobh,

Gu'n dein' air an t-saoghal fheoraich,
Thogainn ri gaoith am monadh 'an fhraoich,
Mo leabaidh ri taobh dorain—
Do chrutha geal caomh sinte ri m' thaobh,
'S mise ga'd chaoin phogadh.

Chunna' mi fein aisling, 's cha bhreug,
Dh-fhag sin mo chre bronach,
Fear mar ri te, a pogdh a beul,
A briodal an deigh posaidh,
Dh'uraich mo mhiann, dh'ath'rich mo chiall,
Ghul mi gu dian, doimeach,
Gach cuisle agus feith, o iochdar mo chleibh
Thug iad gu leum co'-lath!

Ort tha mo gheall, chaill mi mo chonn,
Tha mi fo throm chreuchdan,
Dh'aisigeadh t-fhonn slainte do'm chom,
Dhiuchdadh air lom m' eibhneas,
Thiginn ad dhail, chuirinn ort failt',
Bhithinn a ghraidh reidh riut—
M'ulaidh s m' mhiann, m' aighear 's mo
chiall,
'S ainneir air fiamh grein' thu!

Thuit mi le d'ghath, mhill thu mo rath,
Striochd mi le neart dorain
Saighdean do ghaoil sait' anns gach taobh,
'Thug dhìom gach caoin co'-lath,
Mhill thu mo mhaist, ghoid thu mo dhreach,
'S mheudaich thu gal broin domh;

* The poet, crossed in love, suffered such pugnancy of grief that it ultimately brought on a consumption and he was for some time bed-ridden. On a fine evening in May, he rose and walked out through the woods to indulge his melancholy alone.—Arriving at a large tree, he threw himself on the green sward beneath its branches, and was not long in his sequestered sylvan situation ere the cuckoo began to carol above him.—“The son of song and sorrow” immediately tunes his lyre, and sings an address to the feathered vocalist.—He pours out his complaints before the shy bird, and solicits its sympathies.—Had Burns been a Gaelic Scholar, we should have no hesitation in accusing him of plagiarism, when he sung:—

“How can ye chaunt ye little birds,
While I'm so wae an' fu' o' care?”

But Ross embodies finer feelings and sentiments in his fugitive pieces than even the bard of

'S mar fuasgail thu tra, le t-flhuran 's le
t-fhailt'

'S cuideachd am bas dhomh-sa!

'S cama-lubach t-fhalt, fanna-bhui' nan
cleachd

'S fàbhrad nan rosg aluinn;
Gruaidhean mar chaor, broilleach mar aol,
Anail mar ghaoth garaidh—
Gus an cuir iad mi steach, an caol-taigh nan
leac

Bidh mi fo neart craidh dheth,
Le smaintinn do chleas, 's do shugradh nam
seach,

Fo dhuilleach nam preas blath'or.

'S milis do bheul, 's comhnard do dheud,
Suillean air lidh airneig,

'Ghiulaineadh breid, uallach gu feill,
'S uasa! an reull aluinn—

'Strua' gun an t-end tha'n uachdar mo chleibh,
Gad bhualadh-s' an ceud aite—

Na faighinn thu feidh puid' on a chieir
B'fhasa dhomh-fein tearnadh.

'S tu 'n ainneir tha grinn, mileanta, binn,
Le d' cheileir a sinn oran.

'S e bhi na do dhail a dh'oidhe sa la,
Thoilicheadh cail m' oige:

Gur gile do bhian na sneachd air an fhiar,
'S na canach air sliabh mointich,

Nan deanadh tu ruin taruinn rium dlu'
Dheanainn gach turs' fhogar.

Carair gu reidh clach agus cre
Ma'n leabaidh-s' a bhri t-uaisle—

'S fada m' 'n eis a feitheamh ort fein
'S nach togair thu gheug suas leam,

Na b'thus a bhiodh tinn, dheanainn-sa luim,
Mas biodh tu fo chuing truaighe,

Ach 's goirid an dail gu'm faicear an la,
'M bi pragan a' tra'l m'uaigh-sa!

Mallachd an tus, aig a mhnaoi-ghluin',
Nach d' adhlac sa chuil beo mi!

Mu'n d' fhuair mi ort iuil ainneir dheas ur,
'S nach duirig thu fiu pog dhomh,

Tinn gu'n bhi slan, duisgt' as mo phramh,
Cuimhneachach dan posaidh

Mo bheannachd ad dheigh, cheannaich thu-
fein,

Le d' leannanachd gle og mi.

ORAN EADAR AM BARD,

AGUS CAILLEACH-MHILLEADH-NAN-DAN.

AM BARD.

Ach gur mise tha duilich,

'S mi gu m'uladach truaigh,

Cha'n urra' mi aircamh

Mar a tha mi 's gach uair,

Gu'm beil dorain mo chridhe,
Dha mo ruighinn cho cruaidh,
Leis a' chion 'thug mi'n ribhinn,
O nach dirich mi suas.

A' CHAILLEACH

Tosd a shladai', 's dean firinn,
'S nabi 'g innsea' nam breug,
Cha chreid mi bhuat fathasd,
Nach eil da'ich do sgeul,
Ma tha i cho maiseach,
'S cho pailt ann an ceill,
'S nach urra' mi t-aicheadh,
Bheir mi barr dh'i thar cheud.

Ma's i ribhinn do leannan,
Faire! faire! *brabho!*
Cha bhi t-onoir gun anabharr;
Your servant, my Lord!
Mar a foghainn leat gruagach,
Ach te uasal le srol,
Gus am faic mi do bhanais,
Cha chan mi ni's mo.

AM RAPD.

Tha mo leannan ni's aille,
Na tha sa'n Roinn-corp,
Gur gile, a's gur glain' i
Na canach an fheoir
Gur binne na chlarsach
Leam abhachd a beoil,
Aig a mhiad s' thug mi ghaol d'i,
Cha 'n fhaod mi bhi beo!

A' CHAILLEACH.

'S tu d' fhosgail thar choir e,
'S nach soradh a bhreug,
'S a liughad gnais ro-ghlan
'S an Roinn-corpa gu leir,
Ma's a samhladh dh'i 'n canach,
Cha'n' aithne dhomh fheum;
Ma's e 'gaol a bheir triall ort,
Deagh bhliadhn' as do dheigh.

Ma's a binne na chlarsach
Leat abhachd a beoil,
Gur neonach nach cuala' sinn
Luaidh air a ceol;
Mar a h-ealaidh os 'n iosal
Ann an diomhaireachd mhor,
Ris an eireadh a chridhe,
Gun ach tri-'ear ma coir.

AM BARD.

'S i mo Leannan an 'eucag
Air na ceudan thug barr,
Gnais shoillear, caol-mhala',
Suil thairis, ghorm, thla,
Beul min mar an t-shirist
O' milis thig failt',

Gruaidh dhearg mar na caoran,
Sud aogais mo ghraidh.

A' CHAILLEACH.

Mar b'e iteach na *Pecaig*,
Cha bhiod speis dh'i no diu
Cha'n 'eil math innt' no dolaidh
Mar a toillich i 'n t-suil
Chuir a h-ionan, sa casan,
Mi-dhreagh air a muirn,
Ge d' tha spuilp as a h-eideadh,
Gur eun i nach fiu.

Gnais shoillear, caol-mhala,
Suil thairis, ghorm, thla,
Ge d' tha taitneachdain seal annt,
Cha mhair iad ach gearr,
Iathaidh bilibh dearg, daite,
Teangaidh sgaiteach, lom, gheartt',
'S mar tha seirce nan gruidhean,
Cha bhuain' iad na cach!

The woman here introduced as a hypereritic in song was a particular friend of the poet.—Ross began, in her presence, to sing the praises of "the girl of his affections" and his own certainty of a premature grave in consequence of her refusal of him.—The old wife heard the first stanza, and by way of episode or running commentary, endeavours to cure him of his passion.—She thus continues her intervening remarks to the end of his ditty.—The poet was so struck with the shrewdness and point of her episodes that he immediately versified them.—The song, therefore, comes before us in the shape of a duet—the woman, however, singing two stanzas to the poet's one.—Ross does everything as he should—he well knew the garrulousness of women, and their privilege to have the last word in every controversy!

BRUGHACHLEAN GHLINN'-BRAON

LUINNEAG.

*Beir mo shoraidh le durachd,
Do ribhinn nan dlu-chiabh,
Ris an tric bha mi sugradh,
Ann am Brughachlean Ghlinne-Braon.*

Gur e mis' tha gu cianail,
'S mi cho fad bhuat am bliadhna,
Tha liunn-dubh air mo shiarradh,
'S mi ri iarguin do glaoil.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Cha 'n fhead mi bhi subhach,
Gur he 's beus domh bhi dubhach,
Cha dirich mi brughach,
Chaidh mo shiubhal an laoid
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Chaidh m' astar a maillead,
O nach faic mi mo leannan,

'S ann a chleachd mi bhi mar riut,
Ann an gleannan a chaoil.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Anns a choill' am bi smudan
'S e gu binn a seinn ciuil duinn,
Cuach a's smeorach 'g ar dusgadh,
A cuir na smuid diu le faoil'.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

'S tric a bha mi 's tu mireadh,
Agus cach ga n-ar sireadh,
Gu 's bu deonach linn pilleadh,
Gu Innis nan laogh,
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Sinn air faireadh na tulaich,
'S mo lamh thar do mhuineal,
Sinn ag eisdeachd nan luinneag,
Bhiodh a' mullach nan craobh.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Tha mise 'ga raite,
'S cha 'n urra mi aicheadh,—
Gur iomadach sar
Thig air airdh nach saol.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Gur mis' tha sa' champar,
S mi fo chis anns an am so,
Ann am prìosan na Frainge,
Fo ain-neart gach aon.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Ann an seomraichean glaiste,
Gun cheol, no gun mhaenas,
Gun ordugh a Sasuinn,
Mo thoirt dhathaigh gu saor.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Cha b'ionnan sud agus m' abhaist.
A siubhal nam fasach,
'S a dìreachd nan ard-bheann,
Gabhail fath air na laoiach.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

A siubhal nan stuc-bheann,
Le mo ghurra nach diultadh;
'S le mo phlasgaichean fudair,
Air mo ghlun anns ar fhraoch
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

ORAN CUMHAIDH.

[A rin am bard an'nuair a chual e gu'n phos a
leannan (Mor Ros) air dh'i dhol dhacaigh do
Shasuinu maille ri companach.]

AIR Fonn—"Robai dona gorach."

GE fada na mo thamh mi
Tha 'n damhair dhomh dusgadh,

Cia fath ma'n thriall mo mharan,
'S gum b'abhaist dhomh sugradh?
Carson a bhithinn bronach?
Ma'n oigh 's gun a diu dhomh,
Ge'd ghlac i 'n luib a graidh mi,
Le amhailtean *Chupid*.

Gach fear a bhios a feoraich,
Mar leonadh le gaol mi,
Tha raghainn sud do'n tuathdaidh,
On 's dual da bhi smaointinn:
Cha 'n aidich mi ach foil e,
'S cha mho ni mi saoradh
Thig m' ur-sgeul bho *Apollo*,
Mar sheolas na *Naoinear*.

Ach sud mar sheinneadh Cormaic,*
'S e dearhad a cheud ghaoil,
'S e gabhail cruil da iunnsaidh
Le inneal ciuil da gleusadh,
On chuir finne 'n diu-chall,
Mo shugradh 's mo bheusan,
Gu'm bath mi'n guth an orghain,
Le toraghan mo speis dh'i.

'Nuair dh'eirich Cailean Cormaic
Air chorra-ghleus gu farsan,
Gu'n d'fheoraich am fear og
An e goraich a dh'fhas ann,
'S a liughad cailin beul-dhearg,
Cho beusach 's cho narach,
A's finne a th'air an fheill,
A tha feumach air maran.

* Tradition says that this Cormac, whom the Bard mentions so often in the above song, was an Irish Harper, who came to Scotland and visited several of the Highland Chiefs. Heat length went to the family of Macleod of Lewis, and served him for several years as a Harper. Having fallen in love with Macleod's eldest daughter, he resolved, on the first opportunity, to fly with her to Ireland. One night, after supper, Cormac tuned his harp, and played a tune of the name of "*Deuchain ghleust' Mhic O' Chormaic*," which had the power to lull all to sleep who were within hearing of it. By this magic music the whole of Macleod's household fell into a deep slumber. Cormac then drew a large dagger, which he used to carry about him, called *Madag-achlais*, to cut Macleod's throat. As he was drawing near the chief with his knife, Macleod's eldest son came in, after returning from his daily mountain sports, and seeing Cormac approaching his father with such a dreadful weapon, exclaimed—"Cormac! Cormac! what do you intend to do—are you mad?" Cormac replied, "Mad, my young man! think you so? I am not; but I have a regard for your fair sister, whom I am resolved to take with me to Ireland; and as your aged father will not gratify my desire, I must sever his head from his body and clear my way." On hearing this, the youth replied, "You had better not, as you may get your choice of a thousand virgins in Scotland much fairer than my sister, without committing so cruel a deed." Cormac said, "You speak truly, my young man; hand me my lyre that I may banish the virgin's love with the sound of my harp." The Bard uses this history as a text to the above song, where he complains that Cormac, with the melody of his harp, had cured his love, while a remedy for his own was never to be found.

'Nuair chual' am Macan-baoth sin,
'S a ghaol bhi do-mhuchie.
'S e smaointich e gu thearbadh,
Bhi falbh as a dhuthaich
Ach nochdadar na h-aobhair,
'S e 'n caoin ruith le tursa,
Gun ghilac e cruitt a's sheinne,
Le binn-cheol as ur e.

Bha feiteach air an arghan,
Aig Cormaic ri ard-cheol,
Mas biodh an fhinne 'n uachdar,
Air duan na fuaim clarsaich,
Ach cha d' fhuair mise sgeul
Ann am Beurla no Gaelig,
A dh'innseadh dhomh mar d'fhaodainn
An gaol ud a smaladh.

O! teirmeasg air a ghaol sin,
Nach faodainn a threigsinn,
A's gur h-e chuir a laoidh mi
Bhi smaointinn bean t-eugais,
'S 'n teire a bha 'n ad ghnuis-ghil,
A lub mi gu eugail,
'S nach deann Lighich 'slan mi,
Och! b'fhearr gum b'e 'n t-eug e.

Is ciomach ann do ghaol mi
Ri smaointinn bean t-aiteachd,
Cha chadal anns an oidhch' dhomh,
'S cha 'n fhois anns 'an la dhomh,
Cha n' fhasas ri mo re,
'S cha 'n fhaigh mi sgeul gu brath air
Ni b'annsa' na bhi reith 's tu,
A gheug nam bas bana.

Gur binne leam do chomhradh
Na smeorach nan geugan,
Na cuach sa mhadainn Mhaighe,
'S na clarsach na'n teudan,
Na'n t-Easpuig air la Dombhaich
'S a mor-shluagh 'ga eisdeachd,
Na ge do chunnte stòras
Na h-Eorpa gu leir dhomh.

C'arson nach d' rugadh dall mi,
Gun chainnt no gun leirsinn?
Mas fàic e t-aghaidh bha indidh,
Rinn a eas nan ceudan,
O'n chunna ni air thus the,
Bu chliuteach do bheusan,
Cha n' fhasa' leam nam bas
A bhi lathair as t-eugmhais!

Ach 's truagh! gu'm beil do run-sa,
Cho dur dha mo learnhuinn,
'S mo chridhe steach 'ga ghiulan,
A h-uile taobh daa falbh mi,
An cadal domh no dusgadh
A sugradh no seanachas,
Tha sud da m' raugadh daonnar,
'S mi sgaoilte gun tearmann!

Ach fàsgaidd mi mo dhuthaich
Gu 'n diuch'naich mi pairt dheth,
Ro-mheud sa thug mi run
Dha do chul buidhe, faineach,
Air triall dhomh thar m' eolas
A dh'ain-deoin mo chairdean
Tha saighead air mo ghiulan,
A lubas gu lar mi!

'S a nise bho'n a thriall thu,
'S nach b' fhiach leat mo mharan,
A chionn 's nach robh mi stòrasach,
Mor ann an stata,
Ach sud ge d'obh da 'm dhi'-sa,
Cha 'n islich mi pairtean,
Tha m' aigne torrach, fìor-ghlan,
Nach diobair gu brath mi.

Ach mu's a triall gun dail dut,
Gu aite nam mor-sheol,
Gu'n fhuireach ri do chairdean,
Do dhaimh, no luchd t-eolais,
Biodh soirion air na speuran,
Gun eiridh air mor-thonn,
A dh' aiseageas le reidh ghaioith
Gun bhead thu gu seol-ait.

Mar sud bha ur-sgeul Chormaic
Cho dearbhta sa' sheinn e,
E-fein sa' chomunn og
'S iad gle bhronach mar-thimcheall,
E gabhail cead le poig dh'i,
Gu'n chomhradh gun impidh
'S e dioladh guth an codhail,
Na h-oighe gu 'm pill e.

ORAN EILE,

AIR AN AOBHAR CHEUDNA.

Tha mise fo' mhulad sa'n am
Cha'n olar leam dram le sunnt,
Tha durrug air ghur ann mo chail
A dh-fhiosraich do chach mo ruin,
Cha 'n faic mi 'dol seachad air sraid
An cailin bu thaithe suil;
'S e sin a leag m'aigheadh gu lar
Mar dhuilleach bho bharr nan craobh.

A ghrugach is barch'iche eul
Tha mise ga t-eudair mor
Ma thag thu dèigh aite eudair
Mo bheannachd gach ro ga d' choir:
Tha mise ri osnach na d' fheach
Mar glaisgeach an d' fheach;
An laidhe san araich gun faem
S nach teid anns an t-eug na's mo!

'S d' fhag mi mar ludmhail air treud,
 Mar fhear nach toir speis do mhnai,
 Do thhras thar chuan fo' bhreid,
 Thug bras shileadh dheur om shuil—
 B' fhearr nach mothaichinn fein
 Do mhaise, do cheill, 's do chliu,
 No suaireas milis do bheil
 B' binne no seis gach ciuil.

Gach anduin' a chluinneas mo chas
 A cuir air mo nadur flamh;—
 A cantain nach eil mi ach bard
 'S nach cinnich leam dan is flach—
 Mo sheanair ri paigheadh a mhail,
 'S m'athair ri malaid riamh
 Chuireadh iad gearainn an crann,
 A's gheairin-sa rann ro' chiad.

'S fad a tha m' aigne fo ghruaim
 Cha' mhosgail mo chluain ri ceol,
 'M breislich mar anrach a chuan
 Air bharrabh nan stuadh ri ceo.
 'S e iunndaran t-abbachd bhuam
 A chaochail air snuadh mo neoil,
 Gun sugradh, gun mhìre, gun uaill,
 Gun chaithream, gun bhuadh, gun treoir!

Cha daisgear leam ealaidh air aill',
 Cha chuirear leam dan air doigh,
 Cha togar leam fonn air clar
 Cha chluinnear leam gair nan og.
 Cha dirich mi bealach nan ard
 Le suigear mar bha mi'n tos,
 Ach triallam a chadal gu brath
 Do thalla nam bard nach beo!

AILEAN DALL.

ALLAN M'DOUGALL, better known by the soubriquet of *Ailean Dall*, or blind Allan, was a native of Glencoe, in the county of Argyll. He was born about the year 1750, of poor but honest and industrious parents. When a young man, he was bound apprentice to a tailor, who, in conformity with the custom of the time and country, itinerated from farm to farm, "plying his needle" in every house where his services were required. The excursive nature of this occupation, accorded well with Allan's disposition—the house in which they wrought, was literally crammed every night with young and old, who passed the time in reciting old legends—tales of love, of war, of the chase—intermingled occasionally with songs and recitations of ancient poetry. Thus nurtured, Allan soon became famed for his fund of legendary lore. His mind became imbued with the yet lingering spirit of chivalry, which characterized his countrymen in former times. He heard the encomiums bestowed upon the *bards*, and his youthful breast felt the ardent flame of emulation. From the first stages of puerility, he was remarkable for his sallies of wit, and quickness of repartee—there was an *archness* about him, which indicated future eminence. It is said that as he was sitting one day cross-legged, sewing away at his seam, he retorted so keenly and waggishly on a fellow-apprentice, that the other, wincing under the lash, thrust his needle into Allan's eye;—in consequence of this, the assailed organ gradually melted away, and the other, as if by sympathy, wore off in the course of time. Thus, like *Moënides* and *Milton* "wisdom at one entrance was clean shut out," from poor Allan. Nature, however, is an excellent compensator—we seldom find a man deprived of one faculty, who does not acquire others, in a pre-eminent degree. Such was the case with *Ailean Dall*. He possessed a lively imagination, an excursive fancy, and a retentive memory.

Incapacitated from pursuing his trade, he turned his attention to music, and soon acquired a tolerable knowledge of that science as a fiddler. But he never became

eminent as a musician, and was chiefly employed at country weddings and raffles, and so earned a miserable pittance. About the year 1790, he removed with his family to Inverlochy, near Fort William, where he was accommodated with a hovel and a small pendicle of land by Mr. Stewart, who then held the salmon-fishing on the river Lochy, and the occupancy of an extensive farm. The change had materially bettered our bard's circumstances—his family did all necessary agricultural operations, and Allan's fiddle and muse were in ceaseless demand, and were occasionally successful in the realization of some little cash, or other remuneration.

We utterly repudiate the doctrine that hardships and indigence are, or can be fertile in the productions of genius;—difficulties may spur to invention, but it is ease and comfort that can yield time and temper to give a polish to literary or poetic productions. The former may let off the whizzing squib of momentary excitement—it is the latter that can light up the bright-burning and pellucid torch of genius. During his stay at Inverlochy, he composed the most of his songs—his fame spread, and his reputation as a poet became ultimately stamped. His style is fine—his manner taking—his subject popular—and his selection of airs exceedingly happy. But while we are prepared to give our author a respectable position among the minstrels of our country, we are by no means disposed to place him in the first class.

Induced by the popularity his poems had acquired, Allan bethought him of preparing them for publication;—and with this view, he consulted the late Mr. Ewan M'Lachlan, of the Grammar School, Aberdeen, who was then employed as a tutor in the neighbourhood. Mr M'Lachlan, himself an assiduous votary of the muse, entered with his characteristic zeal and enthusiasm into the *poet's* prospects. He took down our author's compositions in manuscript, and as they would not of themselves swell even into a respectably sized volume, the amanuensis added a few of his own productions, together with several other select pieces. The volume thus "got up" soon became exceedingly popular—especially in that part of the country: to say that it possessed merit, is saying too little—but there were one or two obscene pieces which we would like, for the sake of moral purity, had been omitted.

Shortly after the appearance of his poems in a collected form, the far-famed Colonel Ronaldson M'Donald of Glengary, took Allan under his patronage and gave him a comfortable cottage and croft near his own residence. And now might the palmy days of our minstrel be said to have commenced—he occupied the proud and enviable position of family-bard to the most famed *Ceann-taighe* in the Highlands. He laid aside his blue, home-made great-coat and hat, and was equipped in habiliments suited to his newly acquired rank. Never was there a more marvellous transition outwardly; and we venture to presume that the buoyancy of his feelings kept pace with his improved exterior. Allan now appeared in Glengary's retinue, clad in tartan trews, plaid, belt and bonnet, on all festival days and occasions of public demonstration. His minstrelsy tended to enliven the scene, and to inspire the party with the almost dormant chivalric spirit of their country. His panegyrics on Glengary were elaborate and inessant; and, as poets like other mortals, must have some slight ingredient of selfishness about them, if our author stepped beyond

the bounds of propriety or truth in this respect, he has his equal in Robert Southey, the poet-laureate—and this we should think sufficient apology! He annually accompanied his patron to the gymnastic games at Fort William; and various anecdotes of his ready wit are related by the people of that place. He previously composed appropriate songs for these exhibitions, and sung them at the games, as if they had been strung together on the spur of the moment—always making sure of having his lyre tuned by two or three copious draughts, not of *Helicon*, but of *Benevis*! On one occasion, after the sports of the day were over, Glengary having seen Allan quaff his third *shell*, stepped forward and said—“Now, Allan, I will give you the best cow on my estate, if you sing the proceedings of this day, without mentioning my name!” The bard adroitly and at once replied:—

“Dheansinn latha gun ghrian,
A’s muir blian gun ‘blai saile,
Mu’n gabhainn do na Gaeil élan,
Gun fhear mo ghraidh ‘n aind mo mainn!”

i. e. I would sooner create daylight without a sun, and call into being a sea of fresh water, before I would celebrate a gathering of Highlanders, without Glengary figuring the first in my verse.

But although Allan became Glengary’s family bard, he did not give up composing pieces of general interest—and quite detached from the connexions of his proper calling. Indeed many of his productions while with the “proud chieftain,” are, if anything, better and more popular than his first. In the year 1828, he travelled the counties of Argyle, Ross, and Inverness, taking subscriptions for a new and enlarged edition of his works; and on procuring 1000 names, he went to press in 1829. But alas! the book was only in progress, when the cold finger of death silenced his harp for ever. He died much regretted, and was interred in the burying ground of Kilfinan.

In personal appearance, Allan M. Dougall was thin and slender, and somewhat diminutive in size. He commonly wore a black fillet over his eyes. He was seldom out of humour, and very rarely unursed his wrath so long as to lead him to indulge in satire. He was amongst the family bards what Ossian was among the *Pingallians*—“the last of the race.”

ORAN DO MHAIR N. ALASDAIR GHLINNE-GARAIIDH.

AIR FOS—“*Cuir a nall duinn am botal.*”

LUINNEAG.

*Faigh a nuas dhuinn am botal,
‘S theid an deoch so mu’n cuairt,
Lèim barrach an copan,
Cum socrach a chuach;
Tosda Choirneil na feile
Leis an eireadh gach buaidh,
Oighre Chnoideam a bharrach,
‘S Ghlinn-garaidh bho thuath.*

THIS ort measair a’s adhar,
Agus taghadh nan arm,
Le d’ mhiol-choin air lomhainn,
‘S iad romhad a’ falbh:
‘Nuair theid thu do ‘n mhonadh,
Bidh fuil air damh dearg;
Cas a shiubhal an fhirich,
Leat ‘chinneadh an t-sealg.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

'S tu marbhaich' a choilleh,
 'S moch a ghloreas air chrann,
 Bhuic bhioraich an t-seilich
 Agus eilid nam beann :
 'S tric a leag thu na luath's
 A chaol-ruaghag 's a mhang,
 Nuair a ruigeadh do luaidhe
 Cha ghluaiseadh iad eang.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

'S tu namhaid na h-eala,
 Lamh a mheallendh a gheoidh ;
 B' fhearr leat 'fhaicinn 's an adhar,
 Na na laidhe air lon,
 Air iteig ga chaitheamh,
 'S luaidhe neimh' air a thoir
 Bho ghunna beoil chumpaich.
 'S cha bhiodh uin' aige beo.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Leann do chruadal, 's do ghaisge,
 'S am fasan bu dual
 A bhi colgarra, cosant'
 Gu brosnachadh sluaigh :
 Gu h-armailteach, treubhach,
 Gu geur lannach, cruidh;
 'S tu shliochd nam fear treuna,
 Nach gcilleadh 's an ruaig,
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Tha 'n naidheachd so fìor
 Aig luchd innse nan duan,
 Gur sgeul e ro chinnteach,
 Air do shìnnisr bha buaidh;
 Nach do dhibir an deas-lamh,
 Ach seasamh 's gach uair,
 'S i bhuidheandh a chis
 Rì uchd strithe le fuaim.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Ghabh thu tlachd a's deagh-cheutaidh,
 Do 'n bheus a bh' aig each,
 Luchd bhreacan an fheilidh
 A dh' eireadh a' d phairt :
 Toirm fheadan ga 'n gleusadh,
 Leat is eibhinn an gair',
 Mar ri binneas nan teud,
 'S a bhi g' eisdendh nam bard.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Tog suas an crann dìreach,
 'S brat rimheach gun sgath,
 Le cularaidh rioghail
 A dh' innseas co iad;
 'S cha 'n ob do chuid gilleann
 Dol an iomairt na spairn,
 'S tu fein air an toiseach
 A toirt mosglaidh da 'n cail.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Tog colg ort, fhir ghasta,
 Bi gaisgeil 's gu 'm faod;
 Tog marcaich, a's coisichean
 Ort as gach taobh;

A sheasamh do chorach,
 Clann-Domhnuill an fhraoich;
 Thig do chinneadh a d' chor hnadh,
 A chraobh chomhraig nan laoch !
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Tha fir chalma ro fhearail,
 Ann a 'd fhearannaibh fein,
 Eadar Cnoicart 's Gleann-Garadh,
 'Theid barraicht' air ghleus;
 'Chuireas cul air an naimhdean;
 Tha 'n ceannard ga 'n reir :
 'S cha ghabh thu bhi ceannsaicht'
 Le Ghrannaidh Shrath-Spe.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

'S leat cnirdeas, le durachd
 Fir ur Innse-Gall,
 Nach gabh giorag na muiseag,
 'N am rusgadh nan lann;
 Na 'n cluinneadh iad stri riut,
 Bhiodh miltean diubh 'nall;
 Mu 'n leigendh iad eus ort
 'S iad a dhubhladh do ranc.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Thig a d' choinneamh le farum
 Buidhean bhras nan arm oruaidh
 A bhuaileadh na buillean
 'S a chuireadh an ruaig
 'Bha gu h-ardanach, reachdmhor,
 Gu feachd a dol suas
 Bho Cheapaich nan oraobh,
 'Dh-fhag na glaoidh 's a Mhaol-ruaidh.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Bho Chomhann nam bradan,
 Is gusd' thig fo thriall,
 Clann Iah gun ghealltachd,
 Bha 'neart-san leat riamh,
 Le 'n airm an deagh ordugh,
 Luchd a leonadh nam fiadh,
 'S a dheanadh an tolladh
 Mu 'n oromadh a ghraim.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Co 'thairneadh riut riobadh
 Nuair 'thig nam beil bhuat ?
 Iarl' Antrum a Eirinn
 Leis an eireadh na sluaigh;
 Mac'-Ie-Ailein nan geur lann,
 Dheanadh euchd air a chuan,
 Aig am beil na fir ghleusda
 'Dhol a reubadh nan stuadh.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Thig iad sid ort le duthchas*
 * Bho thur nan clach reidh,
 Braithrean Dhomhnuill, Cloinn-Dhughail,
 Marcaich shuntach nan steud :
 Clann an t-Shaoir bho thaobh Chruachainn,
 Bha cruadalach treun ;
 Ge d' chaill iad a choir
 'Bh' aigan seors' ann an Sleibht'.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

ORAN DO NA CIOBAIREAN

GALLDA.

THAINIG oirnn do dh-Albainn crois,
Tha daoine bochd nochdte ris,
Gun bhiadh, gun aodach, gun chluain;
Tha 'n Airde-tuath an deigh' a sgrìos:
Cha 'n fhaicear ach caoirich a's uain,
Goill mu 'n cuairt dhaibh air gach slìos;
Tha gach fearann air dol na,
Na Gaeil 's an cinn fo fhìodh,

Cha 'n fhaicear crodh-laoigh air gleann,
No eich, ach gann, a' dol an eill;
'S ann do 'n fhaissineachd a bh' ann
Gun reachadh an crann bho fheum:
Chaidh na sealgairean fo gheall,
'S tha gach cuilbheir cam, gun ghleus:
Cha mharbhar maoiseach no meann,
'S dh-fhuadaich sgrìachail Ghall na feidh.

Cha 'n eil abhachd fèadh nam beann,
Chaidh gionmanaich teann fo smachd;
Tha fear na croice air chall,
Chaidh gach eilid a's mang as:
Cha 'n fhaighear rugh-bhoc nan allt,
Le cu seang ga chur gu srath;
An eirig gach cuis a bh' ann,
Fèadlaireachd nan Gall 's gach glaic.

Cha chluinnear geum ann am buaile,
Chaidh an crodh-guaillionn a suim;
Cha 'n eisdear luinneag no duanag,
Bleodhan mairt aig gruagaich dhuinn :-
Bho 'n chaidh ar cuallach an tainead,
'S tric a tha padhadh g' ar claoidh,
N aite nan cairdean a bh' againn,
Linnseach ghlas am bun gach tuim!

Mar gun tuiteadh iad fo 'n ochraoidh,
Cnòmhan caoich 'dol aog sa bharrach;
'S ann mar sid a tha seann daoine,
'S clann bheag a h-aogais bainne;
Thilgeadh iad gu iomall cuirte,
Bho 'n duthchas a bh' aig an seanair;
B' fhearr leinn gun tigeadh na Frangaich
A thoirt nan ceann deth na Gallaidh.

Dh-fhalbh gach pesadh, threig gach banais—
Sguir an luchd-ealaigh bhi seinn;
Chuala sibhse tric ga aithris,
"Caidseirean a teachd air cleibh;"
'S ionnan sid 's mar thachair dhomh-sa,
Cha dean iad m' fheoraich air feill,
Far am b' abhaist dhomh bhi muirneach,
'S fearr leo cu ga chuir ri spreidh.

Gach aon fhearr 'fhuair lamh-an-uachdar,
Dh-fhogair iad uatha gach neach
A reachadh ri aghaidh cruaidail,
Na 'n tigeadh an ruig le neart:
Na 'n eireadh cogadh san rìoghachd,
Bhiodh na ciobairean na 'n airc;

'S e sid an sgeula bu bhinn linn,
Bhi ga 'n cuir gu dith air fad! !

Eiridh iad moch la sabaid,
'S tachraidh iad ri each-a-cheil',
'S nuair a shineas iad air stòr,
'S ann g' an comhradh, tigh'n' air fear,
Gach fear a faighneachd ri nabuidh,
"Cia mar sin a dh' fhaig thu 'n treud?
Ciod i phris a rinn na muilt?
No 'n do chuir thu iad gu feill?"

"Cha 'n aobhar talaich am bliadhn' e,
Rinn iad a sia-dìag a's corr;
Ma tha thus' ag iarraidh fios air,
Cheannaich mi 'mhìn leis a chloimh;
Dh-fhalbh na orogaichean air dail;
'S ma ghleidheas mi 'n t-alach og,
Ge do gheibh an trian diu 'm bas,
Ni mi 'mal air na bhios beo."

'Nuair dhireas fear dhiu ri beinn,
An am dha eiridh gu moch,
B' dh' sgreud Ghallda 'm beul a chleibh,
'G eighneachd na deigh a chuid con;
Ceol nach b' eibhinn linn, a sgairt;
Bracsi na shac air a chorp,
E suainte na bhreacan glas;
Ua'-mhialan na fhalt 's na dhos.

'Nuair thig e oirnn sa ghaoth,
'S mairg a bhios air taobh-an-fhasga,
Cha 'n fhaod fhaileadh a bhi caoin,
'S e giulan nam maodal dhachaigh;
'S tric e ga fhoileadh 'sa ghaorr,
Sios bho chaol-druim gu chasan,
'S ge be reachadh leis a dh' ol,
'S feudar dhaibh an sron a chasadh.

Nuair shuidheas dithis no triuir
'S an taigh-od' an cuis 'bhi reidh,
Chitear aig toiseach a bhuird,
Ciobair agus cu na dheidh;
Bu choir a thilgeadh an cuil,
'S glun a chur am beul a chleibh,
Iomain a mach thun an duin,
'S gabhadh e gu smiuradh fein.

'S olc a chuideachd do chach,
Neach nach abhaist a bhi glan;
Cha chompanach dhaoine 'is fiach
Fear le fhiacalan a spoth eilach,
Ann an garrabhuic air a ghluinean,
Le chraos ga 'n sughadh a mach;
'S ma leigheas tu 'n deoch ri bheul,
Na dheughaidh na fiach a blas,

Amach luchd chragairt na h-oluinn,
Ma 's a h-aill leibh comunn ceart!
Druidibh orra suas a chomhla,
'S na leigibh a sron a steach:
Bho nach cluinnear aca 'stòr,
Ach cràicinn agus cloimh ga reic,
Cunntadh na h-aimsir, 's gach uair
'Ceannach uas mu 'n teid am breith.

Suidhidh sinn mu bhord gu h-eibhinn,
 Gu ceolach, teudach, gun smalan,
 Caoimhneil, carrantach, ri cheile,
 'S na biodh aon do 'n treud n' ar earabh;
 Olaibh deoch-slainte Mhio-Choinnich,
 'S Choirneil Ghlinne-Garaidh,
 Chionn gur beag orra na caoirich,
 'S luchd dhaorachaidh an fhearainn.

ORAN LEANNANACHD.

NAM faighinn gille r'a cheannach,
 A bheireadh beannachd gu Mairi,
 'S mo shoraidh le caoimhneas
 A dh-fhios na maighdinn' a chraidh mi;
 Ga nach a tug mi dhut fàidhreach,
 Ann am foill dhut cha d' fhas mi;
 'S mar a math leam thu fallain,
 Nar a mheal mi mo shlainte!

Nar a mheal mi mo chota,
 Mar b'e mo dheoin a bhi lamh riut,
 'S a bhi briodal ri 'm leannan,
 An seomar daingeann nan clarraidh,
 An iuchair fhaotainn am' phoca,
 'S gun an toir a bhi laimh ruin,
 'S mi gun deanadh do phogadh,
 Gun fheoraich de m' chairdean.

Gun fheoraich do m' chairdean,
 'S fada a dh'fhalbhuinn a d' choinnidh
 Far an deanainn riut codhail,
 Cha bhidhinn beo gun a cumail:
 Tha mo dhuil anr sa mhaighdein
 Nach treig do chaoimhneas mi uile;
 'S mar do chaochail thu abhaist,
 Gheibhinn t-fhallt' agus t-fhuran.

'S e t-fhuran a leon mi
 A dh' fhaig am bron so air m' aigneadh,
 A thromaich m' inntinn fo' eislein,
 Cha dean mi eiridh le graide:
 Tha mo chridhe neo-shunntach,
 Tha mi brute fo'm aisean,
 Aig a mheud 's thug mi' ghaol dut,
 'S nach fhaod sinn' bhi tachairt.

Nach faod sinn 'bhi tachairt
 An aite falaich no 'n uaigneas,
 Far an deanainn riut beadradh,
 A 's tacan cleasachd air uairean;
 Ach se lagaich mo mhisneach,
 Nach faod mi tric 'bhi mu 'n cuairt dhut:
 B' fhearr a phog na 'bhi falamh,
 Mar a faigh mi do bhuannachd,

Cha 'n 'eil m' eibhneas air thalamh,
 Mar a faigh mi thu 'Mhairi!
 Cha dual domh bhi fallain
 Ma bhios mi fada mar tha mi:
 Cha ghuidhinn mo ghalar
 Do m' charaid no 'm namhaid;

Chaidh acaid am chridhe,
 'S cha dean lighichean sta dhomh!

Beul milis, dearg, daite,
 Deud snaighte mar dhisnean,
 Suil ghorm is glan sealladh
 Fo 'n chaoil mhal' aig an ribhinn
 Tha eul buidhe mar or ort,
 Is boidheche nan dithean;
 Blas na meal' air do phogan,
 'S be mo dheoin bhi riut sinnte.

Ge d' chum mi falach an sgeula
 Tha mi 'n deigh bho cheann greis ort;
 Aig a mhiad 's thug mi ghaol dut
 Tha m' aodunn air preasadh:
 Dh-fhas glaise 'nam ghruaidhean,
 'S bochd a bhuaidh th' air an t-sheiro sin,
 A chaochail mo shnuagh dhìom,
 Mar dhuine truagh 'thig a teasaich.

Mar dhuine truagh thig a teasaich.
 A bhiodh fad ann am fàbhras,
 'S ann a dh-fhas mi mar fhuathaich',
 Cho cruaidh ris an iarunn;
 Ach bho thoiseach ar sinnsridh,
 "'S tri ni thig gun iarraidh,
 An gaol agus eagal,
 'S gun leithgeul an t-ladach."

DUANAG DO 'N UISGE-BHEATHA.

FOON.—"Tha'n oidhche tighinn a's mise
 leam fin."

Tha faileadh gun fhotas
 Bho 'chneas Mhio-an-Toisich,
 Chuireadh blaths' ann am poraibh,
 La reot a's gaoth tuath.

O! sid i 'n deoch mhilis
 Nach pilleamaid uainn,
 Chuireadh blaths air gach chridhe,
 Ge do bhitheadh iad fuar:
 O! sid i 'n deoch mhilis
 Nach pilleamaid uainn.

Bu taitneach an ceol
 A bbi g' eiseachd a chronain,
 Ga leigeadh a stop,
 A' cuir croic air a chualan
 O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

'S e gogail a choilich,
 Ga ghocadh ri gloine,
 Ceol inntinneach, loinneil,
 A thoilleadh an duais;
 O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Ma chreidleas mo sheannachas,
Bu mhath leinn 'bhi sealg ort,
Le h-urchair gun dearmad,
Fras airgeid mu d' chluais.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

'Nuair chluinnte do ghlugan
Gu tharruinn a buideal,
Bu mhath le ar slugain
Am fìneachd gu luath.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

'S tu culaidh an damhsa
Nuair thigeadh an geamhradh,
A bheireadh air seann-duine.
'Cheann' thogail suas.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Bu mhath thu air banais,
Ga 'r cumail na 'r caithris,
Nuair bhitheadh luchd-eisaidh
Ri caithream na 'r cluais.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Be sid an stuth neartmhor,
Dh'fhas misneachail, reachd-mhor,
Ni saighdear do 'n ghealltair,
Gu spealtadh nan ennuic.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Sugh brìgheil na thirne, tairgne
Bho fheadan na praise;
Tha spioradail, laidir,
An caileachd 's an snuagh.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Ann an coinnidh, 's an codhail,
Bheir daoine gu comhradh,
'S binn luinncagan orain
Mu bhord ga 'n cuir suas.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Tha thu cleachdta 's gach duthaich,
'N am reiteachadh cumhant,
Ma bhios sinn as t-iunnais,
Bi'dh sugradh fad bhuain.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Tha thu d' lighich' neo-thuisleach,
A dh' fhaichas gach cuisle,
Gun iarmailt no duslach,
Air nach cuir thu ruaig.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Gun eugail na failinn
Tha 'n clannaibh nan Gael,
Nach toir thu gu slaint',
Agus phaighear dhut dhuais.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Nuair 'shuidheamaid socrach,
'S e 'ghlaodhte na bodaich,
Cha b' ionnan 's am brochan,
Thoir boslach dheth' nuas.

*O! sid i 'n deoch, mhilis
Nach pilleamaid uainn,
Chuireadh blaths air gach cridhe,
Ge do bhitheadh iad fuar:
O! sid i 'n deoch mhilis
Nach pilleamaid uainn.*

Note.—We have printed this song as we took it down from the poet's own recitation in 1828.

ORAN DO 'N MHSIG.

AIR FOKN—"An am dol sìos bhi deonach."

Am am dhomh gluasad anns a mhadainn,
Cha 'n 'eil m' aigneadh sunntach,
'S e Mac-na-bracha 'rinn mo leagadh
Ann an leabaibh dhuilte;
Mo chliabh na lasair, air a chasadh,
'S airtneulach mo dhusgadh,
'S e sud an gleachdair fhuair fo smachd mi,
'S dh' fhag e m' aisnean bruite.

Nuair a shuidh sinn san taigh-òsda,
Chaidh na stoip thar chunntas,
Gu tric a tighinn, cha bu ruighinn,
Iad na 'n ruith a m' ionnsuidh,
Gun iarraidh dalach a sior phaigheadh
'G ol deoch-slaime 'Phrionnsa;
'S cha 'n iarrainn fein a dh' aobhar ghair',
Ach Raonull a toirt cliu dhomh.

Nuair a ghluais mi gu tigh'nn dachaigh,
Lagadh a chion luis mi,
Gun d' fhaibh mo neart gun leirsinn cheart,
Gun chaill mi 'm beachd bha m' shuilean;
Feadh na h-oidhe 's mi gun soillsein
Air mo shlaoid 'san dunan;
Cha robh air chomas dhomh ach arusg,
'S bha mo chairdean diumbach.

'S leir dhomh 'n diugh gur mor an tamailt
Cach a bhi ga m' ghiulan,
'S mi fein an duil gun robh mi laidir
Gus an d' fhag mo thur mi;
Ge do chuir i 'n eis mo chollunn,
'S e mo sporan 'dhiubhail.
Air gnìomh na misge 'shlaid gun fhios mi,
Mar tig ghocas ur dhomh.

'S oic an ealaidh bhi ga leanailt,
'S aimideach an turn 'bhi
'Suidh' air bhord a glaochaich oil,
'S mo phocannan ga 'n tionndadh,
A' sgapadh stòrais le meud-mhoir,
Ag iarraidh phog 's na cuiltean;
'S fad sa mhaireadh mo chuid oir,
Cha chuireadh òdair cul rium.



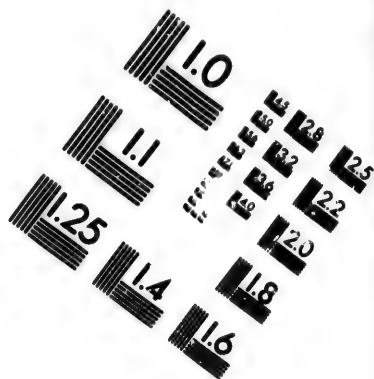
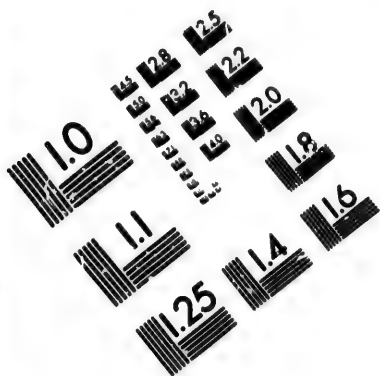
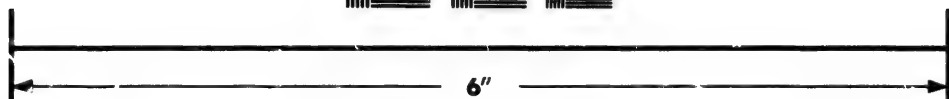
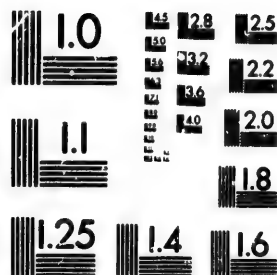


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'S coir dhomh nise thoirt fos' near.
 An t-aithreachas a dhuibhadh,
 Mo bhoid gu gramail thoirt a'n Eala,
 Dh' fheuch an lean mo chliu rium;
 Cha teid deur a staigh fo m' dheudaich,
 'S feudar tigh'n as iunais;
 Cha 'n fhaigh fear falamh seol air aran
 Ach le fallas gnuise.

Labhair Raonull—"Na biodh sprochd ort,
 'S theid mi nochd air t-ionnsuidh,
 Gleidhidh mi dhut bean a's tochradh,
 Cho coltach 's tha's duthaich;
 Ge do bhiodh tu gann de stoc,
 Na faicear bochd do ghiulan;
 'S c'arson nach glaothamaid a'r botul
 Ann an toiseach cumhnant?"

SMEORACH CHLOINN-DUGHAILL.

LUINNEAG.

*Ho-i, ri na, ho-ro, hu-o,
 Ho-lù ho-i na, i-ri, u-o;
 'S smeorach mise le Cloinn-Dughail
 A seinn cuil, an dluths' gach geige.*

Cha dean mi bron an cos falaich,
 Tha seileir mo loin gun ainneis;
 Gheibh gach seorsa seol air aran,
 'S cha churam dhomhsa 'bhi falamh.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Nuair a dh'eireas grian an earraich,
 Diridh an ianlaith 's na crannaibh;
 Tha 'm beatha-san diant' air thalamh
 Bho 'n laimh gus am bial, 's i ro mhath.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Gur a mise a smeorach ghleannach,
 Sheinninn ceol air bharr gach meangain;
 Ribheid ur an siunnsair fallain,
 'S math mo chail, gun sas air m' anail.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Madainn cheitein, 'n am dhomb dusgadh,
 'Seinn gu h-eibhinn, eutrom, siubhlach;
 Dealt nan speur air gheugan curaidh,
 Griann ag eiridh, 's fear a' bruchdadh.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Ghineadh mi 's an tìr nach coimheach,
 'S chaisginn m' lotadh le brìgh Chomhainn;
 Tobar ioc-shlainte nach reodhadh,
 'G eiridh nise bho 'n dilinn dhomhain.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Air taobh greine, glesan mo chrìdhe,
 Far an robh eibhneas mo dhibhe;

Ge do bhiodh an t-eug a tighinn,
 Bheireadh slaint' do 'm chreubhsa rithist.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

'S an tìr aigh do 'n gna 'bhi cridheil,
 Chaidh m' arach gun fhaillinn bidhe,
 Air nead sabhailte gun snithe:
 'S gheibhinn blaths' air sga Chloinn Iain.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Tha mi nise measg Chloinn-Cham'roin,
 Cinneadh mor bha 'n seors ud ainneil;
 'N cath 's an comhail, seolta calma;
 'Dol gu comhrag, stroiceach, marbhtach.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

'S piudhar mi do 'n chuthaig shamhraidh,
 Le 'm dheoin cha teid mi gu Galltaehd;
 Bho 'n is i Ghaelig is cainnt domh,
 'Measg mo chairdean talar ann mi,
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Nuair theid fianlach feadh na coille,
 Cruinnichidh ianlaith gach doire;
 Thig gach ian gu nead le coilleig.
 Srabh ga shìomh am bial gach coillech.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

'S ionnan sid 's mar dh'eireas domhsa;
 Ma phiocas each mi le doruinn,
 Falbhaidh mis' "an riochd na smeoraich,"
 'S theid mi 'm ghearan far an cor dhomh.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Gu Dun nan Clìar thriallain dana,
 'Dhol fo sgiathaibh nan triath statail;
 Ged nach eil Eoin Ciar a lathair,
 'S maireann am fear liath a's Padruig.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Dun-olla nan tuireid arda,
 Nam fear fuileach, builleach, stracach,
 'Sheasadh duineil luchd an cairdeis,
 'Choisneadh urram ri uchd namhaid.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

'S smeorach mi buo chaisteil ualbhreach,
 Nan steud prìseil, rioghail, suairee.
 Dream gur spid, bha 'n sinnsir uasal,
 Bu mhor prìs ri linn Raon-Ruairidh.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Dughallaich nan geur-lann aisneach,
 Guineach, beumach, speiceach, sgaiteach,
 Dol ri feum le treundas galsgidh,
 Garg 's a streup, 's bha 'n leus ri fhaicinn.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Cha robh 'm Brusach na chuis fharmaid,
 Ri fhuil cha chumadh iad earba,
 Mu 'n do sguir sibh, bha e searbh dha,
 'S bu bheag leis a chuid de dh' Alba,
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Chuir sibh, Roibeart an cuil chumhainn,
Ghabh e gu fogradh ear siubhail;
Cha robh dhaoine saor Lho phuthar,
Fad 's a oha bhur taobh-sa 'buidhinn.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Cha b' iongnadh e 'ghabhail grain diu,
'S tric a chuir iad cunnart bais air;
Thug sibh uaithe 'srol 's am braisde,
'S tha sid an Dun-olla 'lathair.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

'S i 'n t-sheann stori tha mi gluasad,
'S naidheachd ur do 'n fhear nach cual i,
Sgeula fìor, ge fada bhuaithie,
Gun do sheas an lirn ud cruadal.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Buidheann gun fhiamh, nach d' iarr socair,
Rinn iad aon blar-diag a chosnadh;
Gus an tainig sgrìob na dosgainn,
Latha Dail-rìgh a mhi-fhortain.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

'S e bu mhiannach leis a bhuidheann,
Bhi cur ard-raimh'chean fo 'n uidheam,
Scoladh ard air bharr nan sruithcan,
Sgoltadh nam barc le ear shiubhal.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Luchd a chaitheamh nan euan borba,
'S nuir a gairich ri h-aird s' oirme;
Bheireadh iad gu aite soirbhil,
Dh' aindeoin barr nan srac-thonn gorma.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Fir mo ghaol bho thaobh na traghad,
Nach robh claon ri h-aodann gabhaidh,
Nach meataicheadh gaor an t-saile,
'Nuair a sgaoileadh iad a h-alach.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Cha d' innis mi trian da 'r n' abhaist,
'S tha mo mhuineal tioram traisgte;
'S olaidh mi nis' bur deoch-slainge,
A shliochd a Cholla-Chatthaich Spaintich.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

TROD MNA-AN-TAIGHE RI FEAR,

AIR SON A BHI 'G OL AN DRAMA.

LATHA dhomh 's mi 'g ol an drama,
Comhlath ri oigearan glana,
Ge do bha mo bhean-sa banail,
'S sgaiunsealach a trod i rium.

"O! teann a null, 's na tionndaidh rium,
Bho 'n 's e mo dhiub a choisinn thu;
Fuirich samhach air mo chul-thaobh,
Sugradh cha bhi nochd againn."

Labhair ise 'sin na briathran :—
"Fasaidh tu d' shruthaire briagach,
S eagal leam nach paidh thu t-fhiachan,
'S e do ghnìomh tha coltach ris.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Cha 'n fhuilig mi bonn a d' bheadradh
Air moch, no anamoch, no feasgar;
'S fearr leat comunn nan stop beag,
'S thoill thu leasan goirt' thoirt dhut;
O! teann a null, &c.

"Thug thu og do cheannas-cinnidh
Do Mhae-an-Toisich an gille;
'S bho na rinn an t-ol do mhilleadh'
A d' mhire oha 'n 'eil toirt agam.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Cha 'n fharraid' thu 'm bithinn bec,
Nam faigheadh tu tombac' a's poit,
Bhi sgapadh airgeid air gach bord,
'S cha 'n 'eil an eol ud fortanach.
O! teann a null, &c.

"S oke an an obair dhut bhi daonnan
A tighinn dachaigh air an daoraich;
Cuiridh tu mise gu caoineadh,
'S dh' aognaich fear do choltais mi.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Tha thu gun leige, gun chota,
'S cha dean mise anaithn' ri d' bheo dhut;
Bho na dh' fhas thu d' dhuine gorach,
Chuir an t-ol bho chosnadh thu.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Tha thu gun bhriogais, gun fheileadh
'S e air tolladh air do shleisrean;
'S cia mar a ni mi dhut eideadh?
Chuir thu fein gu bochdainn mi.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Phos mi thu dh' aindeoin mo chairdean,
Gun toil m' athar no mo mhathar;
'S bho na ghabh mi nise grain dhiot,
Falbh as fag a's droch-uair mi.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Phos mi thu le deola gun aindeoin,
'S bha thu seolt' air thi mo mheallaidh;
Bho na bha mi og an amaid,
Rinn mi ceangal do-charach.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Ge do bheirinn spreidh a's earras
Do dh' fhear t-abhaist agus t-calain,
Chosgadh tu e leis na galain;
Allein chaidh an rosad ort!
O! teann a null, &c.

"Ge nach robh mo chroth air buaile,
Bhuininn do dh-fhior fhuil gun 'tuailleadh;
'S na seallainn beagan mu 'n cuairt dhomh,
Cha d' fhuair thu mi socharach."
O! teann a null, &c.

E-SAN A' LABHAIRT

AIR A SHON FEIN

Eisd! a bhean, do d' ghearan uaibhreach,
'S fuirich sìobhalt ann a d' ghluasad,
'S na bi maoidheadh ormsa t-uaisle,
Bho nach d' fhuair mi tochradh leat.

*O tionndaidh rium, a's deasaich rium,
'S a ruin! na bi ri moit orm;
'S teannaidh mise riut a null,
Le sugradh mar bu choltach dhuinn.*

'N cluinn thu mis', a bhean an taighe?
Eirich, 's theid mi leat a laidhe;
Smaoinich fein gun geill na mnathan,
'S gabhaidh iad le choiteach rud.
O! tionndaidh rium, &c.

A bhi trod rium cha 'n 'eil feum ann,
Cha chuis abbachd dhuinn le cheil e :—
"Air beul duinnse cha teid feichean."
'S e bhi reith is docha leinn.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

'S ge do dheanainn stop a thraghadh,
Maille ri cuideachda chairdeil,
'S maing thu 'mhaoideadh orm gu brach e,
Ged do phaidhinn crotag ris.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

Ge do dh' olainn lan an taomain,
Thiginn dachaigh cridheil, gaolach;
'S cha bu chuis gu taigh a sgaoileadh,
Ge do ghlaodhainn botul dheth.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

'Ge do labhair thu 's gach doigh rium,
Dh' aindeon aon ni riamh a uhol mi,
'S geal do churrachd, 's dubh do bhrogan,
'S dìonach, comhward, socrach, iad.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

Ge do dh' fhanadh tu air t-eolas,
Gun tigh'nn riamh a nall a Cnoideart,
'Gheibhinn te le beagan stòrais,
Bhiodh cho boidheach coltas riut.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

Ach sin 'nuair a labhair ise :—
"Smithich togail dhoit a nis",
"Chain thu thu fein, 's dhit thu mise;
'S mied thu nach 'oil fòsadh ort."
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

GEARAN NA MNATHA AN

AGHAIDH A' FIR, AGUS IAD A FREAGAIRT A CHEILE.

FONN—" 'S muladach mi fkin 's mo Dhomh-null."

A' BHEAN.

'S cia mar dh-fhaodas mi bhi beo,
'S an duine breoite, truagh agam?
Tha e-san sean, agus m'og,
'S ann aig' tha 'n corr mar chuala mi :
Ge do laidheas mi 'ga choir
Tha bhial 'sa shroin air fuarachadh,
'S gur mor a chulaich ghrain a phog,
Le fhiasaig mhoir 'g a suathadh rium.

AM FEAR.

O! bhean, cha 'n 'eil do labhairt ceart,
Bha neart annam 'n uair fhuair thu mi;
Dheanainn mire, muirn, a's macnús,
A's ghléachdainn ris na gruagaichean :
Sean-fhacal a dh-fhaodar innse,
Sgeula fìor a' chualas e :—
"Cha lean an sionnach air a shior-ruith,
'S bithidh e sgith dheth uair-eigin."

A' BHEAN.

'S dona ghreis a mhair thu dhomhsa,
A's cha b' e 'm posadh buadhail e;
Dh-fhalbh do mhisneach, 's do threoir
An uair bu choir dhut crundhachadh;
Ged bhiodh tu da-fhichead 's corr,
Cha b' aois ro mhor an tuairm-eachd sin;
'S gur lionmhor fear nach 'eil cho og riut,
Chuireas por mar thuathanach.

AM FEAR.

Dheanainn cliathadh, 's chuirinn crann,
Na' faighinn earlad luathaireach,
Agus cuideachadh ri bantraich,
'S gheibhinn tainc, a's tuarasad;
Ge do chaidh mi ais a pris,
Bho 'n tha mi tinn air uaireanan;
Gu 'n robh mi roisibe 'm sgalaig ghrinn,
'S bu mhor 'ga d' dhi na fhuair thu dhìom.

A' BHEAN.

'S a h-uile cas an robh thu riamh,
Bha teang' ad bhial a dh'fhuasgladh ort;
Na'n creideadh gach neach do sgiala,
Dhianadh tu na cruachan domh :
Ach caite faca sinn do ghniomh,
Nam fiachta ris an rumhar thu?
Bha do dhruim 's do lamh cho dìomhainn,
Sid an gionh a fhuair mi dhut.

AM FEAR.

O! bhean, nach labhair thu gu feil,
Cha 'n 'eil do eòimhradh buanasachdach :
'S ma thienndas tu rium a choir,
Bheir mise 'n corr nach fhuair thu dhut ;

Glacaidh mi suiste 'ann am dhorn,
'S air urlar comhard buailidh mi,
Bho airde na sparra nuas gu lar,
'S cha 'n fhag mi grainn air sguailb agad.

BHEAN.

'S na 'n togadh tu ort a chroit sin,
Choisneadh tu do dhuais orm :
Cha chluinne tu brach mis' 'g osnaich,
A's nochdaine mo shuairceas dhut;
Chuirinn an t-im ann sa bhrochan,
A's chumainn deoch an uachdar riut;
'S chaidleamaid gu samhach socrach
'S cha bhiodh sprochd no gruaim orm.

AM FEAR.

Shaoil mi bhean gu 'n robh thu bairdi,
A's nach biodh sannt gu tuasaid ort :
Ge do dh-fhasainne cho fann,
'S nach tionndainn air do chluasaig riut;
Air leam fein nach eil thu 'n call,
'S do chlann a chuir ri ghuaillibh dhut;
'S ma dh-fhas thu guinideach nad' cheann,
Gur bean tha 'n geall air buaireadh thu.

A' BHEAN.

'S ann agam-sa bha 'n ceannfath,
Nuair chithinn each 'a' cluaineis riut;
Chaidh a' chuis bho fhaladha,
A's cha robh sta bhi d' bhuachailleachd;
Ged a's mis' a ghlae do lamh,
Bha te no dha nach b' fhuathach leat :
'S ma chosg thu riutha do liunn-tath,
Tha nis' am failt air fuarachadh.

AM FEAR.

Dh-aithnich thusa sin ort fein,
A bheudag dh-fhas thu suarach orm :
Chaill thu nise dhìom do speis,
'S cha 'n 'eil do reite buan agam :
Bho 'n a chaidh mise nis' bho fheum,
'S e 'n t-eud a rinn do bhuailidh-sa :
'S moch 'sa mhadaidh chuir thu 'n ceill domh,
Nach robh m' eiridh suas agam.

A' BHEAN.

Is fhir gun sta, gun rath, gun dircadh,
'S na bi 'g inne t-uaisleas orm :
Nam bidh tusa dhomhsa dileas,
Cha robh m' intinn bruaillennach :
Ach 's e bu mhiann leat a bhi briodal,
Ris gach ribhinn chualleannaich :
'S iomadh ribein agus oir,
A's deise chinne a fhuair iad bhuat'.

AM FEAR.

Ach c'aite 'n fhuair thu mi 'sa sgath,
Na'm faca tu 'g an tuairgneadh mi,
Cha robh mi m' mheirleach cho math,
'S nach glaca' tu mi uair-eigin :

'S ma fhuair thu taisgeuaidh no brath,
'S e 's fhasa chuir a suas orm,
'S na earrach air a mhuin do chas,
Ach leig a mach na chuala tu.

A' BHEAN.

'S ma chuireas tu mi gu m' dhubhlan,
Bithidh a chuis na 's cruaidhe dhut :
Gheibh a' ministeir an t-umhladh,
A's theid an luireach shuaicheant ort;
Linnseach, mhaslach air a dubladh,
Leis gach dunedh tuaisgearra :
'S ge do bhi'hinn's air do chul-thaobh,
Air son crun cha 'n fhuasglainn i.

AM FEAR.

Ach gus an cairear mi 's an uir,
Cha 'n fhaic do shuil mu m' ghuaillenn i,
'S na thig do naidheachd 's ceann buird,
Cha chliu dhut a bhi luaidh sin rium :
A's ge do lasadh t-fhearg le diumb,
Cho ghrad ri fudar bua'reasach,
Cha chomhdaichear leat orm-sa chuis,
Nach iunnsaich mi le h-uaidhrechas.

A' BHEAN.

'S cha mhor nach coma leam co dhiu,
Cha robh do thurn ach suarach leam :
'S an a'r a b' fhearr a bha do shugradh,
Chunntainne na h-uaircannan ;
Chaidleadh tu cho trom gun dusgadh.
Air mo chul le smuaisirein :
'S ge do bhiodh mo thaigh 'ga rusgadh,
Cha robh curam gluasaid ort.

AM FEAR.

'S bheirinn co'hairle gu h-eolach,
Air gill' og tha fuasgailteach;
E bhi glic ri am a phosaidh,
'S laidh seolta suas rithe :
'S gun droch cleachdadh thoirt 'g a dheoin,
Do ghoraig nach biodh stuaim innte,
'S gun fhios nan lagaicheadh a threoir,
Nach ordaicheadh i bhuaith e.

A' BHEAN.

Am fear nach dean a threabhadh trath,
'S a mhairt ged bhiodh e fuar aige,
S culaidh mhagaidh e chion sta,
'S ri latha bhath cha bhuain e dias;
Bithidh am fearann aige fas,
Na stiallan bana, 's luachair air,
A's e-san broinein ! a' dol bas,
'S na saibhlean lan aig tuathanaich.

AM FEAR.

'S cha 'n fheud mo threabhadh a bhi mall,
'S do chall ri dheanadh suas agam;
Bheir mi oigeich as a' ghleann,
'S theid euing gu teann mu 'n guailleanas :
A' Dun-eideann gheibh mi crann,
'S e fasan gallda 's uaisle leinn;

Coltar, stailinn, soc, a's bann,
 'S gach ball bhos ann theid oruaidh orra.

A' BHEAN.

Bi cho math 's o ghealladh dhomhsa,
 'S cordaidh sinn gun duathalas :
 Bho 'n tha sinn cho fada comhla,
 'S am posadh mar chruaidh shnuim oirn;
 'S mor gur fearr leam an t-ole eolach,
 No fogarach luasganach;
 A's cuiridh sinn ar treis an ordugh,
 A's mar a's coir dhuinn gluaisidh sinn.

AM FEAR.

Is thuirt an sean-fhear, 's cha b'i bhrìag,
 Ge d' eireadh sian nan quartagan :—
 "Nach robh soirbheas laidir diar,
 Gun fhiath bhi goirid uaithe sin :"
 'S an cogadh bu chruaidh bh' ann riamh,
 Chaidh orioch le rian air uair-eigin;
 'S cuir thusa, bhean, ri d' theangaidh srian,
 'S bithidh s'ith 'ga dianamh suas againn.

ORAN NA CAILLICH.

AIR FONE—"Ho hi ho ha mo luadh mo lea-
 namh."

Ma theid mi gu feill, gu feisd, no banais,
 Bi'dh ise lan eud, 's i fein aig baile
 'Se ma bheir mi le sugradh spìl air cailleig,
 Gur diumb a's falachd sid dhomhsa.

*O hi o ha, gur cruaidh a chailleach,
 O hi, o ha, gur fuar a chailleach,
 Ho re, ho ra, 's i ghrain a chailleach,
 Dh'fhag mise 'nam amadan gorach.*

Ma ni mi 'n taigh-od.. stop a cheannach,
 No suidhe air bord 's gun ol mi drama,
 Theid faileadh 'na sroin 's a dorn an tarraunn,
 'S bi'dh muinntir a bhaile ri mod oirn,
O hi, o ha, &c.

Mar ceannaich mi ti cha'n fhiach mi m' fha-
 raid

A leigheas a cinn, 's-i tinn a gearan;
 Cha dean i riam sith, ach stri a's carraid,
 'S ri caran teallaich an comhnuidh.
O hi, o ha, &c.

Bhithinn gu h-eibhinn, estrom, aighenrach,
 Aigionnach, gleusda, a' leum 's an Earrachd,
 Na 'n deanadh an t-eug bho cheil' ar sgaradh,
 'S gu 'n carainn am falach fo 'n fhod i.
O hi, o ha, &c.

Cha 'n airgead, cha 'n or, cha stor, cha thrus-
 gan,
 'Chuir mise air a toir ri moran cuirteis—
 Ach dalladh fo sgleo le reorsa buidsenohd—
 'S ann agamsa tha 'n t-uirsgeul air Seonaid.
O hi, o ha, &c.

Nuair thig mi bho 'n chrann an am an earraich,
 Le fuachd air mo chall, 's mi 'n geall mo gha-
 raidh,

Cha 'n fhad mi na taing dol teann air an
 teallach
 Mu 'm buail i gu h-ealamh le broig mi.
O hi, O ha, &c.

Cha dian i dhomh feum, 's cha ghreidh i aran,
 Cha 'n araich i feudaill, spreidh, no leanamh,
 A' laidhe 'sa g eiridh 'g eigheach 's a' gearan,
 'S gu 'n reicinn gu deimhinn air ghrot i.
O hi, O ha, &c.

Tha cnaimhean cho chruaidh ri cunille daraich,
 A craiceann, 's a turr oho fuar ris a ghaillionn;
 Cha dean baraile guail aon uair a garradh,
 Gun dusan sao gearrain de mhoinie.
O hi, O ha, &c.

Gun fhaicail 'na ceann, 's car cam 'na peir-
 ceal,
 Nuair thogadh i greann an am an fheasgair
 Gu'n teiche' gach clann, gach orann, 's seis-
 reach,
 Aig miad an eagail romh' groigeis!!

*O hi, o ha, gur cruaidh a chailleach,
 O hi, o ha, gur fuar a chailleach,
 Ho re, ho ra, 's i ghrain a chailleach,
 Dh'fhag mise 'nam amadan gorach,*

BARD LOCH-NAN-EALA.

JAMES SHAW, or *Bard Loch-nan-Eala*, was a native of the island of Mull, where he was born about the year 1758. He latterly resided in the parish of Ardchattan, Argyleshire, where he was commonly called the Lochnell poet. Being partly supported by the late General Campbell and his lady, she, it is said, encouraged him to publish some of his works, for which purpose he went to Glasgow to get them printed. Whether he got a printer to undertake the work or failed in the attempt is not known; for, on his return home, he died suddenly on board a steamboat on his passage to Oban: this happened about the year 1828. He lived in a state of idleness and dissipation; praising those who paid him well for it, and composing satires on those who refused him money or liquor. A few of his poems were printed in Turner's Collection, and many others are preserved in manuscript, but they are chiefly local satires of little merit. "*Bì'dh Fonn oirre Daonnan*" is his *chef d'œuvre* and the only popular piece of all his compositions, except in his own country.

ORAN DO DH' FHIONNLA MARSANTA.

[Air son e chuir as a chelle seanna chuirn agus clachan iobairt, a bh'aig na Draoidhean bho shean.]

AIR Fonn.—"*Alasdair a Gleanna-Garadh.*"

CHUNNA' mi brùadar air Fionnla,
'S chuir e ionghnadh orm r'a fhaicinn,
'S ghabh mi iongandas ro mhòr dheth,
Gu sonraicht o 'n bha mi 'm chadal;
Thuir an guth rium dol da ionnsaidh,
Dh' innse nach e cuis a b' fhasa,
Dol a rusgadh ean nan Druidhneach,
Na 'n ear a thoirt a muinntir Ghlascho.

Ach dh' fharraid mi co as a dh' fhalbh e?
'S fhrèagair e le seanachas grad mi,
Thuir e gu 'n robh a chairdean dileas,
Eadar a Chill 's Allt-na-dacha;
Bha cuid air an Dun so shuas diu,
'S bha uair a bha iad na bu phailt ann;
'S cha 'n eil mi buidheach a dh' Fhionnla,
Dhol ga 'n dusgadh as an cadal.

'S chi thusa fhathasd le d' shuilean,
Ma bhios tu 's duthaich ri fhaicinn,
Gu 'n teid an gnothach so dhioladh.
Cho chinnteach 'sa bha 'n crun an Sasunn.
'S goilt e 'n steigh bh' ann an uachdar
Chladhaich e 'n uaigh fo na leacan;
E gun fhios co dhiu bh' innte,
Mac an rìgh na sliochd a bhaigeir.

'N saoil thu fhein nach robh e dana,
Marsanta maileid no paca,
Dhol a rusgadh an ait-iobairt,
'S ioma lian a chuir e seachad;
'N t-aite 'n robh enaimhean an t-seann-duin,
'N tiolaicheadh ann o cheann fada;
Mu 'n teid an gnothach gu erich,
Gur duilghe dha na fiach a *bhlàstidh*.

Madh' oireas mise 's moluchd leanmhuinn,
Gu 'm bi gnothach garbh a's duthaich,
Theid Mac-Ille-dhuibh a mharbhadh,
'S cha dion a chuid airgeid Fionnla,
Leagar an taigh air sa 'n sabhal,
Sgriosar am bathar 'sa bhuth air,
'S theid Gilleaspuig ri posta,
Agus crochar mac a chubair.

Eiridh an tubaist do 'n chiobair,
'S laidhe binn air Mac-na-Cèarde,
'S ma dh' ordaicheas e gu h-ole e,
'S gnothach neo-chiontach sud dasan,
E na sheirbheiseach aig Fionnla,
Tuilleadh a null gu Feill-Martuinn,
'S ma chuireas e nall na leacan,
Ma bhios meachainn ann sann dasan.

Bhi cuir fudair anns na creangan,
Chuireadh e eagal air bocain,
Bhi ga 'n tolladh leis an tora,
'S bhi ga 'n sparradh leis na h-ordan,
Daoine marbha bhi ga 'n gluasad,
'S gnothach uamhraidh gu leoir e,
'S na 'n leanainn e gu grunnan an t-seanchais,
B' ainmeil e na arm righ Deorsa.

'S cha teid a chorp fhein gu dilinn,
Thiolaiceadh an aite grasmhor,
'S ann theid a losgadh mar iobairt,
Air a dhiteadh leis na faidhean,
Theid a luath a chuir le abhuinn,
'N aite nach fhaighear gu brath i,
'S cha 'n faigh e ach rud a thoill e,
Chionn gu 'n d' rinn e gnothach grainneil.

Ach dh' fhalbh an guth 's thug e chul rium,
Agus thionndaidh e gu h-ealamh,
Thuir e rium gu 'n d' rinn e diochuimhn,
'S e ga innse dhomh mur charaid,
Fios a thoirt dh' ionnsaidh Dhughaill,
Gu 'n robh a' gual a's uird ro ealamh,
Dheanadh torachan do dh-Fhionnla,
Chuir fudair an Dail-a-charra.

Smaointich mi so ann am inntinn,
Nach bithinn a ditedh Dhughaill,
Thuir mi ris gur duine grinn e,
Do dh' fhuil Righrean nan Stiubhart,
Tha e fhein na dhuine toileil,
Dheanadh gnothach do dh' fhear duthcha;
'S on bha Fionnla na chabhaig,
Cha bu mhaith leis bhi ga dhiultadh.

'Nuair a dhuig mi ghabh mi eagal,
'S e na sheasamh air an urlar,
Dh' fheuch am faighinn reidh air falbh e,
Los nach coisninn na lorg diumba;
Tha Dughall trom air an tombaca,
'S tha pailteas deth sin aig Fionnla;
'S o 'n a labhair mi cho deas ris,
Ghabh e pairt de leith-seul Dhughaill.

'S ann a tha 'n naidheachd so cinnteach,
Ged shaoileadh sibse gur bosd e,
Cha 'n innis mi a neach gu brath e,
Ach do chuideachd araid colach;
Cha robh a leithid riamh ri innse,
Eadar an Sithean 's Lag-Chotheain
Co dhiu th' ann breug no firinn,
Sin-agaibh mur dh' innseadh dhomhs e.

BIDH FONN OIRRE DAONNAN

LUNNEAG.

*Bidh fonn oirre daonnan,
'S bidh aoidh oirr' an conaidh.
'S dh' fhaodadh m' inntinn apbhach
Bhi faicinn t-aodainn bhoidheach,*

*Le mhiad s'a thug mi ghaol dut,
A's aotromas na h-oige,
Mar a dean mi t-fhaotainn,
Cha'n fhad' a ghaol is beo mi!*

CFUNNA' mise bruidar,
Dh' fhaig luaineach an raor mi'
Bhi' faicinn bean mo ghaol
Ri mo thaobh fad' na h-oidhehe.
Mi thunnda' le solas,
Gu pog thoirt do 'n mhaighdinn
An duil gu'n robh i lamh rium,
Ged' bha mi na'm' aonar.
Bi'dh fonn, &c.

Ged' do bha mi' m' shuain,
Gu'm bu luath rinn mi dusgalh
An duil gu'n robh mo thasgaidh,
An cadal air mo chul-thaobh.
'Nuair shin mi mo lamh,
Gu mo ghradh tharruinn dlu rium,
Cha robh ann ach sgaille,
Rinn m' fhaigil 'nuair dhuig mi.
Bi'dh fonn, &c.

Mo dhurachd do'n ribhinn,
Dh' fhaig m' inntinn-sa craiteach
Bean t-aogais cha leir dhomh,
La-feille na sabaid.
Do bheusan tha ceutach,
As t-eudainn ro narach,
Ach 's trugh mi thug gaol dut,
'S nach faod mi bhi lamh riut.
Bi'dh fonn, &c.

O furtaich air mo chas-sa,
A ghraidh bhan an t-shaoghail,
Taig mar tha mo nadur
An sas aig do ghaol-sa.
Na fag mi mar tha mi
Dol bas leis an fhaoinneachd,
'S gur tu stagh mo riaghailt,
Mo bhiadh agus m' aodach.
Bi'dh fonn, &c.

'S muladach mi daonnan,
Do ghaol rinn do leonadh,
Dh' fhalbh mo dhreach as m'aogais,
A's chaochail mo sholas.
Cha'n 'eil ait' an teid mi
Nach saoil mi le goraich,
Gum beil mi faicinn t-aodann,
A's aoidh oirr' an conaidh.
Bi'dh fonn, &c.

Chualadh tu mar tha mi,
Gur bas domh as t-aogmhais,
Tiondadh ann am blath's rium
'S na fag aig an aog mi.
Thig a's thoir do laimh domh
Do ghradh, a's do chaoimhneas,
'S cha 'n iarr mi tiull' a chairdeas,
No dh' ailleas an t-shaoghail.

*Bi'dh fonn oirre duonnan,
'S bi'dh aoidh oirr' an conaidh,
'S dh' fhuayadh m' inntinn aobhach
Bhi falcinn t-aolainn bhoitheach,
Le mhiad s'a thuy mi ghaol dut,
A's aotromas na h-oige,
Mar a dean mi t-fhaotainn,
Cha'n fhad' a ghaol is beo mi.*

ORAN DO BHOINIPART.

LUINNEAG.

*A ri! gur h-aotrom leinn an t-asdar,
Biodhmaid sunntach air bheag airneil,
Dhol an cothail Bhoiniparti,
Chionn bhi bagairt air righ Deors*

*'ILLEAN cridhe biodhmaid sunntach,
Saisamaid onair ar duthcha.
Fhad sa mhaireas luaidh' a's fudar,
Ciod a chuireas curam oirnn.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*Thoisich thu oirnn o cheann fada,
Le bosd, le boilich, 's le bagradh,
'S ma thig thu air tir an Sasunn,
Cha teid thu dhachgigh ri d' bheo.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*Ged theannadh tu fhein 's na Frangaich,
Ri tigh'n a Bhreatuinn le d' chabhlach,
Cuiridh sinn a null gun taing thu,
'S b'fhearr dhut fuireach thall led' dheoin.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*'Nuair chuir thu 'n Fhraing thair a cheile,
Dh' fhalbh thu mur shlaughtear do'n Eipheit,
'Nuair a chaill thu 'n coig-ciad-deug,
Gun theich thu fhein air eigin beo.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*Bha luchd nan adaichean croma,
Na 'n laidhe air blar g'a 'n lomairt,
'S e mo dhiubhail bh' anns a choinneamh,
Nach a' fhan Abercrombi beo.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*An t-seann reistmeid dubh mheasail,
An dara te sa 'n da-fhichead,
'Nuair fhuair i suas riut a chlisgeadh,
Chuir i bristeach ann ad chro.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*Nis dh' eirich na Volunteers,
'N onair an righ 's mhorair Iain,
Chur nam Frangach gu 'n cridhe,
Chionn bhi bruidhinn tigh'n d' ar coir.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*O 'n fhuair sinn deise nan Gael,
Boineidean 's cotaichean sgarlaid,
Sunthocheantas an righ mar fhabhar,
Le coc-ard de dh' ite 'n coir.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*'S na 'm biodh againn mur bu dual duinn,
Lann chinn-llìch air ar cruachainn,
A' sgoltadh nan ceann g'a 'n guailleann,
Ga 'm bunladh le smuis nan dorn.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*Gum beil Albainn agus Sasunn,
An guailleann a cheill' an ceart-uair,
Tha iad nig fuaime an aon fhacail,
Mar shrad eadar clach a's ord.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*Dh' fhalbh thu mar shlaughtear air chuan,
Mu 'n d' amhaire sinne mu 'n cuairt oirnn,
'S ged thug thu Hanobhar bhuaninn,
Ge b' oil leat cha d' fhuair thu 'n t-or.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*Ach ma gheibh sinn ann an sas thu,
'N dearbh cha 'n fhaigh thu moran dalach,
Do chrochadh an la-r-na-mhaireach,
Le fiach cota-bhain a rop.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*Ged thig thu air tir an Albainn,
'N dochas losgnidh agus marbhaidh,
Tha againne suas de dh' armait,
Na shraos t-eanchainn agus t-fheoil.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*Tha saighdeirean Earraghaeil,
Fearachail, foghainteach, daicheil,
'S chuireadh iad eagal a bhais,
Air h-uille nambaid a ta beo.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

DUANAG.

DO MAC-AN T-SACIR GHILINNE-NOGHA

LUINNEAG.

*Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, fear-dubh, fear-dubh
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, 's e liath-ghlas,
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, 's a chridhe gheal,
Le Spioraid glan gun targuin.*

*Thoir beannachdan le durachd nam,
Gabh curam, 's na dean diochaimhn',
A's giulain iad a dh'ionnsaidh 'n fhir,
A's deise, grinne briatharan.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.*

Na'm b'aithne dhomh-sa seanachas ort,
Na leanambainn air do fhriamhaich,
Gu molainn thu gu dìcheallaich,
'S air m'fhacal b'fhiach dhomh dhianamh.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

'S tu ceann na teaghlaich onarach,
A bha'n Gleann-nogha riamh sibh,
'Sgu'm meal thu fein an stoile sin,
'S do dheagh mhac oighre ' liathadh.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Cha'n aithne dhomh 's na crìochan so,
('S cha mhìs' a theid ga t-fhiachain)
Aon duine a chumas seannachas riut,
'S gun chearb bhi tighinn o d' bhial air.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Cha smaoinich iad, 's cha'n urrainn ann
Aon duine chunnaic riamh thu,
Cho deis ta a thig na faicill ort,
'S nach fhad' theid thu ga'n iarraidh.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

'Nuair a thain' an t-Olla Sasunnach,
Thoir maslaidh 'n aird an Iar so,
Gur tusa phill gu h-ullamh e,
'S tu b'urrainn dhol g'a dhianamh.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Gur luinneagach am bail' agad
Le ath-ghairm nan liath-chreag,
A' freagairt do na smeoraichean
Gu mìlis, ceolar, tiabhaidh.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Gu slubhlach, aghar, freagarach,
Gun stad, gun sgreud, gun sgrìachan,
'Sa mhoch-thra', 'nuair a dhuigegas tu,
Air madainn chluin, 'sa ghrian ann.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

'Nuair dhireadh tu na Lairigean
Led' ghunn' ad' laimh, 's le d' mhlol-choin,
Gu'n leigte feidh san fhìreach leat,
'S do ghillean bhi toirt bhian diu.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Ach 's eigin domh so innseadh dhut,
'S o 's fìor e, na gabh mìotlachd,
O'n t-shin thu ris a chiobaireachd
Gun leig thu cheaird s' air dòchuimhn.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Nam bithinnas' ann sa chuir a nis,
'S gach cuis a bhi gum' riaghladh,
Bhiodh Cruachan le chuid leitirichean
A' tighinn a staigh fo d' chrìochan.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Be sud an rud bha nadura,
'S tha cinnte aig each gu'm b'fìor e,
'S o'n leig sibh maibh le goraich e,
Bu choir dhut bhi ga iarraidh.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Ach sguiridh mis' dhe'n iomarbhaidh,
'S nach buin dhomh bhi ga dianamh
Gun fhios nach gabh iad ardan rium
Am finne* dh'araich riamh mi.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

* The Campbells.

SEUMAS MAC-GHRIOGAIR.

THE REV. JAMES M'GREGOR, D. D., WAS born at a small farm-house near Comrie, Perthshire, in the year 1762. His parents were not affluent, but they were in circumstances which enabled them to give the benefits of such education as the country afforded, to their son. Young M'Gregor, nurtured amid the sublime and romantic scenery of Lochearn-side, had his mind early imbued with the feelings of poesy; but it does not appear that he produced anything worthy of preservation until an advanced period of his existence.¹² While yet a young man he studied the Gaelic language with considerable assiduity and success, and could write it—a very rare attainment in his younger days.

Being of a sedate and serious turn of mind, he was early designed for the ministry; and after going through the various seminaries and halls of learning he was licensed to preach the gospel when about twenty-one years of age. Mr M'Gregor

was conscientiously a dissenter from the Church of Scotland. He belonged to the Anabaptist branch of the Secession-Church, and studied divinity under the tuition of the Rev. W. Moncrieff, of Alloa. Shortly after he was licensed to preach, some colonists in Nova Scotia sent an earnest entreaty to this country, for a person of acknowledged abilities and evangelical piety to preach the gospel to them. After due consideration had been given to this requisition, Mr. M'Gregor was fixed upon as an individual well qualified to discharge the arduous duties of such a situation, both from his mental qualifications and robust physical constitution. He readily agreed to this proposal; and, although he had the prospects of an advantageous settlement in his native country he hesitated not to go to a strange land to proclaim the gospel of peace.

In Nova Scotia he entered on a field boundless in extent as in difficulties. The inhabitants were far apart; there were no roads in the country; and when we say that the sphere of his operations included the eastern part of Nova Scotia, and the adjacent islands of Cape Breton and Prince Edward, the reader may form some idea of the Herculean task he had undertaken to discharge. He was, we believe, the first missionary to that country. While traversing from place to place, he encountered difficulties, perils, and hardships, which few men would have undergone, undaunted. The site of Pictou contained only one or two houses—it was no easy matter to travel to the next hamlet through the density of woods and *unbridged* rivulets: marked trees, a pocket-compass, or an unintelligible and unintelligent Indian, were his only guides through the solitary and dreary wilderness—sleep was frequently a stranger to him for several nights,—a plank was his bed,—a potato his fare; yet the expatriated Highlanders around him were in need of the gospel; and that, to Mr. M'Gregor was enough.

Towards the close of this excellent man's life, he conceived the idea of clothing the doctrines of the gospel in versification, that he might unite the best and most wholesome instructions with the sweetest and most fascinating melodies. When entering upon the task, he wrote to a friend of his at Lochearn-side for a copy of Duncan M'Intyre's and M'Donald's Poems. His mind had been so occupied with the various studies necessary to the full and efficient discharge of his ministerial duties, that the airs, to which he wished to sing his contemplated hymns or songs, had escaped his memory. The desiderated volumes were sent; but, through the officiousness of some of his domestics, the fact of their being in the minister's possession became known, and a most unwarrantable, unjust and ungenerous construction was put upon the circumstance. How short-sighted, illiberal, and fanatical it was, to edge out insinuations against the genuineness of Mr. M'Gregor's religious principles, simply because the productions of the two most brilliant stars of his native country were on the table of his study in a foreign land! How pitiful, that fanaticism which shrouds itself under the garb of piety—broad, expansive, benevolent piety! We blush for the moral perceptions and enlightenment of our expatriated countrymen, and notice these things simply in justice to departed worth.

Taking advantage of this state of public feeling, almost verging on what is understood in ecclesiastical language, as a schism, a stranger intruded himself about

this period on his labours; and to the disgrace of many of M'Gregor's flock, they forsook the ministry of their long-tryed friend, and followed the intrusionist. The desertion thus occasioned must no doubt have very much imbibtered his cup; but his expansive philosophy—his warm philanthropy—and above all, his genuine religious views, enabled him to bear it without a murmur. He proceeded cheerfully with his metrical effusions, until he composed as many as swelled into a respectable 18mo volume, which has now reached its third edition.

Mr. M'Gregor's Poems are smooth in versification—pleasant in their garb and evangelical in their doctrines. They are almost all composed after the model of his countryman, Duncan M'Intyre, from whom he borrowed many of his ideas, using sometimes not only distichs and couplets, but entire stanzas with some slight alterations. We do not mean, however, to insinuate that our author trafficked wholesale in plagiarism, with the intention of "decking himself in another's feathers." No! his poems are but parodies in many instances, and as such they are respectable and entitled to favourable consideration.

When M'Gregor's character and claims were notified to the Members of the University of Glasgow, the senate unanimously agreed to confer upon him the title of D. D., an honour which he amply merited by his services and attainments, and which, coming unsolicited from his native country, and from so respectable a literary quarter, must have been soothing to his feelings, and have gilded the horizon of the evening shades of his life.

In the spring of 1828, Dr. M'Gregor was seized with a fit of apoplexy; and at Pictou, on the first of March, 1830, at the age of 68, he experienced a return which terminated in his death on the third day of that month. His funeral was attended by an immense assemblage of deploring friends, who showed their estimate of his character, worth and talents, by unfeigned expressions of regret.

AN SOISGEUL.

AIR FOMH—"Ceire Cheathaich."

'Se 'n Soisgeul gradhach thug Dia nan gras
duinn

A chum ar sabhaladh dan mo ruin;
Ach 's colas ard e, air cuisibh aluinn,
Nach tuig an nadur a tha gun iuil.
Gur mis' an truaghan 's n'as leor man cuairt
domh

A' tabhairt cluais da, mar fhuaim nach
flach;
B' e'n gnothach cruaidh e nach tuig an
sluagh e,
An sgeul as uaisle a chualas riamh.

Tha clann nan daoine gu tur fo dhaorsa,
Aig dia an t-saoghail-s ag aoradh dha;
Fo chois am miannan, a tha do-riarach;
Gun fheart, gun iarraidh air Dia nan
gras:

A' dianamh tair air gach ni is aill leis,
A' briseadh aintean gach la gun sgios;
E fad o'n smuaintibh, 's iad riuth gu luath
uath;
Chum na truaighe ta buan gun chrich.

Ge mor an curam th'aig Dia nan dul diubh,
Cha tig iad dlu dha le urnaigh chaoim;
Bu mhor a' ghrain leo bhi uair 'na lathair,
An caidreamh blath ris 'na aros naomh;
Iad ruith na gaoithe, 's ag earbsa daonnan,
Ri sonas fhaotainn am faoinis bhreug;
Gun fhios, gun aird ac' air doigh a's fearr
dhai

Na-greim an drast air n' a's aill le 'n cr.

Tha 'm barail laidir gur muinntir shlan iad,
'S nach 'eil ceafn-fath ac' air grasan De:

Tha 'n Soisgeul faoin leo, seach gean an t-saoghail, • [Leigh

Tha 'n eridhe aotrom, gun ghaol do'n Acl: 's a'it an sgeul e, air leigheas ceutach Do dhuin' eusan, fo chreuchdaibh ciuirt; 'S naighes ead phriseil, bho Dhia na firinn Do neach fo dhiteadh, 's e diblidh, bruit.

Do neach fo smuaircan, le Dia bhi 'n gruain ris,

'S a lochdan uamhar 'g a chuartaich' dlu; Gun fhios nach aite dha ifrinn chraiteach, M'an tig am maireach, 's am bas 'na shuil Do neacha dh'fhoglum o'n Spiorad Naomha, Gur sonas baoth bheir an saogh'l so uath; Nach eil ann ach sgail deth 'san am tha lathair,

'S gu 'm bac am bas e 's nach fas e buan.

B'e sgeul an aigh e, air beatha 's slainte, O los 'a bhasaich 'na ghradh do dhaoine. 'Si 'fhuil am plasd anns a beil an tabhachd, 'Nuair theid a charadh gu baigheil, caoin, Ri eridhe leointe, gun ghean, gun solas, Ach dollich, bronach, gun seol air sith; Le Spiorad uasal nam fearta buadhar, Nuair thig e uas air le gluasad min.

Sud sgeul ro aoibhneach, air maoin' a's oighreachd,

Do dhuine daibhir, gun sgoinn do'n t-saogh'l Air crun, 's rioghachd a chaoi nach erioch-naich [gaol.

Gun dragh gun mhiothlachd, ach sith, 's Sud sgeul ro araidh do dhuine tairail,

Air urram ard ann am Parras shuas; Le gradh gun aimhleas, a measg nan ainghean: [do'n Uan.

'S cha teirig cainnt daibh, toirt taing

Deagh sgeul air fuasgladh, do pheacach truailidh,

O chionta duaichnidh, nach suail a mheid; Tie 'n chumhachd bhrioghar a ta an iobairt An t-Sagairt rioghail, ta siobhailt, seamh; 'S air feartaibh grasmhòr, ni cobhair trath dha,

'Nuair bhios a namhaid gu laidir, gleusd, A' tarrainn teann air chum, earbsa a thionnda Tur bun osceann da, le ionnsuidh threin.

Air gras, a's trocail, bheir neart, a's treoir dha,

Re fad an roid dh'ionnsuidh gloir an Uain; 'Sna namhan ard far am pailt an gradh dhaibh

'S cha teirig cail daibh gu brath g'a luadh.

'S e cliu an sgeoil ud gur firinn mhor e, Gun fhacal mor-uail, no sgleo gun bhri;

'S e Criosd an eirig as buaine eifeachd, An iobairt reitich, sar steigh na sith.

Thug an t-Ard-righ aon mhae a ghruidh dhuinn,

A ghabh ar nadur, 's e bharr a rian; 'S an tug e 'n umhlachd, le deoin, 's le durachd.

Thug coir as urdhuinn teachd dlu do Dhia: Sar umhlachd chiatach do lagh na Trianaid, Leis an duin' is Dia ann bha rianh ri feum; An coslas truaghain de dhine truailidh, Ach a b'fhearr, 's a b' uaisle na'n sluagh gu leir,

An caraid gaolach a choisinn saorsadh Do'n chinneadh dhaoana le caonnaig chruaidh;

A dh'fhuilig tanaill o rug a mhath'r o Gu la a bha is ann an a'it an t-sluagh.

Nuair bu naoidhean og e, rinn Herod fho-gradh

'S e dearc' an comhnui air doigh an t-sluagh.

Bha 'bheatha bronach, am fad 's bu bheo e, 'S e cruaidh an toir air gu bheo thoirt uath.

Oir b' e bu ghna dhaibh dhi deanamh tair'

Air Athair gradhach, 's air aintean naomh; 'S 'hi deanamh dearmuid air slaint' an anna,

Le cleachda garg, a's le h-ana-gnath baoth. [uaisle

Na sagairt uaibhreach, 's na h-ard dhaoine'

'Nan naimhdean buan da, le fuath gun ebrich:

A' dianamh dicheil, le h-iomadh innleachd, 'Us moran mi-ruin ga 'shir chur sìos.

'Us air a lorg bha na diabhail bhorba,

'Fo phrionns' an dorchadais, ce' ail, cruaidh:

Ach 'se bu chrattich an ceartas ard 'bhi

Cur claidhe 'n sas ann, gun bhail, gun truas

Rug mallachd Dhia air air son na fiachan,

Bhuin 'Athair fial ris gu fiata garg;

Oir rinn e threigsinn an am na h-eigin,

'Nuair chaidh a cheusadh le eucoirgharbh.

Ach 's gearr a' chuairt a bha'm bas an uachdar,

Gu h-aighearr fhuair e a' bhuaidh gh'elan;

Oir rinn e eiridh 'n treas latha 'n deigh sud,

Gu subhach, treubhach, chum feum do chach;

Do pheacach dhiblidh, a bha fo dhiteadh,

Gu'n dianadh 'fhireantachd didean daibh;

O chiont an naduir, 's o'n lochdaibh grainil.

'S o chumhachd Shatain bha ghna ri foill.

†

Nis anns na h-ardaibh, tha neart gu brath aig

A chum na's aill leis thoirt sabhailt suas;

'Us chum a naimhdean a sgrìos gun taing dhaibh [chruail.

Droch dhaoine' a's aingl, luchd ainneart

Ach thar gach seorsa na peacaich mhóra
Le 'm fuathac' eolas air deoin an Triath:
Nach creid an fharinn, ged tha i cinnteach,
Nach gluais gu dìreach, ach sir dhol fiarr.

Ged bhiodh an crìosduidh 'n alaigh am prìo-
san, [slaint,
Gu dochrach, iotmhor, gun bhiadh, gun
Nì'n soisgeul sìorruidh, tre bheannachd Iosa
A chridhe tiorail, is fìor ghean graidh.
Ged dhuais a nambaid gear leanmhuina
craiteach [sith:
Gun aon cheann-fath air ach gradh, a's
Tha cridhe aoibhneach, tha ghnais, ro aoid-
heil; [dith.
Tha gan 'us laoidh aig' gach oidhche gun

E cumail gleachdaidh an aghaidh peacaidh,
'S a stiùradh chleachdaidh, le beachd air
Crìosd

Tha gaol do'n reachd thar gach nì, 'us
neach aig; [fiarr.
'S cha ghabh e tlachd ann an seachran
'Se Dia na treacair a neart, 's a chomhnadh,
A bhios an comhnuidh toirt seolaidh dha,
Cha lag a dhochas cha bheag a sholas,
Tha aiteas mor aig' nach eol do chach.

A Thighearn, Iosa, gabh truas de'n chrìos-
dachd,

Tha 'n t-eolas iosal, 's gach crìoch mun
cuairt;

Is bras a Gh' eireas gach mearachd eitidh
'S is beag an t-eud th' aig a cùileir san
uair'.

Dean crìdeamh, 's eolas, dean gaol na
corach,

A's pailteas solais, a dhòrtadh nuas:

Gu daoine a philltinn, o'n cleachdaibh mill-
teach, [suas.

'S gu naomhachd inntinn bhi cinntinn

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A Dhe na sì-chaint, craobhsgeoil an fhirinn,
Measg slogh nan tìrean, 's nan Innsean
clan:

Mar dhaoine air chall, ann an ceo nam beann
iad, [bhiadh.

An oidhche teann orr, 's iad fann gun
Thoir solas gle ghlan, thoir rathad reidh
dhoibh,

'Us cridhe gleusd a thoirt geill do 'n uan!
Thoir sgeul do shlaointe, thoir fios do ghraì
dhaibh.

Cuir fear do ghlasan 'nan dail le buaidh.

AN GEARAN.

AIR Fonn—"Coire gorm an fhasaich"

Is daillich leam mar tha mi
A' siubhal le mo namhaid,
Eas-umhal do na h-aintean,
'S mo ghradh dhaibh cho fann.
'S iomadh fear a bharr orm'
Tha dol a reir a naduir;
'S e 'n lagh tha fulang tamailt,
'Us taire nach gann.
Riamh o thuiteam Adhaimb,
'Se 'm peacadh 'n nì a's fearr leinn,
'S mi-chneasd a thug sinn gradh dha,
'Ga thalach gach am.
Cha d'fhuair mi fad mo laithean,
Dad buannachd, no dad sta dheth,
Ach daonna tarrainn sais orm,
'S 'g am charadh am fang.

'S e dh'fhag gach nì a 'leugh mi,
Gach searmoin riamh a dh' eisd mi,
'S gach guth a bhair beul rium
Gun fheum dhomh, gun sta.
'S e mhilleas gealladh Dhe orm,
Nach earb mi ris ach eutrom,
'S nach caraich mi rium fein e,
Gu h-eifeachdach, slan.
'S ann chuir e mi an deis-laimh,
'G am fhagail ro mhi ghleusda,
Gu h-òir uasal, eudhadh,
'S gu troubhantas ard:
Gu gleachdadh ris an eucoir
A bhios a'm' chridhe 'g eiridh,
No chithear ann am bheusaibh,
Gu h-eitich, 's gu grand.

Nam bithinn tairis, dileas,
A leantuinn ris an fhirinn,
Bhiodh ise dhomh mar dhèan

Nach dìobradh gu brath.
Ged chuireadh daoine sìos mi
Le casaiden, 's le dìteadh,
Gu'n togadh ise ris mi,
'S dhirinn an aird.

Cha toilleadh i gu dìlinn
Dad coire dhomh no mì-thlachd,
Tha ceangal ris an t-sith aic',

'S is dìreach a gna:

Ach 's mor an cail, 's an dìth dhomh,
Gu'm beil i tric air di-chuimhn,
'S nach' eil an creideamh cinnteach
A'm' inntinn a tamh.

Bha amaideach a's goraich

A leantuinn rium o m' oige,
'S b' annsa leam gu mor iad
Na 'n t-eolas a's fearr.

Nan deannain leth na corach
Cha chreidinn nach ou leoir e,
'S nach tearradh sud fa-dheoidh mi,
Gun doigh air tigh'n' gearr.

Ge mor an t-aobhar solais
Bhi 'n comunn Rìgh na gloire,
'S iad b' annsa leam na h-orain,

'S bhi 'g ol nan deoch-alaint.
Bu dallag mi nach soradh,
Bhi clu'ch air bruaich na dorainn,
An Diabhol g'e mo threorach
Gu seolta air lainh.

Gur mor' a shreach, 's an diubhail,
Mo chridhe bhi gun durachd,
A gabhail De nan dul domh,
Mar Ughdar mo shlainn :
'S e tairgse dhomh 'na chumhnant,
A neart a bhi mar chul domh,
'S a ghliocas ard gu m' stiuireadh,
Le curam, 's le gradh.
Tha druidheachd air mo shuilean,
'Se 'n rud a ni mo chiurradh,
D' an ruith mo mhian gu siubhlach,
'S mi lubadh 'na dhail.
Mo shonas air mo chul-thaobh,
Mar anabas nach fiu leam,
'S m' anam an droch run da,
'Ga dh'itadh le tair.

'S mi 'n duin' as truaigh' san t-saoghal,
Fo chis aig m' easgar d'aoibhaidh,
Lan fuath do 'n bheath' a's caoine,
'S an gaol air a' bhas.
Co sheallas rium a'm' dhaorsa?
Co thionndas mi bho chlaonadh?
Cha'n-aingil, no clann-daoine,
Och! b' fhaoin iad sa' chas.
Ach taing do'n Athair naomha,
A dh'ullaigh dhomh an t-saoradh,
Lan tearnadh o gach baoghal,
Trid Aon-ghin a ghraidh.
A Dhe ta iochdmhor, maoineach,
Cia fhad a bhios mi caoineadh!
O greas le d' chobhair chaomh,
A' gus saor mi gun dail!

AN AISEIRIGH.

AIR Fonn—"Tha mise foghruaim."

Thig am bas oirn mu'n cuairt,
'S ceart gu 'n laidhinn 's an uaigh,
Ach cha teid mi le gruaim 'na coir :
Oir bha Iosa mo ruin,
Greis 'na laidhe 's an uir,
'S rinn e'n leabaidh ud cubhraidh dhomhs',

Thug e'n gath as a' bhas,
Rinn e caraaid de m' namh,
A shaoil mo chumail gu brath fo leon :
Teachdair m' Athar e nis,
Dh'ionnsuidh m'anma le fios,
E dhol dhachaigh a chisg chum gloir.

On a dh'eirich e ris
Sar Cheann-fheadhna mo shith,
Gun e dh'fhuireach fad bhios fo'n fhad :

'Us gu 'n deachai'f e suas,
Ghabhail seilbhe d'a shluagh,
Anns na fathneas, le luathghair mhoir.

Se mo chreidimh gun bhreig,
Gu 'n eirich mise 'na dheigh,
Measg na buidhne gun bheud, gun gho :
'Nuair a dh'fhosglar gach uaigh,
'S a theid beo anns gach sluagh,
Chum an togail 's an uair, gu mod.

Sud an cumhachd tha treun,
Sud am fradharc tha geur,
Chuireas rithied gach cre air doigh;
Dream chaidh itheadh le sluagh,
Dream chaidh mheasgadh 'n aon uaigh,
Dream chaidh losgadh 'nan luath 's nan ceo.

'S iomadh-eolainn bhios ann,
Tha fad air aslar o 'ceann
'S thig iad cuideachd 'san am, gu foill.
Thig iad uile 'nan taom
As gach clagh tha 's an t-saogh'l,
'S as gach araich, 's an d' am na seoid.

Cha'n 'eil ait ga'm beil corp,
Air ard mhonadh, no cnoc,
Ann am fasach, no slochd no moir :
Ann an doimhneachd a' chuain,
No 's na h-aibhnaichean buan,
As nach eirich iad suas, 's iad beo.

Eiridh 'n diuc, 'us an righ,
Eiridh 'm bochd bha fa chis,
Eiridh gaisgeach an strì, 's an deor'
Eiridh' bhaintighearna mhaoth,
Eiridh 'n t-amadan baoth,
'S cha bhi dearmad air aosd, no og.

Eiridh cuid se' le gruaim,
Chi iad fearg air an Uan,
Chuireas orith orr' a's uamhunn mhor.
Eiridh cuid se' le aoidh,
Buidheann usal nan saoidh,
'G am bi oighreachd a chaidh an gloir.

AIR FOGHLUM NAN GAEL.

Fonn—"Chunna mi 'n dtugh an Dun-eid-ann."

Bha na Gaell fo aineolach dall,
Eha ionnsachadh gann nam measg,
Bh. 'n eolas cho tana 's cho mail,
'S nach b' aithne dhaibh 'n call a mheas,
Cha chrideadh iad buannaichd no sta,
Bhi 'n sgoilearachd ard da 'n cloinn,
Ged fheadhaidh fhaicinn gach la,
Gu' i thog o 'n lar na Goill.

Theid aincolas nis as an tìr,
 'S gach cleachdadh neo-dhireach crom,
 A's meallaidh sinn soons a's sìth,
 Gun fharmaid no strì 'n ar fonn;
 Theid sgoilean chuir suas anns gach cearn,
 B'ìdh leabhraichean Gaelig pailt;
 B'ìdh eolas a's diadhachd a fas,
 Thig gach duine gu sta 's gu rath.

Nis " tognaidh na Gaeil an ceann,
 'S bha bhi iad am fang ni's mo";
 B'ìdh aca ard fhoghlum nan Gall,
 A's tuigse neo mhall na choir:

Theid innleachdan 'n oibrìbh air bonn,
 Chuireas saibhreas 'n ar fonn gu pailt,
 Bithidh 'n diblidh cho laidir ri sonn—
 'S an bochd cha bhi lom le aire!

Thig na linntean gu cinnteach mun cuairt,
 Tha 'n sgrìobtur a luaidh thig oirn;
 'S an teid Satan a cheangal gu cruaidh,
 'S nach meal' e an sluagh le sgìeo;
 Bì dh fìrinn a's sìochaint a's gaol,
 A ceangail chloinn daoin' ri cheil;
 Chan fhaicear fear dona mi-naomh,
 Theid oile a's an t-saogh 'l a's beud.

EOBHON MAC-LACHUINN.

EWEN MACLACHLAN was born at Torracalltuinn, on the farm of Coiruanan, in Lochaber, in the year 1775. Coiruanan was possessed by a family of the name of MacLachlan for many generations. The forefathers of E. MacLachlan came originally from Morven, first to Ardgour and thence to Lochaber, and appear to have been in general, men possessed of superior natural gifts. His great grandfather was *Domhnall-Ban-Bard* contemporary with Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel. That bard's compositions are justly admired, particularly his elegy on occasion of the death of that chief. The mother of E. MacLachlan was a Mackenzie, descended from a branch of that clan, which had settled in Lochaber many generations back. His father, *Domhnall Mor*, a man of venerable presence and patriarchal bearing, was reckoned one of the most elegant speakers of the Gaelic language in his day. He was distinguished by the extent and diversity of his traditionary and legendary lore, as well as by the appropriate beauty and purity of the language, in which he told his tale, or conveyed his sentiments to the admiring listeners, who delighted to resort to his humble dwelling.

Though the father was himself illiterate, he was keenly alive to the benefits of education. Besides the subject of our memoir, he had several sons and daughters. Two of the former were afterwards respectable planters in the Island of Jamaica. In the village of Fort William, where his father now resided, the parochial school of Killmalie had been situated since the middle of last century, and taught by superior teachers. At this school the brothers of Ewen MacLachlan, as well as himself, got the rudiments of their education, which, by their natural abilities and laudable ambition, all of them afterwards, extended. Ewen was the youngest son of the family, except one. While he excelled his very clever brothers in mental abilities, he was their inferior in bodily strength; the physical weakness of limb which disqualified him, in some measure, for the playful exercises of his fellow-scholars,

tended among other causes, to direct his views to objects and pursuits of a more exalted character.

His first teacher was the Rev. John Gordon, afterwards minister of Alvie; after him, Dr. William Singers of Kirkpatrick-Juxta. He did not remain long under the tuition of these gentlemen, and on account of his father's poverty, was but very indifferently supplied with books. His progress, notwithstanding, was great for his years; it indeed excelled that of all others in the school, and in general, his class fellows were glad to grant him the perusal of their books, in consideration of his very efficient help to them in learning their lessons.

Mr. MacLachlan, at an early age, went out as tutor into the family of Mr. Cameron, of Camisky, in the parish of Killmonivaig; there his desire for classical studies received a considerable impulse from his intercourse with the father of his host, Cameron of Liandally, then an old gentleman confined to bed. Liandally, like many of the gentlemen of his day in Lochaber, had been well instructed in the knowledge of the Latin tongue, and much exercised in the colloquial use of that ancient language in the parochial school of Kilmalie, taught by a Mr. Mac Bean. Mr. MacLachlan no doubt derived much benefit from his "colloquies" with the venerable classic, who, from his being bed-ridden, also derived much amusement, as well as pleasure, from his communings with his young companion.

Mr. MacLachlan's next engagement as tutor was, when about fifteen years of age, in the family of Mr. Cameron of Clunes. His pupils were Captain Allan Cameron, now of Clunes, and his brother General P. Cameron, H.E.I.C.S. Here Mr. MacLachlan made great progress in the study of the Greek and Latin languages. It is said that he even travelled on the vacant Saturdays, to Fort William, (whither his parents had removed,) in order to get from his former teacher, an outline of his prospective studies for the subsequent week. Thus he soon became able to translate, with fluency, the Scriptures of the New Testament from the original Greek into his mother-tongue, Gaelic; and frequently did he astonish, as well as instruct and delight, the unsophisticated rustics of the place, by this singular display of erudition.

After the lapse of two years, he engaged as tutor in the family of Mr. Mac Millan of Glenpean, a very remote and romantic situation at the west end of Loch-aircaig. In this family, he resided for two years, still devoting his spare hours to the prosecution of his classical and other studies. So great indeed was his ardour in this respect, that his worthy hostess often deemed it necessary, to insist on his relaxing his application to his books, in order to take healthful exercise in the open air. On such occasions, his favourite walk was along the banks of the "slow-rolling Pean," so sweetly celebrated in his own ode to that romantic stream, and on whose green borders were composed many of his finest juvenile strains. At this time also, our young bard began to show a *penchant* for instrumental music. He constructed a rude violin, on which he took lessons from an individual, by profession a piper, who lived in the neighbouring district or "country" of Moror, and came occasionally to Glenpean. This rustic instrument possessed but few, if any, of the qualities of a

Cremona. An individual, who lived in the family at this period, describes it as being no bigger than a *ladle*—" *Cha bu mho i dhuibh na 'n liadh,*" and he himself in the ode to Pean calls it "*fidheall na racail,*" or "*dissonant lyre.*" Afterwards, however, our poet became a tolerable performer on the violin, as well as some other musical instruments.

After residing two years in Glenpean, he returned to Clunes, and resumed his former office there. Here he remained for six years. In 1795, he fondly cherished the hope of being enabled to enter College, could he be so lucky as to procure funds for that purpose. With the view of obtaining aid from certain wealthy namesakes of his, he and his father paid a visit to those gentlemen, and to some humbler persons, relations of his mother. The *latter*, "were willing to contribute something;" but the *former* met his suit with a discouraging refusal, telling his father, that "he meant to ruin his son by putting such *idle* notions in his head, and that he ought rather to go home, and forthwith bind the lad as apprentice to his own trade,—that of a weaver." With heavy hearts and weary limbs, they returned home. After anxious and earnest deliberation on this important point, by the poet and his parents around their humble ingle, the idea of going to college was, for a time, abandoned; and the young man resolved to return next day, to the family of Clunes, where he was assured that he should be received with open arms. He accordingly set out for that place; but as he approached it, his earthly career was very nearly terminated. In those days, there was no bridge over the river Arkaig. He found the stream greatly swollen, and hazardous to ford. Night, however, was approaching, and therefore he ventured out. He had not proceeded far in the rugged channel, when he was carried off his feet, and swept away by the rapid current; he now thought with himself that his golden dreams of literary and philosophic distinction were at an end: he committed himself, however, to the care of him who hath said, "when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee." On this he was providentially thrown on a stone, a part of which was still above the waters. After resting here a brief space, he made one desperate effort to reach the wished-for bank, and was successful. He there poured out a prayer of gratitude to the Most High for his signal deliverance from so great a danger. Forthwith Mr. Maclachlan resumed his labours at Clunes; at the same time prosecuting his classical studies with unremitting ardour, as his time permitted. Here he composed several pieces of justly admired Gaelic poetry; several of these and of his former compositions were published about 1798, in a volume printed in Edinburgh, for Allan M'Dougall, alias "*Dall,*" musician, then at Inverlochy, afterwards family-bard to the late Glengarry. Among these were "*Dain nan Aimsirean,*" a translation of Pope's *Messiah*, "*Dan mu Chonaltradh,*" &c., and a translation of part of Homer's *Iliad* into Gaelic heroic verse. During the currency of the year 1796, our poet was introduced by Dr. Ross of Killmonivag to the late Glengarry; and that Chief, ever after, continued his warm friend. He yielded him the pecuniary aid which he had in vain solicited from other sources. This kindly aid, together with our poet's own little savings out of his salaries, put him in circumstances to proceed to the University, whither he was accompanied by

his anxious and affectionate father.* Arrived at Aberdeen, he determined to enter the lists as a competitor for a *bursary* at King's College. Here, for the first time, he found himself engaged with entire strangers in the arena of literary strife. The various pieces of *trial* being duly executed and given in, the hour for announcing the fate of the champions approached; the anxious expectants were assembled in the lobby of the great College-Hall, where the Professors were still engaged in earnest judicial deliberation. Meantime the rustic dress of the young Highlander, his diffident manner, and rather awkward appearance, drew upon him the ungenerous gibes and unmerited contempt of several young cockcombs, his rivals. It was sneeringly recommended to him to make a speedy retreat to the *wilds* of Lochaber, while he was comforted with the assurance that he had not the slightest chance of success. Enduring all this banter, with meek, but firm forbearance, he merely advised his assailants not to prejudge his case. The door of the hall was at length opened, the names of the successful competitors were announced, and the officer first called "EWEN MACLACHLAN," as being the best scholar, and chief bursar.

From that moment, he gained and retained the respect and warm regard of his fellow-students. He entered on his studies in Aberdeen with his wonted earnestness and diligence, and greatly distinguished himself in his classes. At the end of the Session, he resumed the charge of his pupils at Clunes; this he continued to do, during the recess annually, whilst he continued in the *gown classes*. At the end of that period, having obtained the degree of A. M., he entered the Divinity-Hall. Through the good offices of the Rev. Dr. Ross, our student was presented to a Royal bursary in the gift of the Barons of Exchequer; and about the same time (anno 1800), he was appointed assistant to Mr. Gray as librarian of King's College, and teacher of the Grammar School of Old Aberdeen. From the date of these appointments, he took up his permanent residence in that town, of which, at a subsequent period, he was made a free burgess. He continued to attend the Divinity-Hall for eight sessions, and in the enjoyment of the Royal bursary above mentioned. He was, during the period last mentioned, custodian of the library attached to the Divinity-Hall of Marischal College. From this date, the life of our theologian was indeed a life of incessant literary toil and scholastic labour. In addition to the duties of the offices to which he had been recently appointed, he devoted several hours every day to private teaching, in order to eke out the limited income derived from these offices. Many gentlemen, especially from the Highlands, sent to him their sons to be under his effective and immediate superintendence. Even in these circumstances, as well as through life, he displayed great liberality and affection toward his aged parents and his other near relations, by often relieving their wants out of his hard earnings.

After completing his attendance at the "Hall," and delivering his trial-pieces with eclat, he found the bent of his mind, as well as his ambition, directed to a "Chair," in one of the Universities, rather than to the Pulpit. He was encouraged in his aspiration after this object, by several friends, but particularly by Professor James Beattie of Marischal College. The Professor's death, however, 1810, was a heavy blow to Mr. MacLachlan's hopes. A strong mutual friendship had existed

* It is said that he travelled to Aberdeen dressed in the mountain garb.

between them, amounting to affection. On the melancholy occasion of his friend's death, Mr. Maclachlan composed an elegy in the Gaelic tongue, which for beauty of language, sincerity of sorrow, and unrivalled elegance of composition, can bear comparison with anything of the kind ever presented to the world. This was not the only composition in which our poet's grateful remembrance of Professor Beattie's friendship was commemorated. In his "Metrical Effusions," (Aberdeen, 1816,) is printed an elegant Latin ode addressed to that accomplished scholar, during his life, and an English ode, entitled "A dream," being an apotheosis on that patron of neglected merit. Some years after his settlement in Aberdeen, Mr. Maclachlan turned his attention to Oriental literature, as well as to that of the languages of modern Europe; and his acquirements in these he made subservient to the critical culture of his mother-tongue. About the same time he undertook the arduous task of translating the Iliad of Homer into Gaelic heroic verse. Of this immortal work, he finished nearly seven books, which still remain in MS. Besides this, he began to compile materials for a Dictionary of the Gaelic language spoken in Scotland, and that, (as he did everything else) from his mere regard and affection for everything tending to promote the honour or improvement of his native land. What was *then* called "the Highland Society of Scotland," (having had reference to the mental culture of their Caledonian countrymen, instead of as now, unfortunately, to the physical development of the points of the inferior animals) had soon after entertained the project of preparing and publishing a Dictionary of that ancient language; and having ascertained the eminent qualifications of Mr. Maclachlan, and his progress in compiling the said work, they conjoined him with the late Dr. Macleod of Dundonald, in carrying on the national Dictionary, compiled under their patronage. The department assigned to Mr. Maclachlan was the Gaelic-English, and so important and difficult a task could not have been committed to better hands. In the preface to the Dictionary published by Drs. Macleod and Dewar, it is well remarked,—“Mr. Maclachlan of Aberdeen especially brought to the undertaking great talents, profound learning, habits of industry which were almost superhuman, an intimate acquaintance with the Gaelic language, and devoted attachment to the elucidation of its principles.”

The pages of Mr. Maclachlan's MS. of this great national work were enriched with innumerable vocables and phrases kindred to Gaelic, derived not only from the cognate dialects of the Keltic, but also from the Greek and Latin, as well as from the Hebrew, Arabic, Chaldaic, Persian, and other Eastern languages.

In the winter of 1821 and 1822, he was engaged in transcribing this work for the press, and he expected to have it completed by the following July; but alas! his valuable life was not prolonged to see his hopes realized.

Let us now briefly revert to events somewhat prior in our poet's life. In the *Metrical Effusions* formerly mentioned, there is printed an ode in the Greek language, "on the *Generation of Light*," which had the honour of gaining the prize given by Dr. Buchanan of Bengal to King's College for the best poetical ode upon the above subject. About this period (1816), he, at the request of his friend Lord Bannatyne M'Leod, deciphered several old Gaelic MSS., and transcribed

them into the ordinary character—a difficult and laborious task. In 1819, Mr. Gray died, and Mr. Maclachlan was then appointed Head-Master of the Grammar School of Old Aberdeen, and also principal Session-Clerk and Treasurer of the parish of Old Machar. These promotions increased his income, but greatly added to his labour. He was likewise secretary to the Highland Society of Aberdeen; and in this character, used to wear the full garb of his country when officially attending the meetings of the Society, and on other particular occasions. In 1820, the office of teacher of the classical department of the Inverness Academy became vacant. Many friends and admirers of Mr. Maclachlan's great talents made strenuous exertions to procure his appointment to that situation. At the head of these friends was his firm supporter and original patron, Glengarry. Unhappily, the proceedings on that occasion, instead of being conducted with a single regard to public utility, and the rewarding of merit, were mixed up with *local politics* and causeless prejudices. The result was, that after an unprecedentedly keen canvass, and the exercise of every available influence on both sides, Mr Maclachlan was excluded by the mere numerical force of the opposing party. It is plain from the very handsome document obtained from the Professors of Humanity and Greek at St. Andrew's, upon the occasion of Mr. Maclachlan's being on a remit, examined by them, that want of deep scholarship, or talent as a successful teacher, was not the cause of his exclusion from a situation which he would have adorned.

Gifted with exquisite sensibility, he deeply felt the unworthy treatment thus experienced at the hands of his Norland countrymen; and he frequently expressed himself to the effect, that he was resolved never again to expose his peace of mind to the machinations of "ambidexter politicians."

Some short time after this period, his health became affected. His constitution began to yield under his incessant toils. He proceeded, however, to Ayrshire, to visit his colleague, Dr. Macleod. There his health rallied considerably, and he continued in the enjoyment of much of that blessing, till the beginning of 1822, when again his health was most seriously assailed. He lingered till the 29th day of March, when this amiable man, and distinguished scholar, departed this life at the age of 47 years. It might be said that he died of a gradual decay and debility, induced by professional over-exertion and study. His locks had become, years before his death, silver-grey. In him unquestionably, died the first Celtic scholar of his day. His premature death caused much regret in the public mind, particularly at Aberdeen, and throughout the Highlands; and deep sorrow among his numerous friends.

As a general scholar, possessed of varied learning and fine genius, Mr. Maclachlan stood very high. The department of philology, however, was his *forte*, and favourite pursuit. In that respect, it is believed he had few superiors. He was "*eximius apud Scotos philologus*." His Greek and Latin odes have met with the highest approbation from the *best* critics. The same may be predicated of his Gaelic poems. His Gaelic version of the first seven books of the *Iliad* stands second to the unrivalled original alone. His MS. of the national Gaelic-English Dictionary (if preserved) affords ample proof of his unwearied diligence and labour, and of his

pre-eminent philological and antiquarian acquirements; notwithstanding it did not receive the final polish from his master-hand. With the true spirit of genius, his mind descended, with grateful elasticity, from those abstruse subjects to the lighter amusements of poetry and music; cheerful, and often playful conversation.

As a classical teacher, Mr. MacLachlan's success is sufficiently evinced by the circumstance, that his pupils annually carried off the largest proportion of the bursaries competed for at the University. His excellencies as a scholar were equalled by his virtues as a man and a Christian. His piety was unfeigned, deep, and, in some respects enthusiastic. He was the very soul of *honour*. None could go before him in moral *purity*, worth and integrity. His manners, withal, displayed the most engaging simplicity. In life, he secured the love and respect of all who knew him; and in death, his memory is by them held in tender remembrance.

Eminently calculated to advance the literature and language of his native land, it is deeply to be regretted that he had not been placed through the munificence of individuals, or the public patriotism of his countrymen, in a situation of ease and comfort, such as a Professorship of Keltic in one of our Universities. There he could have effectually promoted the objects he so fondly cherished: the temperament of his modest nature required the supporting arm of a patron, as the limber vine requires the aid of the oak. But his was the too frequent lot of kindred spirits, to experience the heart-sickening of "hope deferred," and to be allowed to droop and die, the victims of ill-requested toil.

Mr. MacLachlan possessed the friendship, and was the correspondent of several persons of distinction—among these might be enumerated, besides the late Glengarry, his Grace Alexander Duke of Gordon, Sir John Sinclair, Dr. Gregory, and Lord Bannatyne Macleod. Much of their correspondence, (*if collated*) would be found very interesting.

In conformity with the prevailing feature of his character, this "true Highlander," on his death-bed directed his body to be laid with the ashes of his fathers at the foot of his native mountains; "*et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos*." This dying request was religiously complied with. At Aberdeen every mark of respect was paid to his memory. With all the solemnities usually observed at the obsequies of a Professor of the University, his body was removed from his house to the ancient chapel of King's College, his Alma Mater, and laid in the tomb of Bishop Elington, the founder of this venerable seminary. Next morning, a great concourse of the most respectable persons in and around Aberdeen, including the Professors of both Universities, the Magistrates of the city and the Highland Society of Aberdeen chapterly, met in the College Hall, to pay their last respects to the remains of departed worth, and thence accompanied the hearse, bearing those remains, some distance out of town, and there bade a long and last adieu. Similar indications of respect and sorrow were evinced in all the towns through which the mournful procession passed. Glengarry, accompanied by a large number of his clansmen dressed in their native garb, paid a tribute of respect to his departed *protege*, by meeting and escorting his remains, while passing through that chief's country. His Lochaber countrymen were not behind in exhibiting every proper feeling towards

the memory of him whom they universally esteemed an honour to belong to their country. All classes of them came out to meet the hearse ; so that on entering his native village of Fort William, the crowd was so dense, that the procession advanced with difficulty. Next day, being the 15th of April, the mortal remains of Ewen MacIachlan, preceded by the "wild wail" of the *piobrachd*, and accompanied by a larger assemblage than that of the preceding day, were conducted to their last resting-place, and laid with those of his fathers, at Killevaodain in Ardgour. There, "near the noise of the sounding dirge," sleeps "the waster of the midnight oil," without "one gray stone" to mark his grave!

AN SAMHRADH.

AIR FOMH.—"An am dol sìos bhi deonach."

Moch 's mi 'g eiridh 'madainn cheitein,
'S driuchd air fear nan lointean;
Bu shunntach eibhinn eil gach creutair,
'Tigh'n le gleus a'm frogaidh,
Gu blathas na greine 'b'agh'or eiridh,
Suaas air sgeith nam mor-bheann;
'S e teachd o'n chuan gu dreachor, buaghach,
Rioghail, uasal, or-bhuidh.

Tha cuirtean ceutach cian nan speuran,
Laith-ghorm, reidh mar chlaraidh,
'S do sgaoil blo cheile neoil a sheideadh
Stoirin nan reub-ghaoth arda;
Gach duil ag eigheach iochd a's reite,
'N teachd a cheud mhios Mhaigh oirnn;
'S gu'm b' ur neo-thruaillidh 'n trusgan uain',
Air druim nan cluaintean fasaich.

Bu chuirteil, priseil, foirm gach eoin,
An cuantal ordail, greannar,
Cuir sìos ar sgeoil is blasta gloir,
Air bharr nan og-mheur samhraidh,
Le 'n ribheid chiuil gu fonnar dlu,
Na puirt bu shiublaich ranntachd;
'S mac-tall' a' freagairt fusam am feadain,
Shuas 's na creagan gleannach.

Bi 'n ioc-shlaint eileibh am fìor shruth sleibh,
O ghlaic nam fear-choir' arda.
Le turasach bhian th'air bhalbhag min,
A shiubhlas sìos tro 'n ailean,
Mar airgead glais, 'na choilichibh cas,
Ri toraghan bras gun tamh orr',
Cuir suigh gun truail 's gach fìuran uaine,
'S dlu mu bhruach nam blarabh.

B' e m' eibhneas riann 'nuair dh' eirghe grian,
Le cheud ghath tiorail blath oirn,
Bhi ceum a sìos gu beul nam min-shruth,
'S reidh ghorm lith mar sgathan,
A' snamh air falbh gu samhach balbh,
Gu cuantaibh gailbheinn seil ghlaic,

Tro lùbaibh cam le strathibh ghleann
Tha tilge greann a Mhairt diu.

Air uèhd an fhìor-uisg 's grunn a chitear,
Oibrean sìannta nàduir,
Du-neoil nan speur a' falbh o cheil,
Air chruach nan sleibhteann arda;
Gun saoil an t-suil gur h-ann sa ghrunn.
Tha dealbh gach iognaidh aghoir;
Am bun os-ceann nan luibh 's nan crann,
'S na'm beil sa' ghleann gan arach.

Bi'dh bradan seang-mhear, druim-ìhubh, tarr-
gheal'

'S cleoc nan meanbh-bhall ruadh air,
Beo, brisg, gun chearb air bhuinne garbh,
O'n mhuir is gailbheach nuallan;
Gu h-iteach, earr-ghobhlach, grad-mheamnach,
Leum air ghearr-sgiath luatha,
Le cham-ghob ullamh cheapa chuileag,
Bhios feadh shruth nan cuairteag.

Gum faicte loma barr gach tomain,
Caoirich throm, liontaidh,
Gu ceigeach, bronnach, garbh an tomail,
Rusgach, ollach, min-tiugh;
'S an uanaibh geala, luatha, glana,
Ri cluainis mhear a' dian-ruith,
Le meilich mbaoth m' an cuairt do'n raon,
A's pairt san fhraoch gan grianadh.

'S na trathan ceart thig drobh nam mart,
'An ordugh steach do'n bhuaile,
Le 'n uithibh lan, gu reamhar, lairceach,
Druim-fhionn, ora-dhearg, guailionn;
'S gach gruagach aigh gu cridheil, gaireach,
Craioneach, snathaach, cuachaach;
Air lom an tothair, fonn air bleothann,
Steall bu bhothar fusamrich.

Gur h-ionmhuinn gaor struth-gheimnich
laogh.

Bi leumnach fhaoin fèa 'n ailein,

Gu seang-brìag, uallach, eutrom, gnanach,
 Por is uaine stralcein,
 'S iad du-ghlas, riabhach, caisfhionn, stiallach
 Bailefhionn, clàr-dhubh, barr-lom,
 'S an earblaibh sguabach togte suas,
 A' duibh-ruith suas gu mathair.

O Shamhraidh gheugaich, ghrianaich, cheut-
 aich,
 Dhuillich, fheuraich, chialn-ghil!
 Bho t-anail fein thig neart a's speurad,
 Do gach creutair diuidi,
 Bha 'n sas 'an slabhraidh reota gheamhraidh,
 Ann an am na dudlachd,
 'S tha nia a'damhs, fèadh ghlas a's ghleann,
 M' ad theachd a nall as ur oirn.

'S tu tarbhaach reachdor, biachar, pailt,
 Le fear do fhrasan blatha,
 A thig nan ciuraidh mhaoth-bhuig dhriuchd,
 A' dorta suigh gun fhaillinn,
 'S ann leam is taitneach fiamh do bhrat,
 O fhluraibh dait a gharaidh
 Cuir dealra boisgeil reull an daoimein,
 'Maoh gu druim nan ard-bheann.

Gach furan mais is aillidh dreach,
 A' fas 'an cleachdadh ordail,
 Gu rimheach, taitneach, ciatach, snasmhor,
 Ann 's ar reachd bu choir dhaibh;
 An t-seanmrag uaine 's barr-ghéal ruag,
 A 's buidheann chuachach neoinein,
 Lili gneagach nan oluigean,
 'S mìle lus nach eol domh.

Bidh sobhrach luaineach, gheal-bhui, chluas-
 ach,
 Ann am bruaich nan alltabh,
 'S a bhiolair uain taobh nam fuaran,
 Gibeach, cluaineach, oam-mheur,
 Thig ros nam bad is boidhe dreach,
 Na neoil na maidne samhraidh,
 Gu ruiteach, dearg-ghéal, cearsalach, dealbhach,
 Air roinn mbeandh nam fann-shlat.

An gleann fo bharrach, reisgeach, cannach,
 Fearach, raineach, luachrach,
 Gu min-bhog, mealach, brìghor, bainnear,
 Cib, a's cneamh m' an cuairt ann;
 Bidh lom a bhlair is reachdair fas,
 A' dol fo strac neo-thruaillidh,
 'S an saoghall a 'gairdeas le faillt,
 A thaobh gu'n dh' fhag am fuachd sinn.

Gu ceann-ghorm loinneil dos gach doire,
 Bhios sa choille dhrochdaich,
 Gu sleabhach ard fo iomlan blath,
 O bhun gu bharr 'n comhdaich;
 An snothach sughor thig o'n dusluig
 Ann ana furain nògar,
 A' bruchda meas trò shlios nan geug,
 A's thuas nan speur ga'n comhnaidh.

Gach maoth phreas urgu duilleach eubhraidh,
 Pèurach, ubhlach, sòghar,
 Trom thorrach, luineagach, a' lubadh,
 Measach, driuchdach, lodail;
 Le eud-throm ghagan, dlu dhonn-dhearg,
 A bhios air slait nan croc-mheur,
 'S co mìlle blas ri mìl o'n sgeap,
 Aig seillein breac a chroinain.

Bidh coisridh mhuirneach nan gob lughor,
 Ann sgach ur-dhos uaigneach,
 Air gheugaibh dlu nan duilleach ur-ghorm,
 Chuireadh sunnt fo'n duanaig;
 Thig ameornach chuirteil, druid a's bru-dhearg-
 Uiseag chluin a's cuachag,
 Le h-oran cianail, fann-bhog tiamhaidh,
 N glacaig dhionmhair uaine.

M' an innsinn sloch gach ni bu mhiann leam,
 Ann am briathran seolta,
 Cha chuirinn crìoch le dealbh am bliadhn'
 Air ceathramh trian de'n b' eol domh,
 M' a ghloir nan speur, 's an t-saogha'l gu leir,
 A lion le h-eibhneas mor mi,
 'N uair rinn mi eiridh madainn cheitein,
 'S dealt air fear nan lointean.

AM FOGHAR.

Fonn—"Nuair thig an Samhra geugach
 oirn."

GRAD eiridh fonn a's fìor-ghleus oirbh,
 Na biodh 'ur 'n inntinn smuairneach;
 Tha sgeul is ait leam innse dhuibh,
 Cho binn bho chian cha chuala sibh;
 Tha 'm por bu taitneach cinntinn duinn,
 Fo'n reachd is brighair buaghalachd;
 'S gun teid an saoghal a riarachadh,
 O dhicheadh gnìomh nan tuathanach.

Tha 'm foghar a' nochda cairdeis duinn,
 'S e bhuilich am pailteas gnathaicht oirn
 A mhaithas gu slalaidh paitichear,
 Gun ghainne; gun fhailline truacontachd;
 Gheibh duine's bruid a shathachadh
 'O sheileir na dusluig nadurra;
 Gun' sgaoilear na buird gu failteachail
 Ga 'r cuireadh gu lan ar tuarasdail.

Theid sgrainn an acrais bhiasgaich dhinn,
 'S a ghorta chrìon gu'm fuadaichear,
 Bu ghuiteach, sgaitach, bior-guineach,
 Geur-ghoint' a ruinn'-ghob nuarranta;
 'S e 'dheoghlaigh sugh nan caolan bhuaht,
 'Chur neul an Aoi mu d'ghruaim-mhala;
 Gun teid an tarmasg dioghaltach
 A ghreasad null th' ar chuaintean bhuainn.

Bidh coirce strath nan du-ghleannabh,
 Fo'n dreach is cuirteil priselleachd,

Trom thorach, diasach, cuinnleanach,
Ard, luirgneach, suilte, sonraichte;
'S am pannal coibhior, muirneachail,
Gu sunntach, surdail, ordamail.
Co gleusta, saothreach, luath-lamhach,
'S am barr ga bhuain 'na dhorlaichean.

Gach te gu dileas deannadach,
Le corran cam-ghorm, geur-fhiachlach,
Ri farpuis stritheil, dhiorrasaich,
Cuir fuinn a sios fo dhuagan;
Bidh oigridh, lughor, mheannneach,
A' ceangal bhann ma sguabannan,
Le 'n diolt am briodal maranach,
A bheireadh gair air gruagaichean.

'S an Iuchar chiatach, ghaothor, theid
Feur-saoidh na faich' a sgaoileadh leinn
A' ceann nan riaghan caola 'bhios
Air lom nan raointean uain-neulach;
Na rachdain laidir liath-ghluibhais
A tionndadh rolag sniomhanach,
Gu 'n tiormachadh 's na grian-ghathan,
Cho caoin 's as miann le tuathanach.

'N nuair dh'fhosgla *Phæbus* seomraichean;
Na h-aid-an-iar thoirt ordugh dhuinn;
'An duibhar an fhasgair toisichear,
Ri cruinneacha feoir 'an cruachannan;
Bidh mullain is garbhe domhladas,
Gu tomakach, cuirrichdeach, mor-chean-
nach;
Grad fhiogheir na siomain chorr umpa,
Gu sgiobailte, doigheil, suaicheanta.

Bidh iomairean cian fo stracan ann,
Le doireachan go'n buntata orra,
Gu ginneach, dosach, crac-mheurach,
Bog-mhogach, lairreach, uain-neulach;
Barr-guc a's dearg-ghéal fas orra,
'Sa dhreach mar ros nan garaidhnean;
Bidh paidirein phlumbas aifidh ann,
Air mbeangain 'nam barr nan cluanaibh.

'Nuair thig an aimsir ghnathaicht oirn,
'Sa bhuaicear as a laraich e,
Grad-nochdar fras bhuntata dhuinn,
Ga chrathadh o'n bharr 'na dhorlaichean,
Ceud míle dreach a's dealbh orra,
Gu faobach, geamhlach, garbh-phlucach,
Cruaidh-mheallach, nibeach, ghailbheach iad
A' tuiteam mar gharbhlaich dorpagan.

'S iad ciachach, dearg-dhubh, breac-shui-
leach
Gu tana min-ghéal, leacanach;
Gu plubach, cruinn-ghéal, cnapanach,
'S iad fad-chumpach na uaireannan;
B'e 'n toradh biadhar, feartach e,
Nach mall a lionsa chaiteagan,
'Nuair ghreidhear ann sa phraisich e,
'S e bhlas is taitneach buaghannan.

'S glan faile nan cno gaganach,
Air ard-shlios nan croc bad-dhuilleach;

'S trom fasor am por bagailteach,
Air bharr nam fad-ghéug solasach;
Theid brigh nam fluran slat-mheurnach,
'An cridhe nan ur-chnap blasadach;
Gur brisg gheal sugh a chagannaich,
Do nench a chagnas dorlach dhiu.

'S clann-bheag a ghna le'm pocannan,
A' streup ri h-ard nan dos-chrannabh,
A bhuain nan cluaran mog-mheurnach,
Gu lugh'or, docoir, luath-lamhach;
'Nuair dh' fhaoisgear as na mogail iad,
'S a bhristear plaosig nar cohall diu,
Gur caoin am maoth-bhlas fortanach,
Bhlós air an fhros neo-bhruaileannach.

'S e mios nam buaidhean taitneach e,
Bheir por an t-sluaigh gu h-abachadh;
O'm fograr gruaim an acrais dinn,
O's maireann pailteas porsain duinn;
Mios bog nan ubhlan breac-mheallach,
Gu peurach, plumbach, sgeachagach,
A' laisreadh sios le dearcgaibh,
Cir-mhealach, beachnach, groiseideach.

Mios molach, robach, braeurineach
'S e catoil roiceil, tacarach,
Gu h-iolannach, cuirrichdeach, adagach,
Trom-dhiasach, bhreac-ghéal, sguabanach;
Mios miagh nam fuarag, stapagach,
Buntatach, feolar, sgadanach,
Gu h-imenach, eaiseach, ceapaireach,
Le bheirteas pailt gu truaicantachd.

Gu saothreach, stritheil, lamhachair,
An oigridh dhileas, thabhachdach,
Ri taobh nan lingean saile 'm biodh,
An sgadan a snamh 's a bhoinneireachd
Snath-moineis garbh an snathanan,
A' fuaigheal lion ri 'm braigheachan,
Gu sreangach, bolach, arcanach,
Bheir bas do'n naisein chleoc-lannach.

'Nuair dh'aomas oidhehe chiar-ghlas oirn,
'S a dhubhas an iarmailt cheo-neulach,
Gur h-ullamh, ealamh, iasgaidh, dol
Air ghleus an iarmaid shonraichte;
Grad bhrucaidh iad 'nan ciadan, as
Gach taobh 'n nuair dhiolar ordugh dhaibh,
Air bharaibh eutrom luath-ramhach,
A' sguabadh a chuain ghorm-ghreannaich.

Gur daicheil, surdail, cruadalach,
Fir ur nan cruaidh lamh conspaideach,
A' stri co fuiribh 's luaitho bhios
Air thus an t-sluaigh 's a chonnsacha;
A cholluinn nan tonn buaireasach,
Le neart nan cuaille beo ghiubhais;
Mar dhruid nan speur cho luath dhut iad,
Thar stuadh is uaibhreach cronanaich.

Air tarla dhuibh san ionad, 's am
Bi n t-lasg ri nire ghoraithe, theid

Na lin a chur ga h-longantach
 Air uchd a ghrinnail bhoc-thonnach;
 'Nuair thogar ann sa mhadaim iad
 Gu trom-lan, breac le lodalachd,
 Gur suntach, siubhlach, dhuachaigh iad
 Le'n tacar beairteach, solasach.

Gu h-aigeantach, eutrom, inntinneach,
 Fir aighearach, ghleus, air linigeannan,
 Le saighdean geur nan tri-mheir, abh,
 Air ghallanaibh dìreach cruaidh shleagh-
 ach;
 A' sireadh an eisg le duibh-lìsaibh,
 'Theid seachad na leum air fìor-uisge;
 Na mordhachan reubach, dìobhalach,
 Gan tarraing gu tìr air bhrùachannaibh.

'S an oidhe chùraidh, fhìthail, gum
 Bì surd air leis gam pleiteachadh,
 Gum pacar anns na h-urraigeann iad
 Speallt thioram ur gu h-ordamail:
 Bìdh dearg a's cruaidh gar giulan ann,
 Chuir smuid a suas gu beo-losgadh,
 A ruith nam bradan fad-bhrònach,
 Feadh bhuinne cas nam mor-shrùithean.

'S am bradan eutrom, aineach,
 Brisg, grad-ehlis, meannach, luasganach,
 'Na cìdeadh lath-ghlais, dhearg-bhallach,
 Du-lannach, mean-bhreac, cluaineiseach;
 Gur gob-cham, sliosmhor, tarr-ghéal e,
 Le stiùir bu shìabach carr-ghobhlach,
 Bì lu-chleas bras air ghearr-agiathaibh,
 'An toirmich garbh nan cuairteagan.

Gun d'fhuair sibh dan a nise bhuam,
 Mar thug mi fìos a' toiseachadh,
 Mu bhuaidh nam mìosan biotailteach,
 Tha trom le ghibtean solasach,
 Gu 'm beil da rann thar-fhichead ann
 'S o's mist e tuille ropaireachd,
 Gun cuir mi crìoch gu timeil air,
 M' am fag mi sgìth le boilich sibh.

AN GEAMHRADH.

AIR FOKK—"S i so 'n aimstr a dhearbhar."

THA *Phæbus* s na speuraibh
 Ag eiridh na thriall,
 Rò reultaichean *Geur shaighed,**
 Bheumnaich nan sian;
 Ur-eifeachd a cheud ghath
 Gu ceiteineach grunn,
 A nì feum do gach creut air
 O eireadh d'un dìon.

* *Sagittarius* and *Capricorn*, two constellations on the Zodiac or Ecliptic.

Tha a tla ghathan blath ud
 A b' fhuibharach dhuinn
 Gar fagail nig namhaid
 Na dh' fhasas a h-uir;
 O na thriall e ròi chriocheaibh
 Na Rìaghaill* a null
 Gu *Sign-Adharc-Gaibhne*
 Bu duibh-reotach iail.

Tha aoidhealachd naduir
 A b' fhailliche tuar,
 Fad an t-aoghaill air caochladh
 'S a h-aogag fo ghruaim:
 Tha gluig air na duilean
 Le fùnntain an fhuachd,
 Fo dhu-luinn trom-thursach,
 Rì clucharan truagh.

Tha 'm Foghar reachdor, falaidh,
 Bu bhiaidh abach fas,
 Le cruachannaibh enuac-mheallach,
 Sguab-thorach, lan,
 Air treigsinn a shnuaidh,
 O'n a dh'fhuaraidh gach eail,
 Rò'n mhioschruidh-ghuinneach, ghrua-
 mach
 'S neo-thruacanta baigh.

Le stoirceadh na dollichinn
 Thoirleum gu lar,
 Gorm eomhachd nam mor-ehran
 Bu chroac-cheannach barr,
 Nì fuigh-bheatha sughor
 Nan ur-fhaillean ard,
 Tro fheithean nan geugan
 Grad thearnadh gam freumh.

Na h-coinneinan boidheach
 Is ordamail pong,
 Le'n dlu-fheadain shanntach
 O'n siubhlaiche fonn;
 Gum fograr o'n cheol iad
 Gu clo-chadal trom;
 'S nì iad comhnuidh 's gach cos
 Ann am frogaibh nan toll.

Thig leir-sgrìos air trendan
 Nam feur-luibhean gorm;
 Dì-mhilltear gach dìthean
 Bu mhìn-ghibeach dealbh:
 Fìor aogneichidh aogag
 Nan aonach 's nan learg,
 Le spionadh nan sianntan
 Dian-ghuineach, garg.

An ciar sheillean srian-bhuidhe
 'S clanaile srann,
 Bha dìcheallach gnìomhach,
 Feadh chioch nan lus fann,
 Gun comhnuidh e'n stor-thaigh
 Nan seomraichean cam;
 'S gu leoir aige bheo-shlaint
 Air lon-mhìl nach gann.

* *Rìaghaill*, the Equinoctial line.

Theid a mheanbh-chuileag shamhraidh
 Is teanntaich gu bas,
 Ge b' eibhneach a leumnaich
 'An ceud-mhios a mhaigh;
 Gach lub shruth bu bhurn-ghlan
 A shluadh tro 'n bhlair,
 Fo chruaidh-ghlais de'n fhuar-dheibh
 Is nuarranta cail.

Bi'dh sar-obair naduir
 Le faillinn fo bhron,
 Fendh chathar, a's ard-bheann,
 A's fhasach nan lon;
 Cha dearbhar cluith mheannach
 Nan garbh-bhradan mor,
 'S ni ind tamh-chadal samhach
 Fo sgail bhadaibh gorm.

Theid Æolus, righ fadhaich
 Nan siantainnean doirbh,
 Gu fuar-thalla ghruaim-ghreannach,
 Tuath-fhrasan searbh;
 Grad-fhuasglar leis cruaidh ghlas
 Nan ua'-bheisdean garg,
 Clach luath-mheallain, 's cuairt-ghaoth
 Bu bhuaireanta colg.

Thig teann-chogadh Geamhraidh
 Le h-aimhleas a nios,
 Ann an dorchadas stoirmibh
 Air charbad nan nial;
 A duibh-fhroiseadh shaighdean
 Tro'n aithbheis gu dian,
 Geur, ruinn-bhiorach, puiseanta,
 Chlaoidheas gach ni.

Bi'dh armachd nan uabhas
 Mu'n cuairt da gach laimh,
 Ri beuchdaich a reubas
 Na speuran gu h-ard;
 Ion-stroicear a chroc-choille
 Mhor as a freumh,
 Le sputadh garbh-sgiarsaidh
 Na dudlachd gun tlaths,

Gum boch a mhuir cheann-ghlas
 Is gaill-bheinneach greann;
 Gur gorm-robach, doirbh-chorrach,
 Borbadh nan tonn;
 Gu h-ardach, cair-gh'e'd,
 'A' bacadh nan deann;
 Agus gairich a bhais bi'dh
 Air bhairlinn gach glinn!

Gum bruchd an fhras chiurraidh
 D'ar 'n-ionnsuidh a nuas,
 A's bathar gach ailcan
 Fo lan nan sruth luath,
 A thaosgais san taomraich
 Nam maom-thuiltean guadh;
 'S marcachd-sine na dileann
 G'ar miobhadh le fuachd.

Thig clacha-meallain garbha
 Le stairearich mu'r ceann.
 Gar spuaicadh mar chruaidh-fhrois
 De luaidhe nan Gall;
 Gaoth bhuaireis ga sguabadh
 O chruachaibh nam beann;
 Luchd-coiseachd gan leireadh
 Le h-eireadh nach gann.

Thig ceo tigh nan neoll oirn
 O mhor mheall nan cruach,
 Le smuidrich an du-reothaidh
 Dhiughaltaich, fhuair;
 Ga leir dhuinn lag-eiridh
 Na greine ri h-uair,
 Grad-fhatchaidh i carbad
 Geal, dealrach, sa' chuan.

Le dall-chur na failbhe
 Gum falchar gach meall;
 Snaicheadh cleiteagach gle-thuigh
 Nan speur os ar ceann
 Gu h-ard domhainn barr-gheal
 Air fasaich nan gleann;
 Bi'dh nadur fo'n strae ud
 Gu faillinneach, fann.

Thig iom-chathadh feanntaidh
 Fo shrannaich nan stoirm,
 A ghluaiseas an luath-shneachd
 Na fhuar-chithibh doirbh;
 Bi'dh an smuid ud ad' sgiarsaidh
 Le du-chuthach searbh;
 'Sa leireadh nan sleisnean
 Mar gheur-shalann garg.

Bi'dh gach suil agus sodunn
 Ag aognachadh flamh;
 Agus ceoraich an teot
 Air na feosagaibh liath;
 Bi'dh sputadh na funtainn
 Is druigtiche sian,
 A' tolladh tro d' ghrudhan
 Gu ciurr-bheumnach, dian.

Mios reub-bhiorach, eireanda,
 Chreuchdas gach duil;
 Mios buaireasach, buailteach,
 'S neo-thrucaut' a ghnais;
 Mios nuarranta, buagharra,
 'S tuath-ghaothach spùt,
 Bhios gu h-earr-ghlaiscach, feargach,
 Le stairearich nach ciuin.

Mios burrughlasach, falmarra,
 Gharbh-fhrasach fuar;
 Tha gliob-shleamhain, dileanta,
 Grim-restach, cruaidh,
 Ged robh luirgnean gan rosladh
 Ri deagh theine guail,
 Bi'dh na sailtean gan cradh-ladh
 Gu bas leis an fhuachd.

Mios colgarra, borb-chur,
 Nan stoirneibh nan deann,
 Gu funntainneach, puinnseunta,
 'S diughaltach srann:
 A' beuchdaich 's na speuraibh
 Le leir-sgrìos gu call:
 Bior-dheilgneach, le gairsinn,
 Bu mheill-chrìtheach greann.

Cha'n aireamh na thainig,
 De bhardaibh san fheoil,
 Gach annradh thug teanntachd
 A gheamhraidh g'ar coir;
 Ach, mu'm fairghear mo sheanachas
 Gun dealbh air ach sgìeo,
 Gur tìm dhomh bhì crìochnachadh
 Briathran mo sgeoil.

AN T-EARRACH.

AIR ONN—"Thainig oirn do dh' Albainn
 crois."

Thainig Earrach oirn m' an cuairt,
 Theid am fuachl fo fhuadach cian
 Theid air imrich thar a chuan
 Geamhradh buaireasach nan sìan;
 Raithe sneachdach, reotach, cruaidh,
 A dh' atas colg nan luath-ghaoth dian
 Sligneach, deilgneach, feanntaidh, fuar,
 A lom, 'sa dh' aognaich snuadh gach nì.

Nis o'n phill a ghrian a nall
 Treigidh sìd a's annradh garg;
 Islichear strannraich nan speur,
 'S ceanglar srian an beul gach stoir;
 Sguiridh na buill sheididh chruaidh
 'San aibheis aird a b' uaibrich fearg:
 Eubhar sìothachaimh ris gach duil,
 'S tìnnadaidh iad gu mughadh foirm.

Iompaichear an uair gu blaths,
 Le frasaibh o'n aird-an-iar,
 Leaghaidh sneachd na shruthaibh luath
 O ghuaitillibh nan gràim bheann ciar.
 Fosglaidh tobraichean a ghruinn,
 A bhruchdas ran sputaibh dian;
 'S deith gu sgealbach, ceilleachdach, dlu,
 Le gleadhraich ghairbh ga sgaradh sìos.

Sgapaidh dall-cheo tiugh nan nial
 As a cèil 'an iar 's an ear,
 Na mheallaibh giobach, ceigeach, liath,
 Druim-robach, ogluidh, ciar-dhubh, glas,
 A' snamh san fhailbhe mhoir gun cheann,
 A null 'sa nall, mar luìng fo beairt;
 'S iathaigh iad nan rusgaibh ban
 Mu spìodaibh pìeach ard nam bac.

Nochdaidh *Phæbus* duinn a gnais,
 A' deairadh o thur nad speur,

Le soillse caomhneil, baòisgeil, blath,
 Gu tìsmhor, buigheil, ris gach crèubh:
 Na sgrìos a ghaillonn chiuirraidh fhuar,
 Mosglaidh iad a nuas o'n eug;
 Ath-nuadhnichear a bhliadhn' as ur,
 Gach duil gu muirneach; surd air feum.

Sgeudaichear na loin 's na blair,
 Fo chomhdach sluinn lusaibh meanbh;
 Sgaolaidh iad a mach ri grein
 An duilleach fein fo mhìle dealbh:
 Gu giobach, caisreagach, fo'n blath,
 Le'n dathaibh aillidh, fann-gheal, dearg;
 Bilcach, mealach, maoth-bhog, ur,
 Luirgneach, sughmhor, driuchdach, gorm.

Gur h-ionmhuinn an sealladh fonnmhòr
 A chitear air lom gach leacainn;
 'S cubhraidh leam na fion na Frainge
 Faile thom, a's bheann, a's ghilacag;
 Mìlseineach, biolairach, sobhrach,
 Eagach cuach nan neoirin maiseach,
 Siomragach, failleineach, brigh'or,
 Luachrach, ditheanach, gun ghaiseadh.

Thig muilleinean de shluagh an fheoir
 Beo fo tìs nam fann-ghath tla,
 Le 'n sgiathaibh sìoda, ball-bhreac oir,
 'S iad daithe 'm boichead mios a Mhaigh:
 An tuairneagaibh geal nam flur,
 Duisgidh iad le h-icend a bhlaìs,
 'S meagsaichidh an rìghle dlu
 'S a cèitein chiùin nach lot an eail!

Diridh snothach suas o'n fùrìamhaich
 Tro cham-chuileibh shnìomhain bhad-chrann
 Gu maoth-bàisda, mealach, cubhraidh,
 Sior chuir suigh 's nam fìuran shìatach;
 Bi'dh an comhdach gorm a' bruchdadh
 Ròt shìois ur nan dlu-phreas dosrach,
 Duilleach, labach, uasal, sgiamhach,
 Dreach nam meur is rimheach coltas.

Bi'dh coin bheaga bhinn a chathair,
 A cruinneachadh shrabh gu nìolan;
 Togaidh iad 's na geugaibh uaigneach
 Aitribh chùairteagach ri taice
 Laidhidh gu cluthor nan 'amh
 A blaitheachadh nan cruinn ubh breaca,
 Gus am bris an t-slighe lan,
 'S an tig an t-alach o'g a mach dhaibh.

Thig eibhneas na bliadhn an tus,
 Mu'n crìochnaich an t-ur-mhìos Maìrt;
 Bheir an spreidh an toradh trom
 Le fògladh am bronn gu iar:
 Bruchdaidh mìn, a's laigh, a's uain,
 Nam mìltibh ma'n cuairt do'n bhlar;
 'S breac-gheal dreach nan raon 's nan stuc,
 Fo choisridh mheanbh nan lu-chleas bath!

Bidh gabhair nan adhaircean oraoch,
 Stangach, cam, an aird nan sgealb-chreag;

Rob-bhrat iom-dhathach m'an cuairt daibh,
Caiten ciar-dhubh, gruamach, gorm-ghlas;
'S na minneinan laghach, greannar,
Le meigendaich fhann g'an leanmhunn:
'S mireanach a chleasachd ghuannach
Bhios air por beag luath an gearr-mheann.

Caoirich cheig-rusgach fo chomhdach;
Sgaoilt air reithleinn lointean-driuchdach;
'A uaineinean oho geal ri cainicbean
Air chluaintibh nan learg ri sugradh.
An crodh mor gu lionsaidh laireach,
Ag ionaltradh fhasach u.-ghorm;
An dream lith-dhonn, chaisiann, bhan-bhreac,
Ghuaillean, chra-dhearg, mhagach, dhum-
hail.

'S inntinnach an ceol ri m' chluais
Fann-gheum laogh m'an cuairt do'n chro,
Ri co' -ruith timcheall nan raon,
Grad-bhrisg, seang-mhear, aotrom, beo;
Stairich a'g an luirgean luath,
Sios m'an bhruaich gu guannaich og;
'S tenech 'sa mach a buile lèin,
'S bras an leum ri bairich bho!

'N aimsir ghnathaichte na bliadhna,
Sgapar siol gu biadh san fhearann,
Ga thilgeadh na fhrasaibh dìona,
'S na h-iomairean fiara, camn;
Sgalag, a's eich laidir, ghuimhach
Ri straidhlich nan cliath gan tarrainn;
'S tiodhlaicear fò'n dusluig mhin
An graineann lionsaidh 's brigh'or toradh.

Sgoiltair am buntata enuachdach
Na sgrailiengaibh cluasach, bachlach;
Theid an inneir phronn na lodaibh
Socach, trem, air chomhnard achaidh;
Le treun ghearrain chubach, charnach,
Ch'labhach, spidreach, bhraideach, shrath-
rach.

Surd air tenech-an-tir nan Gael,
Dh' fheuch an tarar e fò'n talamh.

'Nuair a thogas *Phæbus* aigh
Mach gu h-àird nan nial a ceann,
O sheomar denrach a chuain
Ag oradh air chruach nam beann;
Bruchdaidh as gach ceann an tuath,
'Staigh cha'n fhuirich luath no mall,
Inntrigidh air gnìomh nam buadh,
"Buntata 's inneir! suas an crann!"

Theid an inneal-draibh an ordugh,
Sean eich laidir mhor a' tarrainn
Nan ionnstramaid ghleadrach, ropach,
Beairt 'san lionmhor cord a's amull,
Ailbheagan nan cromag fiara,
Socach, coltach, giadhach, langrach;
Glige-ghlaige crainn a's iarunn,
Surd air gnìomh o'm biadheor toradh!

Hush! an t-uaine 's am ban-each,
Fear air crann, 's air crann, 'sa chorraig,

Buntata, 's inneir theith na clisbaidh
Ga tuomadh san fhiar-chlais chorraich,
Aig bannal clis lughmhor gleuda,
Cridheil, eutrom, briag gun smalan;
'S gillean 'og a' diol na h-abbachd,
Briathrach, gaireach, cairdeil, fearail.

'Nuair dh' fhalachar san uir am por,
Thig feartan gar coir o'n aird,
A sgirtean liath-ghlas nan nial,
Frasaidh e gu ciatach blath,
Silteach, samhach, lionmhor, ciuin,
Trom na bhruchdaibh, ciubrach, tlath;
'S miorbhuilleach, a bhraonach dhlù,
Iarbhaich maoh-mhin, driuchdach, seamh.

'S lionmhor suaiseantas an Earraich,
Nach comas domh luaidh le fìleachd,
Raidhe 's t'is a chaochail earraidh,
'S ioma car o thus gu dheireadh;
Raidhe'n tig am faileach feannaidh,
Fuar chlach-mheallain, stoirm nam peileir,
Feading, sguabag, gruaim a Ghearrain,
Crainnti Chailleach is beurra friodhan.

'Nuair sputas gaeth lom a Mhairt oirn,
'Ni 'n t-sid ud an t-al a chrannadh,
Mios cabhagach, oibreach, saothreach,
Nam feasgar slaod-chianail, reangach:
'Cras a' diogladh nam maodal,
Blannach, caol-ghlas, aognaidh, greannach;
Deoghlair trian do t' fhiar-liunn-tath bhuat;
'S mar ghad suimhain tairnear fad thu.

Raidhe san tig tus annlainn,
Litenach, cubhrach, ladhan lapach,
Druin-fhionn, ceann-fionn, bruaich, riaspach
Robach, dreanglach, riadhach, rapach;
Cal a's feoil, a's cruinn-bhuntata,
'S aran coren laidir, reachdmhor:
Bog no cruaidh, ma chanar biadh ris,
'S e nach diult an ciad ni 's faigse.

'N uair thig og-mhios cheitein ciuin oirn,
Bi'dh a bhliadh an tus a maise;
'S fathail, caoimhneil, soillse greine,
Mios geal ceutach, speur-ghorm, feartach,
Flurach, ciurach, bliochdach, maoinach,
Uanach, caorach, laoghach, martach,
Gruthach, uachdrach' caiseach, sughmhor,
Mealach, cubhrach, druchdach, dosrach.

Nis theid Earrach uainn air chuairt,
'S thig an camhradh ruag a nall;
'S gorm-bhog duilleach geug air choill;
Eunlaidh seinn air bharr nan crann;
Driuchdan air fear gach glinn,
'S lan-thoil-inntinn sgiamh nam beann:
Theid mi ceum troi 'n lon a null,
'S tairneam crìoch air fonn mo rann.

MARB-RANN

DO MR SEUMAS BEATTIE,

[Fear-teagaisg Canain, 's nan Eoluanas Iurra, ann an Aol-taigh ur Obairreathain, a chaochail ann an chaidhinn diardaoin, an ceathramh latha de'n ochdamh mìos 1810.]

AIR FOKN—"Mort Ghlinne Comhann."

Och nan och! mar a ta mi;
Threig mo shugradh, mo mharan, 's mo cheol!
'S trom an aiceid tha 'm chradh-lot,
'S goirt am beum a rinn sgainteach 'am fheoil;
Mi mar amrach nan cuaintean,
A chailleas astar feadh stua-lhan sa cheo;
O'n bhuaile teachdair a bhais thu,
A Charaid chaoimh bu neo-fhailteumach gloir.

A Ghaol! a Ghaol de na fearnaibh!
'S fuar a nochd air an daraich do chreubh
'S fuar a nochd air a bord thu,
Fhuirrain uasail bu stoidh ann ad bheus!
An lamh gheal, fharanach, chairdeil,
Is tric a ghlaic mi le faile gu 'n phleid,
Ri d' thaobh 's an anairt na sineadh,
Na meall fuar creadh, fo chis eig an eug!

A mhlog-shuil donn bu tla sealladh,
A nis air tionndadh gun lannair a d' cheann!
'S samhach binn-ghuth nan ealaidh!
'S duint' am beul ud o'm b' anasach cainnt!
An cridhe firinneach soilleir,
Leis 'm bu spideil duais foille, no sannt;
A nochd gun phlog air an deile!
Sian mo dhosgair, nach breugach an rann.

Gun smid tha 'n ceann anns na tharmaich
Bladh gach eolais a b' aird ann am mingh;
Gliocas eagnaich na Greige, [brigh!
'S na thuig an Eadail bu gheur-fhaclaich
'S balbh fear reitich gach teagaimh;
Anns a bheurla chruaidh, spreigearra, ghrinn!
'N uair bhios luchd-foghlum fo dhubhar,
Co na t-ionads a dh' fhuasglas an t-snuim?

'S balbh an labhrache pongail,
Bu tearc r'a fhaotainn a chompanach beoil;
'Am briathran snaighte, sgeimh-dhealbhaich,
A chur na h-ealaidh no 'n t-seanachais air neoil;
Ge b' e bard an dain cheutach,
Mu chian-astar 'Eneas o Throidh;
'S firinn cheart nach bu diu leis,
E-fein theirt mar ughdair do sgeoil.

Gun smid tha 'n gliocair a b' eolach,
Air fad na cruithachd a dh' ordaich Mac Dhe!
Gach gne an saoghal na faire,
'S a mhachthir chomhnaird no 'n garbhlaich an
Gach bileag ghorm a tha lubadh, [t-sleibh:
Fo throm eallaich nan driuchd ris a ghrein:
'S an rioghachd mheatailtich b' aghor,
Do phurp ag innse dhuinn nadur gach seud.

'S balbh fear-aithne nan raidean,
A shoillsich aingil a's faidhean o thus;
A's eisceul ghlormhor na slainte,
Thug fios air trocairean ard-Rìgh nan dul:
'An steigh gach teagaisg bu ghrasmoir,
'S tearc pears-englais thug barr ort, a Ruin!
Dochas t-anma bu laidir, [dhuinn.
'San fhuil a dhoirtheadh gu Farras thoir

Riaghlaich t-eolas do ghiulan,
Modh na fàirfeachd a b' fuil d' 's gach ceum;
Do mhor-chridh uasal gun tnuh ann
Gunghoimh, gun uabhar, gun luban, gun
bhreug;
Cha b' uaisle tholrach an fhasain,
Cha denradh saibheis a dh-atadh do speis;
'Si 'n innntinn fhior-ghlan, a b' fhuil leat,
A's foghlum diehill ga stiurtheadh le ceill.

Mo chreach leir! an taigh muirneach,
'S am faict' a ghreadhain gusuntach 'ou'n
Dreos na ceire toirt soille, [bhord,
Gach fion bu taitniceach faileas, fo chroic:
Do chuilm bu chonaltrach, failteach,
B' niseag slainte dhuinn maran do bheoil;
Bu bhinn a thogail na teis thu,
'Sa chruit f'honnor ga gleusadh gu ceol.

'N uair dh' eireadh coisridh bu choinnealt,
A dhams' gu lughor, ri pronnadh nam pong;
Gum b' eibhinn cri do mhna-comuinn,
Do chroilein maoth, 's iad gu tomanach, donn;
A ghearradh leum air bhord loma,
Dol seach a cheile mar ghoireadh am fonn,
Ach dh' fhalbh sid uile mar bhrudair,
'No bristeadh builgein air uachdar nan tonn."

A righ! gur ciannail mo smaointean,
Ri linn do t-arois bhi fiontrach gun mhuir!
Sguir a chuilm 's an eol-gaire,
Chaidh meoghail ghreadhnach a's maran o'r
Chinn an talla fuar fasail; [eul:
'S e chuir mullach na fardoich 'na smur.
Ceann na didinn, 's na riaghailt,
A bhi sa' chadal throm shiorruidh nach duisg!

Do bhantrach bhoedh mar ian tiamhaidh,
Ri truagh thursa, 'sa sgiathan mu h-al;
A neadan creachta, 's i dìoneach,
Mu gaol a sholair an lon daibh gach tràth:
O'n dh'imich Fir-eun na h-ealtainn, [aird!
Tha'n t-searbh-dhile 'tighinn thart as gach
A Rìgh nan aingeal! bi d' dhion daibh,
'S tionndaidh ascaoin na sine gu tlatha.

'S ioma suil ata silteach,
A thaobh uigh nam fear gile gun bhi buan:
Tha miltean urnuigh ga d' leantainn,
Le miltean durachd, a's beannachd gu t-uigh;
A liuthad diulanach annis, [uail;
A dh' ardaich t-ionneachadh ainneamh gu
'S gach la bhios-ainneamh air faoinneachd;
A Bheattie chluicich! bi dh cuimh' air do luach.

Rinn t-eug sinn uile gun solas, [phreabh;
Tha teach nan inneachd, 'san oigridh fo
Chaidh Albainn buileach fo eisean,
Egur na Ceolraidhean Greugach de'n dan:
Thaig dall-bhrat na h-oidheh' oirn,
O'n chaidh lochrann na soillse na smal:
B' e sid an orith-reothadh ceitein
A mhill am feohann bu cheutaiche barr!

Bu tu craobh-abhuil a gharaidh, [ghreinn!
A ehaidh cha ehinnich nì's aillidh fo'n
Dealt an t-samhruidh mu blathaibh,
Laisreadh dhuilleag air ehiracuibh, a geug
Ach thilg dubh-dhoirionn a gheamhraidh,
A bheithir theinntidh le srann as an speur;
Thuit an gallan ur, rimheach,
'S uile mhaise ghrad chion air an fheur!

A Thi tha stiùireadh na bruinne!
'S tu leig d'ar n-ionnsuidh a bhuille bha
Sine cnaill an t-sar ulaidh, [crualdh!
Neonad prizeil na iomadaidh buaidh!—
Dh' fhalbh a chombaisd, 's na siuil oirn,
Chaidh an gaisreadh 'san fhiubhai 'nam bruan,
Gach creag 'na cunnart do'n fhiuraich,
O laidh duibhr' air reull-iuil an taobh-Taath.

Och! nan och, mar a ta mil
Mo chridhe 'n impis bhi sgainte le bron!
Tha 'n eiraidh-eirid' an deigh 'm fhagail,
A sheasadh durachdach dan' air mo choir:
B' dh' sid am chliabh 'na bheum cnamhain,
Gus an uair anns an tar mi fo'n fhod;
Ach 's glic an t-Aon a thug cis dhinn, [lo.
'S da ordugh naomh bith'mid strìochda gach

SMEORACH CHLOINN-LACHUINN.

LUINNEAG.

*Hoilbh o, triag, o luil, o;
Hoilbh o, triag, horo hi;
Hoilbh o, triag, o luil, o;
Smeoraich a sheinn oran mi.*

'S smeorach mise le chloinn-Lachuinn;
Seinneam ceol air bharr nan dosan:
'S tric leam d'ogadh moch am' ehadal
'S m'oran maidne 'sheinn le frogan.
Hoilbh o, &c.

Cha mhi 'm fiteach gionach, sgaitheach,
Na clannan a chom-ghuibh shraicich;
'S eadh mo linn o' eoin a chathair
Chleachd tigh'n' beo air sath nan ablach.
Hoilbh o, &c.

'S mor gu'm b' anna' an am bhi 'galridh
Madainn Shamhraidh fharn-bhuig, cheitein;
Diol nan rann gun ghreann gun eislein,
'S toirne an damhs' air chrann nan geugan.
Hoilbh o, &c.

Bha mi n' comharrach 'n tus mo laithibh
Aig Peithinn nan seamh-shruth airgeid,
Measg nam fluran driuchdach, tha'ha,
Fhuair mi 'n arach pairt de m' ainisir.
Hoilbh o, &c.

Tha mi nis an tìr gun bhruaidhlean,
Tìr tha fearnach, reachdor, bunghail;
'S ionmhòr agh tha fas air uachdar
Tìr nan s'albh da'n ainm na Cluaineann.
Hoilbh o, &c.

Tha n h-coin is labhar coireall,
Feadh na coille 'n dluths nam badan;
Buidheann phroiseal, cheolmhor, loinneal,
Ard an coilleag,—binn an glaigeal.
Hoilbh o, &c.

Tha gach crann gu trom fo chomhdach,
Duilleach, badach, meurach, crocach;
Strac de 'n mheas cur shlios nan ogan,
'S eunlaith 'seinn nam fonn an ordugh.
Hoilbh o, &c.

Coisridh lughor, muirneach, greannar,
Seolta gluasad fuaime an seannsar;
Por gun sgreid, gun reasg, gun teandachd,
Gleusd' am feadain; deas an ranntachd.
Hoilbh o, &c.

Grian a'g eiridh deatrach, or-bhui,
Le gath soills' air ghorm nam mor-bheann;
Failcadh cubhraidh dhriuchd nan lointean,
Sileadh meal air bharr gach feoirnean.
Hoilbh o, &c.

Eoin bheag bhuchlach nam pong ceolmhor!
Coimh-fhreagraibh leam teis an orain;
Dreach nan cluaineann mar bu choir dhomh
Dh' innsinn sìos am briathran ordail.
Hoilbh o, &c.

'S ionnmhuinn leam a chulaidh fhraicich,
Dh' fhas air taobh nan luirghean cas,
Badach, gaganach, caoin, ur,
'S neoil do'n mhill a smuicheadh as.
Hoilbh o, &c.

'S boidheach treud nan uaineann geala
Ruith 'sa reis feadh chluaineann bainnear;
'S caoirich bhronnach, throma, cheigeach,
Air 'm bu sheideach blonag shaille.
Hoilbh o, &c.

'S blasda, soilleir uisg am fuaran
Fallain briag gun mhiag gun bhruaidhlean;
'S cracach, gibeach, biolair' uaine,
Fas gu h-aill laimh ri'm brunchan.
Hoilbh o, &c.

'S labhar fuaime nan sruthan siublach,
Theid thar bhalbhag dlu nan alltan;

Turraich mhear gach cuilean du-ghuirm,
Dol feadh lub tro lar nan gleannan.

Hoilbh o, &c.

'S taitneach, sgiamhach, maoth-bhog ur,
Fas do fhìr is lionmhor dreach;
Mar ghorm rionnagaich nan speur,
Dealbh gach seud a sgaoil mu d' bhrat.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Brat nan dithean driuchdach, guamach,
Lur oh, luachrach, dualach, bachlach,
Cuachach geal nan neòinean eagnaich,
Sid a sgeadach tha mu'd' ghlaicibh.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Do chroth-laoigh air lom an ailean,
Reamhar, sultmhor, lìontal, lairceach,
Caisiann, druimionn, guallionn, cra-dhearg,
Bainnear, bliochdach sìochd gun fhaillinn.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Balle feartach coiro a's eorna,
'S reachmhor fassar dhàilean comhnard;
Be sid barr na mìle solas
A chuir agraing air goirt air fogradh.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Talamh tarbhach trom gu gnaisich,
Leantromach fo bharr buntata,
Chinn gu luirgneach, meurach, magach,
Cluigeannach le plumbais aillidh.

Hoilbh o, &c.

'S tric do phreasan peurach, ubhlach,
Groiseideach, trom-dhearach, du-dhonn;
Luisreadh sìos le gagan driuchdach,
'S buan an t-shlainnt am faile cubhraidh.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Balle coisrigte nam beannachd!
Fraochach, ùrnach, luachrach, menlach,
Martach, laoghach, caorach, bainneach,
Coillteach, duilleach, geugach, torach.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Nis' tha carbad boiseil Phædus
A' marachd an aird nan speura;
'S o'n tha 'n rann an cuimse fidead,
'S tim' bhi laochadh nan teudan.

Hoilbh o, &c.

EALAIHD GHAOIL.

LUINNEAG.

*Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin o,
Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin o,
Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin o,
Gur boidheach an comunn,
'Th'aig coineamh, 'n t-Srath-mhoir.**

Gus gile mo leannan
Na'n eal' air an t-shnamh,
Na cobhar na tuinne,
'S e tilleadh bho'n traigh:
Na'm blath-bhainne buaille,
'S a chnuch leis fo bharr,
Na sneachd nan gleann dosrach,
'Ga fhroiseadh mu'n bhlair
Air faillirin, &c.

Tha cas-fhalt mo ruin-sa
Gu siubhlach a sniomh,
Mar na neoil bhuidhe lùbas,
Air stucaibh nan sliabh,
Tha 'grusaidh mar an ros,
'Nuair a's boidheach 'bhios fhiamh,
Fo ur-dhealt a Cheitein,
Mu'n eirich a ghrian.
Air faillirin, &c.

Mar Bhenus a boiseadh
Thar choilteibh nan ard,
Tha a miog-shuil ga m' bhuair-eadh
Le suascheantas graidh:
Tha braighe nan seud
Ann an eideadh gach sìdh,

* The chorus and first stanza of this song are not MacLachlan's. They were composed by Mrs. McKenzie of Balone, at a time when, by infirmity, she was unable to attend the administration of the Lord's Supper in Strathmore of Lochbrooka, and ran word for word the same except the last two lines of the verse which are slightly altered. Our talented author got them and the air from some of the north country students in Aberdeen. All the other stanzas, however, are original, and worthy of the poetic mind of MacLachlan. The following translation of it by the celebrated author, we subjoin for the gratification of the English reader:—

Not the swan on the lake, or the foam on the shore,
Can compare with the charms of the maid I adore;
Not so white is the new milk that flows o'er the pail,
Or the snow that is show'rd from the boughs of the vale.

As the cloud's yellow wreath on the mountain's high brow,
The locks of my fair one redundantly flow;
Her cheeks have the tint that the roses display,
When they glitter with dew on the morning of May.

As the planet of Venus that beams o'er the grove,
Her blue rolling eyes are the symbols of love;
Her pearl-circled bosom diffuses bright rays,
Like the moon, when the stars are bedim'd with her blaze.

The mavis and lark, when they welcome the dawn,
Make a chorus of joy to resound through the lawn;
But the mavis is tender—the lark strives in vain,
When my beautiful charmer renews her sweet strain.

When summer bespangles the landscape with flowers,
While the thrush and the cuckoo sing soft from the bowers,
Through the wood-shaded windings with Bella I'll roam,
And trust unrestrained on the smiles of my love.

Mar ghealach nan speur
'S i cur reultan fo phramh.
Air faillirin, &c.

Bi'dh 'n uisèag 's an smeorach
Feadh jointean nan druichd,
'Toirt faillte le'n orain
Do'n og-mhadainn chiuin;
Ach tha'n uisèag neo-sheolta,
'S 'h'n smeorach gun sunnt,
'Nuair ' thoisicheas m' eudail
Air gleuzadh a ciuil.
Air faillirin, &c.

'Nuair thig sambradh nan noinean
A comhdach nam bruaich,
'S gach coinean 'sa chroc-choill'
'A ceol leis a chuach,
Bi'dh mise gu h-eibhinn
'A leumnaich 's a ruaig,
Fo dhlu-mheuraibh sgail-
A maran ri m' luaidh.
Air faillirin, &c.

RANN DO'N LEISG.

A LEISG reangach, robach, dhuaichnidh,
Mallachd buan bho dhuan nam bard dhut,
'S bochd an t-shian do'n ti bheir cluas dhut,
'S dearbh nach dual gu'n dean e tabhachd,
'S fìor an sgeul a sgrìobh rìgh Solamh,
"Nach robh sonas riann ad ghlacaibh;"
A chairbh rag gun sgrìd gun fhosglaidh,
Trom-cheann marbh nach mosgail facal,
'S ronnach fardalach gun ruth-bhalg;
Do sheann chlosach bhruchdach, lachdunn,
'S miann leat coimhearsp bhuan an rossaid,
Dealbh na gorta sgaoil mu t-asdail,
Thu fo'n luirich na d' chuail chnamhaich,
Reic thu Farrais air son cadail,
Drean an Aoig na d' ghrod-chraos bearnach,
Do chrug chearr am muing do phap-chinn.
Sid an slung thug bith an tus d'at,
A Mi-churam 's Dith-na-sgoinne
Slabhraibh theann de phraisich chruaidh ort,
'S da cheud pund de'n luaidhe d' dheireadh.

A Leisg throm ga 'm bodhar spail-chluas
'S tu 'n gadaiche 'shlad na h-aimir;
Ged' bhiodh mìle cuip gad' ehlaiseadh
Cha tig an stadaich a t-earball.
Sibhs ann sam beil feum a's dìreachd,
Ruithibh grad an tim gu freagairt;
Mu'n cosgrar sibh fo shlaith iarainn
Ban-mhaighstear iarnaich na sgreatachd.

CLACH-CUIMHNE

GHILINNE-GARAIDH AIG TOBAR-NAN-CEANN.

Fuir astair! thig faisg a's leubh
Sgeul air ceartas an De bhuain;
Eisd ri diol na ceilg a dh'fhag
A Cheapach na laraich fhuair.
Sgaoil na mìltich lion an eig
Mu bhord eibhinn nam fleagh fial
'S mheasgnich iad an sean 's na h-òig
'S an aon torr na'm full gun ghìomh.
Mhosgail corruich an t-ard-thriath,
Ursann dhian nan comhlan cruaidh,
Mòrair Chlann-Domhnuill an fhraoich,
Leoghann nan euchd, craobh nam buadh,
Dh-iarr e 's e chaidh Dioghailt na leum,
Mar bheithir bheumnaich nan nial,
Ghlac e'n dream a dheilbh an fhoill,
'S thug lan duais mar thoill an gnìomh.
Lamh riut-sa' ghorm fhuarain ghrinn,
Dh' ionnlaidheadh seachd cinn nan lub,
'S aig casan a ghaisgich aigh
Thilgeadh iad air lar a dhuin.
Corr as joig fìchead bliadhn' deng
Thriall nan speur bho dheas gu tuath,
Bho 'n ghairmeadh TOBAR-NAN-CEANN,
De'n t-sruthan so 'n cainnt an t-shluagh.
Mise 'n Seabdamh thar dheich gluin
De fhreumh uisell an laoih threin,
Mac-Mhic-Alasdair m' ainm gnaiths,
Flath Chlann-Domhnuill nà' sar euchd,
Thog mi chlaohs' air lom an racin,
Faisg air caochan a chliu bhuain,—
Mar mheas do cheann-stuic nan triath,
'S gu'n cuimhnicht' an gnìomh ri luatha.

ALASDAIR MAC-IONMHUINN.

ALEXANDER M'KINNON was born in Moror, in the district of Arisaig, Inverness-shire, in the year 1770, in which farm his father was tacksman. At the age of 24, he enlisted in the gallant 92d regiment, in which he served with marked distinction till 1801, when, in the famous battle of Alexandria, he received three several wounds, which were the means of breaking up his connection with that corps. After the battle, Corporal M'Kinnon was found lying among the wounded and dead, "with his back to the field and his feet to the foe," in frozen gore, and on the apparent verge of dissolution. In disposing of the many brave fellows who fell on that memorable day, it was found necessary to dig ditches or pits in which indiscriminately to inter them; and such was the seemingly lifeless condition of M'Kinnon, that he was ordered to be buried among the others. This order would have been executed had not Sergeant M'Lean, a bosom-friend and companion of our bard, been prompted by feelings of the purest friendship, to seek him out amid the heaps of carnage in which he was entombed. The Sergeant, applying his ear to the poet's breast, perceived that everlasting silence had not yet been imposed on his lyre;—his respirations were feeble and slow, but he lived; and his friend insisted upon having him forthwith conveyed to one of the hospital ships.

Upon experiencing the care and attention his situation required, he gradually recovered from his wounds; and it was during his convalescence on board the hospital ship that he composed his truly sublime and admirable poem so descriptive of the battle. McKinnon, on arriving in England, was discharged with a pension; but a life of inactivity seemed little to accord with his sanguine temperament,—for he was no sooner able to bear arms than he joined the 6th Royal Veteran Battalion, in which he served all the remainder of his earthly career. He died at Fort William, Lochaber, in the year 1814, at the age of 44, and was interred with military honours.

Corporal McKinnon was prepossessing in appearance; he stood about 5 feet 10 inches in height; he was athletic in form and of very fine proportions and symmetry. As a poet he ranks very high: his mind, indeed, was of that gigantic order, which, by its own propelling powers, could rise equal to any subject he chose to sing. Judging from some of his MSS. now before us, he studied the Gaelic language to good purpose; few have been able so completely to master its idiom and to soar on the syren wings of poesy, sustaining throughout such a sublime and uncontaminated diction. We have not been able to ascertain what his scholastic acquirements were in English, but we feel warranted in supposing these respectable, for he wrote the vernacular tongue with great accuracy, the study of which, it must be recollected, formed none of the school attainments in his juvenile days.

The four pieces here presented to the reader are of prime quality. They speak for themselves, and need no passing encomiums from us. Any poetaster may string stanzas together *ad infinitum*, and at a hand-gallop; he may infuse something of the

spirit of poetry into them, but to give metrical composition a high finish—to put so much excellence into a poem as to ensure its survival, after the interest of the circumstance that called it forth has passed away—to do this, has fallen only to the lot of a few gifted individuals.

No one could be more happy in his choice of subjects than M'Kinnon; and, most assuredly, none could handle his materials better. He was an enthusiastic soldier: he saw and admired the prowess of the British arms, and commemorated their feats in strains which cannot die. The poet that chronicled these feats, was worthy of the indomitable army that performed them. Ossian's heroes are often put beyond themselves through the magnifying vista of poetic description:—and who has not felt how much of the prowess of Ajax and Hector owed its existence to the redundancy of Homer's inventive powers? M'Kinnon has indulged in no fanciful representations—he has honestly and truthfully recorded such achievements as British valour performed within his ocular cognizance; and one characteristic feature of his muse is, that she was always *on duty*.

It would be out of place here to attempt a formal criticism upon the works of this excellent poet. His heroics, in which he seems most at home, admit of no comparison. We wonder what stuff the poet was made of: the poet, who could wind himself up—yes, and inoculate us, too, with the high, patriotic, and impassioned feelings of his soul, to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and depict, with more than the fidelity of the painter's hand, the panorama of the most sanguinary battles that ever drew the belligerent powers of two mighty empires face to face! His poem on the battle in Alexandria beginning "*Am Mios deireannach an Fhoghair*," has all the minuteness of detail of a studied prose narrative, while the vividness of his description, the freshness of his similes, the sublimity of his sentiments, rivet our breathless attention on the various evolutions of the day, from the discharge of the first shot until the whole place is strewn with mangled carcasses, and the dark wing of night overshadows the gory and groaning plain.

His "*Dubh-Ghleannach*" is a nautical production in which his muse appears to great advantage; and we are told by a friend, not likely to be misinformed on the subject, that this was his favorite piece. Mr. M'Donald, the proprietor of the yacht which the poet immortalizes, was so well pleased with the poem, that he gave M'Kinnon £5, and this sum appeared so enormous in the estimation of a boor, a neighbour of M'Kinnon's, that he spoke to him on the subject, saying, "It is a bonny song, to be sure, but faith, neighbour, you have been as well paid for it." "I tell you, sir," replied the poet, "that every stanza of it—every timber in the '*Dubh-Ghleannach*'s' side—is worth a five-pound note!" This retort must be regarded more in the light of a reprimand, than as an empty gasconade. Men of genius, however, cannot be blind to their own merit; and if they ought not to be the trumpeters of their own fame, they are entitled, by the law of self-defence, to retaliate on the narrow-souled detractors of their well-earned laurels. M'Kinnon was neither egotistical nor pedantic: he submitted his pieces to the rigid criticisms of his fellow-soldiers, and never hesitated to throw out an idea, a distich, or even a

stanza at their bidding. This has, perhaps, tended to the critical correctness of his Gaelic, and the excellence of his productions: we read them and are satisfied: there is nothing wanting, nothing extraneous.

ORAN AIR DO'N BHARD A DHOL AIR TIR ANNS AN EIPHEIT.

AIR FOMN—"Deoch-slaime an Iarla Thuathaich."

Ge fada an drast gun dusgadh mi,
Cha chadal seimh bu shugradh dhomh,
Ach ragaidh chnamh gun lughs annta,
Air leabaidh-lair gun chuirteanan,
Gun chaidreamh bho luchd duthcha,
'S mi gun charaid-ruin am choir.
Gun chaidreamh, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil fear a thairneas rium,
Na thuigeas an deagh Ghaclig mi,
Nach innis mi gu'n d'rainig mi,
'N uair dh' imich sinn do 'n aite sin,
Gu 'm b' aobhar glòrag namhaid sinn,
Le 'r luingeas ard fo sheoil.
Gu 'm b' aobhar, &c.

An t-ochdamh grian do 'n Mhairt againn,
A nochdadh ar cuid bhataichean,
Bu choltach seolta an Cabhlach iad,
Na 'n trostan mar a b' abhaist dhaibh,
'S na Breatuinnich na 'm barr orra,
Le 'n cliathan ramh san reot'.
'S na Breatuinnich, &c.

Gu 'n chuir air tìr na saighdearan,
Na fir gun fhiamh, gun fhoill annta,
Le 'n eireadh grian gu boisgeanta,
Ri lannir an lann foileasach,
'S an ceannard fein ga 'n soilleseachadh,
Mar dhaoimein a measg oir.
'S an ceannard, &c.

An darag dhileas dharaich ud,
Nach dh'fhag 'san linn so samhail da,
An leoghann rioghail, amaisgeach,
An cliu 's am firinn cheannasach,
Tha do ghaol mar anam dhuinn,
Air teannachadh na 'r feoil.
Tha da ghaol, &c.

A dol gu tìr le d' bhrataichean,
Air cheann do mhlitean gaisgealadh,
Shaoil Frangaich ghriomeach, ghlas-neulach,
Le spid gu 'n pillte dhachaigh sinn,
Gu 'n strìochdadh iad da 'r lasraichean,
Bu dhionmhor bras ar sroil.
Gu 'n strìochdadh, &c.

Bu neimheil, smearail, darachdach,
Gu danara lan mhulseagach,
An canoin ann sa bhuireinich,
'S dealanach le fudar dhiu,
Cha bu leur an traigh le smuidreadh,
Dh'fhag na speuran dainnt' an ceo.
Cha bu legr, &c.

Mar biodh cruaidh losgadh iomlan ann,
'San uair is luaithe dh' iomraichte,
Air luchd-cuain a b' ullamh tulgairadh,
Greasadh ri cluaise iorghuille,
'S na naimhdean dana tilgeadh oirn,
Mar gharadh tiomcheall ob.
'S na naimhdean, &c.

Choinnich iad 'san uisge sinn,
A tigh'n' air snamh gu 'n crioslaichean,
'N uair bheireadh lamhach bristeadh dhuinn
An duil gu 'm baite an tiota sinn,
Gu stalinneach, lan, misneachail,
Gu sgrios as na bhiodh beo.
Gu stalinneach, &c.

Choinnich ar fir shomalt iad,
Le roinn nam piosan guineideach,
Ma 'n d'fhag an tonn fo 'r bonnabh sinn,
Chaill siol na Frainge fuil annta,
'S am bas bha iad a cumadh dhuinn,
Fhuair pairt diu dh'fhulang broin.
'S am bas, &c.

Chuir builleann lann le susbairachd,
Bho 'n tuinn mar choilltich thuislidh iad,
Gach dara crann a tuileam dhiu,
Na 'n sineadh sìos le 'r cusbairachd,
Thuig Frangaich nach faan Thureach,
Le 'n cuid lann a mhurt an sloigh.
Thuig Frangaich, &c.

Ri iomairt ghoirt na stailinne,
Bha ioman cas bho 'n traigh orra,
Gu 'n fhios co 'm fear bu taire againn,
A b' ullamh lot le saithidhean,
N am dluthadh ris an araich,
'S trom a dhrugh ar laid na 'm foill,
'N am dluthadh, &c.

'N uair sgaolleadh bh'uainn 's gach aite iad,
 Mar chaoilich 's gille-martainn annt',
 'S tric a chite fall oirbh,
 Na ruith a dhi a mhaighsteir,
 Bu lionmhor marcach tabhachdach,
 Le each air traigh gun deo.
 Bu lionmhor, &c.

Bha 'm buidhean rìoghail Gaelach,
 Gu h-inntinneach, borb, ardanach,
 Air thoiseach, mar a b' abhaist daibh,
 Gu lotach, pìeach, stallinneach,
 Mar nathairichean, gun chairdeas
 Do dh' aon namhaid a bha beo.
 Mar nathairichean, &c.

Tha clann nan eilean aon-sgeulach,
 Co theireadh gu 'n do chaochail iad?
 'S iad fein an dream nach maol-chluasach,
 'N uair thairnte a mire caonnaig iad,
 Mar bheithir thana craoslachadh,
 B' fhiar fhaoinis tigh'n' ga 'n coir.
 Mar bheithir, &c.

Mar mhiol-chion sheang, luath-leumnach,
 'Eangach, ineach, tuasgideach,
 Ri leannailt stri gun fhuarachadh,
 Le siubhal 's i a dh' fhuasgail iad,
 Bha Frangaich air an ruagadh,
 'S iad na 'n ruith mar chuain gun trooir.
 Bha Frangaich, &c.

O R A N

AIR BLAR NA H-EIPHIT.

C' arson nach toisichinn sa champa,
 Far na dh'fhag mi clann mo ghaoil,
 Thog sinn taighean Samhraidh ann,
 Le barrach mheang nan craobh,
 Bu solas uaibhreach, ceannard,
 A bhi gluasad ri uchd naimhdean ann,
 'S a dh'aindeoin luaidhe Fhrangach,
 B' aobhar damsha bhi ri 'r taobh.

Cha chualas ri linn seanachais,
 Ann an cogadh arm na 'n stri,
 Cuig mìle-diag cho ainmeil ruibh,
 A tharruinn airm fo 'n Rìgh;
 B' aobhar cliu an treun-fhear Albannach,
 A fhuair a chuis ud earbsa ris,
 Nach cubairean a thearbadh leis,
 Thoirtn gniomh nan arm gu crìch.

Dh'farr a moch di-ciadain,
 'S a' chiad diagachadh de 'n Mhairt,
 Gach comisari riarachadh,
 Ar biadh a mach oirn tra;
 Rum' bhi air ar cliathaichean,
 Gu h-ullamh mar a dh' iarramaid,
 Nach faodadh iad air chiad-lungaidh,
 Dol sìos leis ann sa bhlar.

'S ann air dir-daoin a dh'fhag sinn,
 Air sar chabhlach fad air chul,
 Na 'm faigheadhmaid rian snamha dhaibh,
 Bu laidir iad na 'r cuis;
 Lean Mac-a-Ghobha* cairdeil ruinn,
 'S gu 'm b' fhoghainteach a bhataichean,
 A dh' aindeoin gleadhraich namhaid,
 Chum e smaladh air an suil.

Bha ar 'n ard cheann-fheadhna toirteil,
 Ann san am ga 'r propadh suas,
 Bho dhream gu dream ga 'm brosnachadh,
 Cha b' ann le moit na ghruaidh;
 Ghlacadh cuibhle 'n fhortain,
 Ann san laimh nach tionndadh toisgeal i,
 'S a dhuiseadh sunnt gu cosnadh dhuinn,
 Mar Fhionn a mosgladh shluaidh.

Thairneadh na laoiach shomalta
 Na 'n comhlann throma, bhorb,
 Bu tarslach, lamhan, comasach,
 An sradag fhonnidh falbh;
 A g' iarraidh aite an eromadh iad,
 Na 'n tugadh namhaid coinneamh dhaibh,
 Gu 'm fag-te 'n arach tonn-fhuileach,
 Le stallinn thollach bhoig.

Bho nach tionndadh naimh gu casgairt,
 Bu dlu laoir air an feigh,
 'N uair chunnacas gnais nam Breatunnach,
 B'fhearr casan dhaibh na streup;
 Thug iad an cul gu tapaidh ruinn,
 A shiubhal gu dlu astarach,
 A sìor dhion an cul le marcaichean,
 Chum lasachadh na 'm ceum.

Bha gilleas lughar, sgairteil ann,
 Nach d' aom le gealtachd riamh,
 Mar dh' fhaodadh iad ga 'n leantain,
 Philleadh caogad each le 'n gniomh;
 Bu smointean faoin d'a marcaichean,
 Nach faighte daoine ghleachdadh iad,
 'S na laoiach nach faoite chaisleachadh,
 Ga 'n caol ruith mach air sliabh.

Bu tric an oomhdach casgairt sinn,
 Thug sud oirn stad na dha,
 Bhi gun eolas ann san astar sin,
 'N duil mhor ri gaisge chaich;
 Dh' fheuch Ralph gach doigh a chleachda
 leis,
 'S an dian-te sroil a thaisbeanadh,
 'S a dh' aindeoin seoltachd dh' fhairtlich oirn,
 An toirt gu casgairt lamh.

Bha sinn laidir, guineideach,
 Dana, urranta 'san stri,
 Bha ladsan raideil, cuireideach,
 Lan thuineachadh 's an tir;
 Ghabh iad aird na monaidhean,
 Gu 'n dh' tnuair iad aite cothromach,
 'S an dianadh lamhach dolaidh dhuinn,
 Gu 'n toileachadh 's a linn.

* Sir Sidney Smith.

Thairneadh garadh droma leinn,
De dh' armaidh fhionidh threin,
Bho shail' gu sail' a coinneachadh
'N tra chromaidh air a ghrein;
Bu daingean, laidir, masasach,
A phaire ga m' fhal na bonaidean,
Cha bu chadal seimh ga 'n comunn,
'S each ma 'r coinneamh air a bheinn.

Stad sinn re na h-oidheche sin,
Gu leir an cuim nan arm,
Bha leannan fein, gu maighdeannail,
Fo sgeith gach saighdear, balbh;
Na 'n tigeadh feum na faoinneachd orr',
'S gu tugte nobhar bruidhne dhl,
Bu neamhail a speic phuiseanta,
Bho 'n bheul bu chinneach sealg.

Dh' earbadh dìon an 'n anmanan,
Ri Albannaich mo ruin
Fìr nach tairnnte cearbaich orra,
'N am tharruinn arm gu dlu;
Rinn iad a chaitris armailteach,
Gu h-ullamh, ealamh, ealachuinnneach,
'S na 'n deanadh namhaid tairgneachadh,
Bha bas allabharach na 'n gnùis,

Sinn ullamh air ar connspagan,
Gu dol san toir gu dìon,
An treas madainn diag a shonraich iad,
Le 'r ceannard mor gu 'n fhiamh;
An da reiseamaid a b' oige againn,
Na Greumaich agus Gord naich,
A ruith gu dian an comhdhail,
Na bha dortadh leis an t-sliabh,

Cho-ullamh ris an fhudar,
A bha dol na smuid ma 'r ceann,
Gh'uais na gillea lu-chleasach,
Air mhìre null do 'n ghleann;
Thug sinn le teine dubailte,
Bristeadh as na trupairean,
Bha Greumaich nan euchd fliughantach,
'S cha d' eisd iad muiseag lann.

Mar stoir m a b' iargalt connasachadh,
A spionadh neoil a's chrann,
A riasladh fàirge moire,
Gu pianail sheol 's ga 'n call;
Cruaidh dian bha buaidh nan Gordonach,
Bu lionmhor sguab a's dorlaichean
A bhuain iad air a chomhnard,
Far an tug na sloigh dhaibh ceann.

Dhluthaich ar n' arm urramach,
Gu h-ullamh air ar cul,
Lion iad an t-sreath fhulangach,
Rinn guineideach gu smuis;
Bu naimhdeil dian an gunnaireachd,
A dh'fhag an sliabh 's nial fuileach air,
Bha culp na 'n triadhan uireasach,
Fo 'n ian gun mille juis.

'N am propadh ris an namhaid,
Sinn g'an smaladh ann sa' cheo,
Las a bheinn mar amhuinn ruin,
A bareadh na prais oirn;
Shaoil sinn gur h-l' *Vesuvius*,*
A sgain bho bonn le tairneanach,
Airm chaola b' fhaoinneis lamh ridhe,
'S cruas na chaoir tigh'n' beo.

Bha craoslach nan geam neimheil,
Gu breun, aineolach, 'sa cheo,
A bheist bu treine langhanaich,
Bu reusan sgreamh do dh' fheoil;
Bu chaillteach dhuinn an dealanach,
'S a lughad saighdear beargaidheach,
Bha 'n oidheche sin a mearachd oirn,
Gu 'n anan air an toir.

Dh' aindecain a h-ard baurainich,
Bha laidir, maiseach, garbh,
Ga b' oit leis an cuid trupairean,
Am bruchdadh rinn an arm;
Ge d' fhuair sinn beagan diubhalach,
A laoghad cha do lub sinn daibh,
Bu lionmhor marcach cul-donn diu,
Fo 'r casan bruite, marbh.

Thug iad an cul, 's cha mhasladh dhaibh,
Chuir casgairt iad na'n teinn,
Sinn ga'n sgiursadh dō 's na fasaichean,
'S gach tubh na las a bheinn;
Thionndadh gach cuis taitneach dhuinn,
Bho bhon a cuil 's a cas-mhulsich,
Cha d' fhuirich gnuis dhiu gleachda ruin,
Nach d' bhruchd amach na still.

'S cas a throm an ruaig orra,
Cho cruaidh 's a chualas riamh,
Bha *Abercrombie* suas riutha,
Le shluadh a dh' fhuasgail fial;
Mar bh' d' am baile bhuannaich iad,
Le canain air a chuartaichadh,
Bha barachd dhiu 's na h-uaghichean,
'S a dh' fhuaraich air an t-sliabh.

Thairneadh garadh laidir,
'Dh' arm tabhachdach nach strìochd,
Ma choinneamh *Alexandria*,
Air airde *Aboukier*;
'N uair rainig sinn an larach sin,
'S a dhealaich mi ri m' chardean ann,
'S ann ghiulain iad gu m' bhata mi,
'S fuil bhlath fo 'm air an fhiar.

Tha 'n da Bhaiteal araidh
An deagh Ghaelìg ann am chuimhn',
Cha 'n e 'n treas fear bu taire,
'S math a b' fhiach e bard ga sheinn;
Tha mi sa' cheaird air mhagaran,
Cha 'n fhlidh no fear dana mi,
Na dh' innis mi cha nar leam e,
Co chluinneas e' ait' an d' rinn.

* *Vesuvius*, poetically rendered *Vesuvius*, a volcanic mountain near the bay of Naples. The first eruption took place in the year 79, when *Herulanum* and *Pompeii* were destroyed.

ORAN AIR BLAR NA H-OLAIND

AIR FOKK—"Alasdair a Gleanna-Garadh."

Air mios deireannach an fhoghair,
An dara latha, 's math mo chuimne,
Ghluais na Breatunnaich bho'n fhaiche,
Dh'ionnsuidh tachairt ris na maimhdean;
Thug *Abercrombaidh* taobh na mara
Dhiu le'n canain, 's mi ga'n cluintinn;
Bha foirneadh aig *Mur** gu daingeann,
Cumail aingil ris na Frangaich.

Thriall *Abercrombaidh* 's *Mur* na felle,
Le 'n laoiach euchdach, thun a bhaiteil;
Tharraunn iad gu h-eolach, treubhach,
Luchd na beurla ri uchd catha;
N uair a dhiu na h-airn ri cheile,
Dhubhadh na speuran le 'n dothaich;
S bu lionmhor fear a bha 's an eiseachd,
Nach do ghluais leis fein an ath oidhch'.

Dh'fhag iad sinne mar a b'annsa,
Fo cheannardachd Mhorair Hunndaidh,
An t-og smiorail, fearail, naimhdeil,
N an teannadhain-neart ga'r n-ionnsuidh;
Le bhartaichean siod a strannraich,
Ri 'n cuid crann a damhs' le muiseag;
'S na fir a toghairt 's na Frangaich,
B' iad mo ruine chlànn nach diultadh.

Bha 'n leoghann colgarra gun ghealtachd,
Le mhile fear sgairteil la' ruinn;
An Camshronach garg o'n Earrachd,
Mar ursainn chatha 's na blaraibh;
Dh'aontaich sinn mar aon sa bhaiteil,
Le faobhar lann sgaitach stallinn;
Cha bu ghuimh le 'r laoiach gun taise,
Faoinis air an fhaich' le lamhaich.

Bhruchd na naimhdean le 'n trom ladach,
Air muin chaich an aite teine;
'N uair fhuair Sasunnaich droch charadh,
Phill iad o'n arach n' ar coinneamh.
Ghlaoth Ralph uaibhreach ri chuid armunn
Greasaibh na Gaeil n' an coinnidh,
'S tionndaidh iad an ruaig mar b' abhaist,
An dream ardanach, neo-fhoileil.

Grad air an aghairt 's an arach,
Ghluais na saighdearan nach pillte;
Mar iolair guineach, gun chaoimhneas,
Nach b'fharasda chlaoidh le m-mhodh,
Thug iad sgrios na'n gathan boisgeach,
Mar dhealanaich oidheche dhilinn;
Ri sior lomain romp nan naimhdean,
'S neul na fal' air roinn am picean.

'N uair a dh'ionndrainn a chonnspuinn
Morair Gordon o uchd buailte;
'S a ... iad gu'n robh e leointe,
Dh'... iad le deoin an tuasaid;

*General Sir John Moore.

Mar mhaoim do thuil nam beann mora,
Bruchdadh bho na neoil mu'r guaillean,
Lean iad ad ruaig le cruaidh spoltach,
Gu fuilteach, mor bhuilleach, gruamach.

Bha camshronaich an tus a chatha,
Air an losgadh mar an cianda;
Leonadh an Ceann-feodhna sgairteil,
Ri comhraig bhaitealach a lath e;
'S ged sonruichte a sheal iad an dearcag,
'S an fheoil nach taisie le flamhachd;
Mu'n chrom a ghrian fo eleoc-taisgte,
Phaidh sinn air an ais na flachan.

Ged' bha na Rìoghalaich bho Albainn,
Na fir ainmeil, mheannach, phriseil,
Fada bhuaninn ri uair a garbh chath,
'S buaidh a b' ainm dhaibh ri uchd mhil-
tean;
Ghreus iad air aghaidh gu colgail,
'N uair a chual iad storm nam picean;
Mo creach! luchd nam breacan balla-bhreac,
Bhi le lasair marbh na'n sineadh.

Tha na Frangaich math air teine,
Gas an teannar goirid uapa;
'S an mar sin a fhrois iad sinne,
Ri deich mionaidean na h-uarach;
Ach, 'n uair dh'fhoad ar laoiach gun tioma,
Dhol an aite buille bhualadh,
Bha roinn nan stallinne biorach,
Sathadh guineideach mu'n tuairmse.

Gu'm bi sin an tuairmse smiorail,
Chinnteach, amaiseach, gun dearmad;
Thug na leoghainn bhorba, nimheil,
Bu cholgail sealladh fo'n armaibh;
Ri sgiursadh naimhdean mar fhalaisg,
A's driuchdan fallais air gach calg dhiu;
'S bha Frangaich a bruchdadh fala,
'S an cul ri talamh sa ghainmhich.

Mar neoil fhuilteach air an riasladh,
Le gaoth a b'argalta seideadh;
Ruith nam baidibh ceigeach, lia'-ghlas,
An deigh an clathadh as a cheile:
Chite na naimhde gun riaghailt,
Teicheadh gu dian o uchd streupa;
'S iad a leaghadh air am bialthaobh,
Mar shneachd am fianais na greine.

Ged' a phill sinn o ar duthaich,
Cha d' mhill sinn air clin an cruadal
Bha sinn gach latha ga'n sgiursadh,
Mar chaorich aig cu ga'n ruagadh.
Dh'aindeoin an cuid sloigh gun chunntas,
Tigh'n o'n Fhraing as ur ga'r bualadh,
Bu leisg ar gaisgich gu tionndadh,
'Nuair a chod an Diue ri'n uaislean.

'N uair chuireadh am baiteal seachad,
'S a dh-aireadh ar gaisgich threubhach,
Bha ioma Gael 's an deachaidh
Le miad am braise 's an streupa,

Fall a ruith air lotaibh frasach,
Bho luchd nam breacanan fellidh,
'Si slor thaomadh leis na glacan—
'S truagh! nach dh'fhaod ar gaisgich
eirigh.

'S bochd gun sian orra bho lnaighe,
On a bha iad cruaidh 'na'n nadur,
Fulangach gu dhol san tuasaid,
Guineideach 'nuair ghluais' an aidan,
Cha robh math d'an namhaid gluasad,
Dh'farraidh buaidh orra' s na blaraidh,
Chaill iad air an traigh seachd uairean,
Tuilleadh 's na bha bhuain 'san araich.

'Nis o'n chuir iad sinn do Shasunn,
Ghabhail ar cairtealan geamhraidh,
Far am faigh sinn leann am pailteas,
Ged' tha Mac-na-praisich gann oirn
Olair leinn deoch-slaime' Mhareuis—
Ar gualann thaille 's ar Ceannard;
Tha sinn cho ullamh 's a ait leis,
Dhion a bhrataichean bho ainneart.

Note.—Various spurious editions of this unrivalled piece have been published in different collections of Gaelic Poems. It is now printed genuine, for the first time, from the poet's own MS. and never, perhaps, did poet's lay commemorate prowess in more graphic and burning language.

AN DUBH-GHLEANNACH.

LATHA dhomh 's mi 'n cois na traghad
Chuala mi caismeachd nan Gael,
Dh' aithnich mi meoir grunn a Bhrathaich,
Air slannasair ur bu lughor gairich,
A's thuig mi gu'n a ghluais an t-armunn,
Fear thogail nan tur uasal,* statoil.

Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach a bh' ann!
Ho ro ghealladh, na co chuireadh i,
—Trom oirre 'seinn

Bu mhiann leam sunnt nam port eallant,
Bu chonnabhailach urlar a's gearraidhean,
Dionach, lughor, dlu, no-mheanachdach—
Tionndadh nan siubhlaichean caithreamach,
Dhuigeadh lugh na smuis 's na carraidean,
Dutheas nan lann du-ghorm tana dhuibh.

Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Dh'irich mi 'm bruthach le h-eibhneas,
Dh'eisdeachd ri fàilte rìgh Seumas,
Chunna' mi'n Druimineach dhubh, ghleusda,
Cuir fà-sgaol a h-aodaich breid-ghil,
Air machair mhin, sgiamhach, reidhleach,
Mar steud eruiteach—'s i' cuir reise.

Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

* This song was composed on the pleasure-boat of Alex. M'Donald, Esq., of Glenaladale, who endeared himself to his countrymen by the cenotaph he erected for Prince Charles Stuart in Glenfinnan.

Channa' mi 'n Druimineach dhubh, dheat-
bhach,
Long Alasdair ghlinnalach nan garbh-ehrioch,
Mar steud rìghail air bharr fàirge,
Togail bho thir le sìoda balla-bhreac,
Sunicheantas rìghail na h-Alba,
Ghluaiseadh na mìltean gu fearra-ghleus.
Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

'Nuair ghabhaidh i'm fuaradh na sliasaid,
'S gualla 'n fhasgadh chasadh dian ris,
Ghearradh i'n linn' air a fàradh,
'N aghaidh gaoithe, sid a's lionaidh,
Dh' eignich i Corran an diarrais,
'S leum i air iteig mar inn as!

Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

'Nuair gheibheadh i oliahalach fo fhars'neachd,
Soirbheas na sliasaid ga brosnachd,
Mar shiu'ladh mial-chu bras-astrach,
Na ruith air slabh a's fadh air thoiseach,
I dìreadh nan tonn liath 's ga'n sgoltadh,
Shinnitheadh i iad mar iarunn loarach.

Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Mhionnaich Neptune agus Æolus,
Bho n' chaidh gaoth a's cuan fo'n ordugh,
Nach do mhaslachdadh cho mor iad
Bho linn na h-Aire a bha aig Noah,
Gu robh 'n rìgh is airde comhnadh,
Dion 's a sabhaladh Chloian-Domhuill!

Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Bha Neptune agus Æolus eudmhor—
Dh-iarr iad builg nan stoirm a sheidendh
Dh-ordaich iad gach bord dh'i reubadh,
'S na siuil a stracadh na'm breidean,
Le borb-sgreud a's fead na reub-ghaoith,
'Cuir siaban thonn na steoll 's na speur-an:

Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Thoisich ur-spairn chruaidh mar dh'iarr iad,
Chruinnich neoil dhubha na h-iarmailt,
Na'n trom-luirichean dlu iargalt',
'S iad a trusadh surd 'sa lionadh
Mar dhorch smuid a fuirneis iarunn,
Gu bruchadh stoirm bha garbh a's fiadhaich.

Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

'N earalas fo laimh air gabhaidh
Chuir sibh an ceann i gu dann;
Gach cupall a's stagh 's an robh failinn—
Sparradh buill thaghta n'an aite;
Slabhraidhean oannach air fàraidh,
Theannaich sibh gu daingean laidir.

Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Bheartaich iad gach ball neo-chearbach,
Ullamh, deas gu gleachd ri fàirge;
Tharruinn i le gaoith an earra-dheas
Ghlac i 'n caol fo' taobh 's bu' doirbh e,
'S ged bha Neptune saothreach, stoirmell,
Mhaslach an saobh-shruth 's an dorch e!

Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Nochd an dubhair gnuis gun chaoimhneas,
Sgaoileadh cuirtearan na h-oidheche:
Sgioba na h-iubhraich an gainntir
On' chiad duil gu eur Dun-noibhneis
Phaig iad trian gach stuil gu teann-chruaidh,
A's las iad ri cairt-iuil na coinnean.
Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Iomradh slan do Chaiptein Alasdair,
Le sgioba tabhaodach, bearraidheach,
Bu mhiann leam failt' ur cairdean denlai'
dhuibh,

Calla seamb bho ghabhadh mharanan,
Coinnidh bhaigheil bhlath gach caraid dhuibh,
Pog bhuir mathar, mhna 's bhuir leannan duibh.
Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Chaidh rìgh nan aoirbheas gu dhulan,
Aig miol na strannaraich 's na h-upraid;
Dh-fhosgail na builg air an culthaobh,
Mun gann a fhuair iad an dunadh,
Bha Maighdeann nam Mor-bheann cuirtell,
An acafsaid fo shroin na duthchal
Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

AM BARD-CONANACH.

DONALD M'DONALD, commonly called *Am Bard-Conanach*, or the *Stratheconnon Bard*, was born in *Stratheconnon*, *Ross-shire*, in the year 1780. Owing probably to the secluded situation of his native glen, and the supineness of his parents, who deemed education of no essential importance to enable a man to get through the world, or, at least, thought one might weather through tolerably well without it, he got no English education, but could read Gaelic. The wild and romantic scenery of his birth-place, with its characteristic exuberance of rock, wood, and water, was well calculated to inspire his breast at an early age with those poetical leanings, which, at a more advanced period, transpired in glowing verse. Highlanders, especially in his younger days, never dreamed of training their children up to any useful trade; the oldest son was invariably recognised as his father's legitimate successor in his little farm;—and the other, or junior members of the family, generally got possession of similar pendicles. Thus they married and got themselves established in the world—strangers to the promptings of ambition, and free from the cares, turmoils, and solitudes of their more affluent neighbours, the Lowlanders.

Donald M'Donald earned his livelihood as a sawyer; an employment that probably suggested itself as being more immediately productive of pecuniary aid than any other common in his country.

Having spent a number of years at the saw in his native glen, he removed to the town of *Inverness*, where he established himself as a regular sawyer. Like many other sons of genius and song, M'Donald was of a convivial disposition and warm temperament. He committed some youthful indiscretions which had drawn down upon him the combined wrath of his friends and the *Kirk Session*, and he has not left us in the dark as to the measures which were adopted against him. His parents dreading that he would elope with a young girl, who was reported to be in a state of pregnancy by him, had recourse to the severe measure of putting him in "durance vile." But, although they succeeded in frustrating his every attempt to do justice

to his paramour, they failed to improve the morals of their aberrant son. He ultimately married a young girl, a country-woman of his own, of the name of M'Lennan, with whom he enjoyed a great share of connubial happiness.

The first of the two songs we annex to this notice, he composed in Edinburgh, upon witnessing the demonstrations of joy which took place upon hearing the result of the battle of Alexandria. It is a triumphant piece, and a very respectable effort, exhibiting, as it does, no mean poetical talents. The other is equally good in its way. All his poems were arranged and taken down in manuscript preparatory to their being printed, but our author was seized with Cholera in the year 1832, which terminated his mortal career. The intention of publishing was consequently relinquished for the time, nor have we heard of any measures having been adopted to resume it.

M'Donald was of a middle-sized stature—active and cheerful. He was an excellent companion, and much liked by his acquaintances.

ORAN DO BHONIPART.

LATHA soilleir samhraidh dhomh,
Air cabhsairean Dhuin-eideann,
Gu'm faic mi na brataichean,
A lasadh ris a ghrein ann,
Chuala mi na gunnaidhean,
A's dh' fhuirich mi gu'n eisleachd,
'S mae-talla bh'anns na creagan,
A' toirt' freagairt dhaibh le eibhneas.

'Nuair sheall mi air gach taobh dhìomh,
Feadh na duthcha fad 's bu leir domh,
Bha ocol 'sna h-uile taigh a bh' ann,
'S tein-aighear air na sleibhtean,
On chualas ann na Gasaiden
'S gach aite bhi ga leughadh;
Gun deach' an ruaig air *Bonipart*
S an onair aig a Ghreumach.

'S lionmhor bratach Albannach,
Tha ballach, balla-bhreac, boidheach,
Tha eadar a chrìoch Shasunnach,
Gu ruige taigh Iain-Ghrota,
Fir laidir, shunntadh, thogarrach,
Nach ob a dhol an ordugh
Gu dol an coimeamh *Bhonipart*,
Chuir onair air rìgh Seoras.

C'aite biodh na h-Albannaich?
Duin' uaisle calma, treubhach,
Fir shunntach, shanntach, thogarrach,
Na seoid nach obadh eiridh,
Ach on nach fìu laimhe leo,
Do bhas a thoirt le trouin-bheirt,
'S an thilg iad air sgeir thraghad thu,
'S gu'm bacasich thu chion beidh ann.

Ach 's beag leam sud mar phianadh ort—
'S a mhiad sa rinn thu dh' eacoir,

Ach leir-sgrìos man deich plaighean,
A bh' air Pharaoh ann an Eipheid;
Gu'n laich iad air do chraiceann,
Gu do shracadh as a chelle,
'S gu'n chumnt' air falbh deich mìl' thu,
A's mi fhin a bhi ga t-cisdeachd.

'S tu ehaill do naire, 'nuair
A bha thu ann an dochas,
Gun leige sinn do Shasuinn thu,
Ged' ghlac thu bhuanin Hanobher,
Ach cuiridh sinne dhachaigh thu,
S seachdnar air do theireachd,
S mar toir thu grad do dhaoine leat
Cha ruig a h-aon dia beo thu!

Nach saol thu nach bu ladorn dhut
Bhi bagairt air rìgh Deorsa,
An eual thu fear chuir aodainn air
Nach daor a phaigh e ghorach,
Ge do choisinn ainneart dhut
An Fhrainc a chuir fò t-ordugh,
'S e t-a'bhach a bheir dioladh ann
Le tobha sinobhta coreach.

'Nuair thig am morair Skeibhtench ort,
'S na ceadan de Chlann-Domhnuill,
Mar sud a's Mao-'le-Alasdair,
Ghlinn-gairidh agus Chnoideirt,
'Nuair thogas iad am brataichean,
'S an gaisgich a chuir coladh
O! c'a'it' am faod thu t-fhalach orr'
Mar sluig an talamh beo thu!

Ma chi iad aona bhaoisgeadh dhìot
Bidh greim ac' air do sgornan.
'S chan' eil de dh'eich na dhaoine agad
Na shaoras tu bho meoirean,

Geid dh-eireadh na deich *legonan*,
B'áig Ceasar anns an Róimh leat,
Cha'n fhaothaigh iad air t-annhaigh
A's na lamhan aig Clann-Domhnuill.

'Nuair thig Mac-Choinnich ishrathain ort,
Le cheathairn' de dhaoine' uaisle,
Sud a bhratach aigeantach
Le cabar an daibh ghruamaigh,
Cha tar thu na bheir pillendh orr'
A chruinneachadh mu'n cuairt-daibh,
'Nuair ruigens fir Chien-taile
Co an gearr a chumas bhuath thu?

'Nuair thig an oinneadh Frisenlach,
Tha fios gur daoine borb iad,
Gu'n reachadh iad tro theine
Le Mac-Shimidh mor na Moraigh.
Cha tar thu na bheir pillendh
Air na fir ud 'nuair bhios colg orr',
'S ged reacha tu fo'n talamh
'S e mo bhairrell gu'n' bi lorg ort.

'Nuair a thig Mac-an-Toisich,
Le sheoid ort a Srath-Eireann,
Mar sud agus fir Chluainidh,
Is iad uil' an gaisle cheile
Ma gheibh an cat na chrubhan thu,
Le dhubhanan beag' geura,
Geid bhiodh each air bheagan dhiot
Bidh aigo-sa cheud fein dhiot.

Tha Clann-an-Ab' a bagairt ort,
'S iad o cheann iad an deigh ort,
'S na gheibh iad ann am fagus dut,
Gur grad a bheir iad leum ort,
Bristidh iad do bhrataichean,
Na spealtan as a cheile,
'S bi'dh tus an sin na d' starsaich ann,
Fo chasan nam fear gleusda!

Tha Gordonach an toir ort
'S chan' eil beo na ní do thearnadh,
'Nuair dh-eircas morair Hunndaidh,
Le fhearabh ionnsaicht, laidir,
On se fein a's coirneal,
Air na seoid ga'm buin buaidh-larach:
'S o chanas sinn gu bheanta
An da-fhichead a's na dha riu.

Aoh cuimhnich thus a cheathairne,
Chuir latha *Fontenoi*,
'S a sheasadh ams an arnaich,
As each a chuir air fugar,
Chi thu nis san Fhrainc iad
Fo chomannada mhóirair Gordoin,
Se ní do lamhan dh' fheum dhut,
An reusar chuir ri d' agornan.

Tha Rosaich agus Rothaich,
'S iad ro choinneach dhut le chelle,
Ma gheibh iad ma do chomhair
Gabh ma chomhairle 's thoir thu fein as!

Aoh ma chi thu 'm firean
Tigh'n' le agriob ort as na speuran,
Na gheibh i ann na crubhanan
Grad luthaig oirre fein e.

'Nuair chruinnicheas na gaisgich,
Thig bho Apuinn-Mhic-Ian-Stiut airt
Sliocht nan righrean Abannach,
Da'n tig na h-airn a rusgadh,
Co bheireadh taire dhaibh
Naoh faighendh paigheadh dubhailt,
'S ma gheibh iad ann an sas thu,
Gu brach chan fhaic thu d' dhuthaich.

'Nuair chruinnicheas Clann-Ionnuhuinn,
Cha shor a dol 'san uapairn,
'S mithich dhut bhi tiomnadh,
'Nuair tha 'n t-ionraidh iad a dugsadh,
Ma dh-eircas dhut gun tachair sibh,
'S gun faic iad thu le'n suilean,
Sid na fir a chaitheas,
Anns an adhar na do smuid thu.

Tha Chlaimbeulaich cho naimhdeil dut,
'S iad sanntach air do mharbhadh,
A Dhuic tha 'n Earraghael,
Agus morair ard Bhraid-Albann
C'ait am beil na thearnas tu,
'S na h-armuinn ud a sealg ort,
'S ceart cho math dhut faladair
A charadh ri do shealabhan!

'Nuair a thig Clann-Ghrainne ort
'S neo-chliobach a chas a' fuig iad,
'S fir iad nach gabh pillendh
Le teine no le lualdhe,
Le'n gairdean laidir, smiorail,
'S le lannan biorach, crungach,
'S ma chi iad iad na h-oirleach dhiot,
Cha bheo na chumas bhuat iad.

Thig Siosalaich Srath-ghlas or'
Na'n laisgairan man cuairt dhut,
Le lannan geur a chinn-alanich
Tarsuinn air an cruchan,
'Nuair thoisichens na gaisgich ud,
Air tarraim as an trunilleán
Chi thu do chuid brataichean,
Gu arachadh ma do chluasant!

Thig Mac'-Ill-Lean Dhubhaird ort
'S gur subhach ní e greim ort,
Le dhaoine laidir lu-chleasach,
Nach diult a la no dh-oidhe,
Ní iad sin do agiarsadh-sa
Gu cuil an aite slaighteir,
'S theid thu air do ghluinean daibh
'Nual' chi thu 'guis an saighdear

An sin thig ort na Camshronaich,
Fir laidir, ainmeant, eolach,
Da thaobh Loch-Iall a's Arasaig,
As chaisteal Inbher-Lochaidh,
'Nuair a thig na saoidhean sin
Bu math gu straoiceadh feola.

Cha mhios air pronnadh mhullach iad,
'S bu ghna leo fuil a dhorthadh.

Thig Mac-Neill a Bara ort
Le dhaoine falain finealt,
Daoine bheir a fhead dhiubh,
Bristeadh a's na miltean,
Baoidgidh iad mar dhealanach,
Ri oidheche shalach dhile,
'S m'an teid thu ceart na t-fhaireachadh
—Bidh ainneart mar a's tir ort.

Thig Clann-an-t-Shaoir a Cruachan ort
Na fir 's an ruaig nach diobradh,
An am dol anns an chabhaig,
Sud na gallanan nach pillite,
Sliochd nan Gael cruadalach,
Bu dual daibh a bhi dileas,
Gu dol an coinneamh Bhonipart,
Chuir onair air an rioghachd.

'Nuair chruinnecheas Clann-Fhiunnlaigh,
Na fir shuntach tha gun eislean,
Dheir iad tha gu curntais,
As na dh' iunnaich tha de dh' eucoir,
C'ait' am beil de Fhrangaich
Na cheannascheas le sreup iad,
'S gun tugadh iad gu ciosachadh,
Na miltean leis na ceudan.

Thig fathast diuc Mhontrose ort,
Le fhearabh mar an deigh ort,
'S ann an sir thig an dorain ort
'Nuair thoisicheas na Greumaich
'S an t-aon fhear tha ri t-aodainn,
'S e daonann cuir retreat ort,
Cha'n fhad' gu'm bi do chear an aige,
Ri crann mas e thoil fein e.

Guidheamaid buaigh-larach,
Leis na Gaeil anns gach teughbail,
Toil inntinn aig ar cairdean
'S gach namhaid a bhi geilleadh,
Mar chuala mis a chaiscamachd
Bha taitneach learn ri eisdeachd,
Air latha soilleir samhraidh
'S mi air cabhsairean Dhun-eideann.

ORAN D'A LEANAN.

[Agus sgeul' a bhi air a thogail gun robh i tor-
rach aige, 's e 'g innseadh cho math 'sa bhlodh e
dh' i ged a b' fhuar mar chaidh aithris.]

Fhuair mi sgeula mochi an de,
'S cha deach' mi 'n eis ri chluinntinn,
'S cha tug mi geill nach deanainn feum,
Le gaol do 'n te mu 'n d' innseadh,
'S cha toir mi fuath dh' i, 's beag mo luaidh
air
Ged a fhuair mi cinnt air,

'Sa dh' aindeoin cruadal ga 'n toir cuairt sinn,
Gheibh sinn bhuainn ri tim e.

A ghrugach dhonn, ma dh' fhas thu trom,
Tha mis, air bhonn nach diobair,
Gu 'n seas mi thu, air bhialthaobh cuirt,
'S cha 'n ann an duil do dhiteadh,
Tha mi air bheachd gu 'n seas mi ceart,
Ge d' bheir am Parson eis diom,
'S gu 'm paighinn daor air ra do ghaol,
Na 'n tarainn saor 'sa 'n tim so.

Gu 'm paighinn daor gu t-fhagail saor,
Mu 'n leiginn t-aodann narach',
Fa chomhair cuirt mar fhasan ur,
'S nach robh e 'n run do naduir,
Cha n' eil mi 'n dul thu dhol na 'n luib,
Mur tig a chuibhle cearr oirnn,
'S ma chumas airgeid thu o chis,
Gu 'n seas mi fhin na t-aite.

Gur fad a rachainn ann ad leithsgeul,
Gu do sheasamh cliuiteach,
'S ghabhainn uileadh orm an seisoin,
Gu d' leith-trom a ghiulan,
'S ged chumadh iad mi ann gun lae,
Gus an at mo shuillean,
Mar diobair ceartas mi, cha 'n fhaicear,
Chaidh thu ac' fo mhaiseag.

Ach 's truadh! nach robh mi agus tu,
Dol fo na siuil do dh-Eirinn,
Na thir eile 's faide buainn,
Nach d' ruig air suaimhneas fheutainn,
'S truagh nach faicinnse bhi seoladh,
A's sinn air bord le cheile,
Gun duil a chaidh thigh'n' air ar 'n eolas,
Do'n Roinn-Eorp na dheigh sin!

Ach cia mar 's urrainn domh bhi beo,
'S cho mar sa thug mi speis dut?
Na cia mar dh' fhaodas mi bhi stoilte
'S mi gun choir air t-fheutainn?
Ged fhaighinn airgead na Moian-Eorpa,
Agus or na h-Euphaid,
Cha chumadh e mi suas car uaire,
S tu bhi bhuam gun sgeul ort.

Ach cuis mo chruadail, 's faide bhuam,
An diugh da uair na 'n de thu!
'S ma leanas tu mar sin air luaths,
Gu 'm bi sinn cuairt bho cheile,
Ach ma thionndas tu do shlios rium,
'S fiosrach mi mar dh' eireas,
Gur gearr an uin a thamhas tu,
'Nuair thig do chul na dheigh sin.

Mas e gun chuir thu rium do chul
Ann an duil mo threigsinn,
Gus an cuir iad mi 'sa 'n uir
Cha dean mi turn ad dheighse;
Cia mar dh' fhaodas mi bhi saor,
'S nach dean an saoghal feum dhomh?
Mo chridh air fhalach lo do ghaol,
Gun duil a chaidh ri fheutainn.

Tha gaol nam boireannach o 'n oige,
 Mar an ceo 'sa cheitean,
 Laidhidh e ri madainn dhriuchd,
 Ri lar cho dlu 's nach leir dhuinn,
 Chi mi 'n t-adhar a's an beanntan,
 Dol an ceann a cheile,
 Ach sgaoidh e ri uin ro ghearr,
 Gun fhios eia 'n t-ait' an teid e.

Gur mor a bh' agam ort do mheas,
 'S cha tug mi fios do chach air,
 'S o 'n is beairt e tha gun fhios,
 Cha 'n innis mis gu brach e,
 Gu'm beil an sean-fhacal o shinnsear',
 Tigh'n gu cinnt an drasda—
 "Gur faide bhuam an 'iugh na 'n de,
 A bhean nach d' fhead mi thaladh."

Cha 'n eil mo chadal domhach ciuirt
 'S cha 'n eil mo dhuisc ach cianail,
 Cha n' eil an obair dhomhach cradh,
 'S cha n' fheairrde mi bli diamhain,

Cha dean laidhe dhomhach creuchdan,
 'S cha toir eiridh dhiom iad,
 Cha toir asdar mi gu slainte,
 'S cha 'n fhasa tamh no guiomh dhomh.

Ged a tha mi 'n so 'sa ghleann,
 Cha b' e bhi ann a b' fhearr leam,
 'S mar b' e cruaidhead mo chomann,
 Bu luath mo dheann ga fhagail,
 Gur fada 'n aimsir tha o 'n uair,
 A chualas bhi ga radhainn,
 Gur cruaidh an reuchd a bhi fo smachd,
 'S bidh mise nochd mur tha mi !

Cha b' e chuis bhi nochd an glais,
 Na 'n tiginn asde a maireach,
 Ach bhi 's na t' bhras fad sheachd bliadhna,
 Gun la riann dhiu tearuinn;
 Cha robh uair gun chuartaich ur dhomh,
 Gur ciuirte rinn iad m' fhagail,
 Nis o 'n lagaich iad mo phearsa,
 Tha mo sgairt air failinn !

AM BARD SGIATHANACH.

DONALD M'LEOD, commonly called the "*Skye Bard*," was born in the parish of Durness, Isle of Skye, about the year 1785. His parents were in humble circumstances, and consequently unable to give him an extended education: but, whether by self-application, or otherwise, he acquired a tolerable knowledge of the Gaelic language.

In the year 1811 he published an octavo volume—consisting of all his own compositions and a few poems, the productions of other bards, ancient and modern. We cannot, however, say that with the exception of a few pieces, either the original or selected poems, which it contains, are of a high order. Our author was little more than twenty years when he "came out;" the manhood of his mind was not fully formed; neither reading nor society had ripened his judgment, or refined his taste; and we are convinced, had he profited by the sage admonition of Pope, and left "his piece for seven years," that the character of his book would be far different from what it is.

Donald M'Leod possesses a fine and delicate musical ear, and so fastidious has he proved himself in the nice discrimination of sounds, that, to preserve the smoothness, cadence and harmony of his pieces, original and select, he actually interpolated them with words of no meaning, or, at least, paid no attention to grammatical rules, but took the cases, tenses and numbers, as it suited his convenience.

In the year 1829 he travelled the Highlands, taking in subscriptions for a new

work, the prospectus of which is now before us, and promises a "correct history of *Culum-Cille, Coinneach Odhar, Am Brìtheamh Leogasach agus an Taoitear-Saileach*, from the cradle to the grave." But whether he failed in the attempt of publication, or was otherwise diverted from his object, we cannot say; but the projected volume never made its appearance. This is much to be regretted, for, from the impression made on our minds by M'Leod's talents and legendary lore when we saw him in 1828, we are perfectly warranted in saying that it would amply recompense a perusal. Few men could *speak* the Gaelic with greater fluency and correctness than our author, and there was an archness about him which set off his story and witticism in an admirable light.

Shortly after the period of which we write, the Skye Bard emigrated to America, and of his history or adventures in the western hemisphere, we know nothing. He returned to his native country last harvest, and set up as a merchant in Glendale, near Dunvegan.

His two pieces here given are not destitute of poetic merit. Indeed they possess some genuine strokes of grandeur, which entitle them to a place among the productions of poets of higher pretensions and fame. M'Leod possesses within him the elements of true poetic greatness; and if these are brought into fair play, under auspicious circumstances, it is within the compass of possibilities that he may yet take his stand amongst the first class of the minstrels of his country.

ORAN DO REISEAMAID MHIC-SHIMIDII,

CEANN-CINNIDH NAM FRISEALACH SA' BHLIADHNA, 1810.

An am uracha' fhacail domh,
'S cunntas thoir seachad,
Air clùiteachadh fhasain
Nan gaisgeach tha 'n trathsa
Air tiunndaidh a steach oirn,
Gu lu-chleasach, aigcantach,
Lubht' ann am breacain,
'S paiste ann an sgarlaid;
Is clùiteach a bhratach,
To'n cunntar air faiche sibh,
Thoir leam nach bu chaidribh,
Ur tachaird le damhair;
Is dlu dha na chasas riubh
Tiunndadh le maslaidh,
Na'n uine bhi paisgte,
Fo'r casan sa'n arach,

Cha churam dha'n aitrìbh,
An dumhlaich ar Caipiteinean,
'S dlu dhaibh an t-achdha,
Bheir casg' as an namhaid;
Le iunneaidh nam bagraidean,
Fudar na lasraichean,
Dlu dhaibh cha'n fhaighear

Na bhagras air pairt' dhiubh;
An cul-thaobh cha 'n fhaicear,
A tiunndadh le gealtachd,
Che dlu 's ga 'm bi 'm feuchd
A bhios aca mar namhaid,
'N am rusgadh nan glas-lann,
Biodh cunntas gun astar,
'S eoinn ruiste gun bhratach
Ga'n stailleadh fo'n sailean.

Cha 'n eil cunntas air fasain
Fo'n chrun th'aig Rì Shasuinn,
Nach eil ionnsaicht' am pearsa,
Na th'aca de dh'aireamh,
Is muirneach ri'm faicinn iad,
'S clùiteach ri'n claisinn iad,
'S lughmhòr an casan,
'Sa 's brais an' cath-lamh iad,
'S aluinn an crisleachadh,
Sgabardach, biodagach,
Stailinneach, pìstealach,
Slios-lannach, dearsach;
Sgarlaiteach, leisichte,
An caradh fo itean,

Thug statachan meas dhaibh,
Nach fiosraich mo chanan.

Tha *Lovat* 's a dhaingheann,
Na sholas dha'n fhearunn,
An deonaich lad fannuinn,
Nan gearasdain laidir;
'S mor-chuiseach, ceannasach
'S stroilde ro'n tarrainn iad,
'S neoil an cuid lannan,
Mar lannair an sgathain;
A's feidh nan ceann cabrach
A leumnaich mar bhradain,
A beucail, 's a plabraich,
Ri caismeachd an lamhaich;
Miann leirsinn, is claisneachd
An' eiseachd, 's am faicinn,
'S binn gleoraich an caismeachd
A steach air na sraidean.

O! dhaoin' nach fac iad,
'S beag ionghna a chleachd sibh,
Mar saoirich sibh 'm fada,
Gu 'm faicinn an caradh,
An' caochla' gu beachdaidh,
Bho 'n aodainn gu'n casan,
Cho nontach dha 'n fhaeal,
Cha 'n fhacas air laraich;
'S piob mhór a chaol-ghuineil,
A lingeadh luinnig,
Tro *ibhri* cuimr,
A's ribheidean spainteach;
Siod na chuir uimpe,
'S gaoraich a h-uinneag,
A'g innseadh dha 'n drumá'
Mar chuireas i failte.

Bidh slainnte *Mhic-Shimidh*,
Na cairdeas dha' chinneadh,
Sa'n t-al nach do ghineadh,
Bidh sireadh ro' chach orr';
'S ard ann an spiorad e,
'S laidir an' gilleán e,
'S barr air an t-shiorachd e,
'S teine e nach smalair,
'S garadh ro ghioraig e,
Sabhaladh cinneadh e,
Slainte bho thinneas e,
'S tuilleadh air aird air!
Bho 'n thar e mar ghibhtean,
An aird 's a cuid sliochda'
Buaidh-larach biodh tric leis,
Mu 'm brist' iad am bara.

Buaidh-larach air urram,
Do charadh a *chulair*,
Rat reitichear ullamh
Gu iomal gach sraide;
'S reull ann an Lunnainn thu,
'S greidhneach do thuras ann',
Eiridh iad uile,
Na t-fhuran 's na t-fhabhar;
Seididh na h-uramaich,
Ceir nan cuid uinneagan,

'S glensar gach inneal
Is binne gu canan;
Gach stlobal, 's gach drumá,
Na pioban, 's na feadain.
'S na cinn as na tunnaichean
Ruma le t-aillcas.

Ach ge treun thu mar churaidh,
'S deich ceud fo do chumail
Lan-reiscamaid ullamh,
Gheur, ghuineach, neo-sgathach,
'S e sheulaich do bhuinnig,
Cinn fheodhna na cruinne,
Lan ceill' agus urraidh,
A cumal do phairte;
'S rioghal do Chaipiteinean,
'S aoigheil ri 'm faicinn iad,
'S innsinneach, faicileach
'S laisde air parad iad,
Bho shaillean an casan,
Gu 'm barr air a marcadh,
'S or faineach na mhapaidh,
Gu'n aclaish bho 'n airdid;

Gu'n cluinnte na's beachdaidh iad,
Sloinnidh mi 'mach dhuibh iad,
Is lantairean laisd' iad,
Cha taisich am blaths iad;
Eacoir, na craichinín,
Dh'eiris 'n ar feachdanain,
'S leir dhomh na chaisgeas e,
An gaisgeach is maidsear;
Ge leibh e na ghilaine,
'S bas millteach e 'n carraid,
Ni shaighdean geur, tana,
Cuim fhala a thrathadh,
'N glaic diolt' an eich allail,
'S ard srann ann am falas,
'S dheannas mar dhealan,
A gearradh, 's stracadh.

'S lamh sheunt' thu na t-earradh,
'S ard iarras do dheannal,
'Sgriob dheuchain na gaillin,
Sion chal' gun bhaigh thu;
'S deuchuineach sealladh
Air iarbhaile do ghalair,
Cuirp lionmhor ri talamh,
Nan carruinean gearrte:
'S toir' bhiatach thu 'm fallachd,
'S corn iatach na falla',
'S e lion an ní 'n t-annart,
Is stailceas fo lar iad.
Bheir ioc-shlainnt' an cannan
Ceo fiamha ga 'n galladh,
A spianas bho 'n talamh,
Nan deannanan smail iad.

Ge gruamach a sealladh,
Fo shuaicheatais ballach,
Mar bhuiladh na mara,
Na falaisge Mairte,
Tha'n suairceas 's an cenneal,
'S am boichead mar leannain;

A buaireadh nan caileag
 'S am mealladh nam paistean;
 Theid Buinn-tighearnan glana,
 Dhe'n cuimhne 's dhe'n aithne
 Cho cinnteach 's dh'ama's mi,
 'N callaid-sa raite,
 'S biodh bantraichean fhearaibh,
 'S an clann air an dronnaig,
 Le geall an cùld ban,
 A bhi falach fo' charn leibh.

Note.—The above spirited song is now partly freed from the obscurity which characterized it in the author's own collection—it will still, however, task the understanding of many readers, but we could make no further emendations without manifest danger to the structure of the piece.

SMEORACH NAN LEODACH.

LUINNEAG.

Ulibheag i na i ri u o,
Ulibheag u na i ri i u,
Smeorach mise 'mach o'n Tur,
Is gleoghrach cuirn ma bhuird le feusde.

'S mise smeorach og a ghrinnis,
 Sheinnis ceol mar organ milis,
 Fèdan ordail fo mo ribheid,
 'S fèad mo mheoir air comhra filleant'.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Cha b' i orionach liath na mosgan,
 Bho na shiolaich treud an fhortain,
 Ach flogh miath, nam miar, gun socadh,
 Geal mar ghrian, bho ghian Rìogh Lochlainn.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

An caisteil ard dha'n laidir finne,
 Ma'n iath parlamaid gun ghioraig,
 Nach iarr baigh an aite millidh,
 A dhialadh bais gun strac ga'm pilleadh.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Ge do dh'euge cha treig fhasan,
 Cha toir streupa na geimh gaiseadh,
 As na connspuinn eolach, amaohdail,
 Nach d'rinn ceo gun feoil a shrachdadh.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Gu'n dean gloir nan neoil a phasgadh,
 'S nach bi comhra' fo shroin peacaich,
 Bithidh na Leodaich mar or daite,
 Sheasas oir, 's nach fogair casgradh.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Ma thig toir a choir na h-aitrioh,
 Theid an connspaid air sheoil gaisgidh,
 Snapach, ordaoh, toiteach, speachdach,
 Naigear feoil do dh' eoin an achaidh.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Theid an tarbh fo chalg na maise,
 Le shroil balla-bhrac, ri geala ghasan,
 Nach leig earabal gu falbh dhathaigh,
 Gu'm bi 'n anaman balbh fo chasan.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

'S lannach, liobhach, disneach, claisneach,
 Meachair, fnealt', rimhach, laisde,
 Na brais phriscil, o'n tir fhasgach,
 Nach leig cios le stri, na feachdaibh.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

'Nuair theid dìon air sgiath gach bealach,
 'S luchd an fhamha, siaradh tharais,
 Car na'm bial 'us liad na'n teangaidh,
 'S dorus riabt' air cìas gach fear dhiu.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

'N uair thig sgian bho chliabh gach gille,
 A sgoltadh bhìon, 's a dianamh phinne,
 Gheibh am fiacail biadh gun sireadh,
 'S gloine lionta, an ioc-shlaint' spioraid.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

'N uair a chlaradh griann gu calla',
 'Thigeadh triall nan diolt-each meara,
 Brannach, sianach, srianach, stailleach,
 Ealand', iargalt', lionta an lainnir.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Gus an Dun is muirneach caithream,
 Dha'm beil luil gach cursa ceannas,
 Dha'm beil iuntas dlu mar ghaineamh,
 Nach toir spuil gu cunnas gainne.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Far an lionor fion ga mhalairt,
 Far an iarrar gnìomh fir-callaidh,
 Far an ciatach miann gach seallaidh,
 Far a riadhlar ciadan ain-eoil.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Seinneam fonnmhor, pongail, m'ealaidh,
 As a chom nach trom mar ealach,
 Cha tig tonn ma bhonn mo thalla,
 Ni mo chall, na ghanntas m'aran.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Tha mo chuach na cusairteig m'eala,
 'S barrach uaine suasaidh tharum,
 Air mo chluasaig 's fuaghte m' anail,
 'S iomadh dual a luadh le'm theangaidh,
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Air mo thaobh an craobh nam meangan,
 Cha toir gaoth dhiom m'aodach droma,
 'S ma thig naoisg a ghaoirich mar rium,
 Ni mi aoir a sgaoileas tan' iad.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

'S iomadh buaidh fo stuaidh mo bhalla,
 Chuireadh ruaig air sluagh a caraid,

Nach dean gluasail gun ruaim calla,
Dorainn fuathais a chunain fhala',
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Bratach-shithe nan tri seallaidh,
Fasda, dhìein, nan crìoch eainis,
Glag an stiobla dha'n strìochd ain-ochd,
Meirghe na firinn gun lith sgainneil.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Sliochd an Ollaghair a bhorb sheallaidh,
Mic a tholgas le'n gorm lannan

Rìochd an fharabhaish nach falbh falamh,
Cuip na h-Albun, san dearbh dhainghean.
Ulibheag, i na i ri, &c.

Neart Eoin Tormod cha searg ascall,
'S maise chrannachar 's gach dearbh each-
draidh
'S pailt na h-armabh na bhalg acuinne,
'S brais a leanamhuinn ga sgala shnapadh.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

BARD LOCH-FINE.

EVAN M'COLL, better known to his countrymen as the "Mountain Minstrel," or "*Clarsair nam Beann*," was born at Kenmore, Loch-Fyne-side, in the year 1812. His parents, although not affluent, were in the enjoyment of more comfort than generally falls to the lot of Highland peasants; and were no less respected for their undeviating moral rectitude than distinguished for their hospitality, and the practice of all the other domestic virtues that hallow and adorn the Highland hearth. The subject of our memoir was the second youngest of a large family of sons and daughters. At a very early age he displayed an irresistible thirst for legendary lore and Gaelic poetry; but, from the seclusion of his native glen and other disadvantageous circumstances, he had but scanty means for fanning the latent flame that lay dormant in his breast. M'Coll, however, greedily devoured every volume he could procure, and when the labours of the day were over, he would often resort to some favourite haunt where, in the enjoyment of that solitude which his father's fireside denied him, he might be found taking advantage of the very moonlight to pore over the minstrelsy of his native country, until lassitude or the hour of repose compelled him to return home.

His father, Dugald M'Coll, seems to have been alive to the blessings of education; for as the village school afforded but little or nothing worthy of that name, he, about the time that our bard had reached his teens, hired a tutor for his family at an amount of remuneration which his slender means could scarcely warrant. The tutor's stay was short, yet sufficiently long to accomplish one good purpose—that of not only enabling Evan properly to read and understand English, but also of awakening in him a taste for English literature. A circumstance occurred about this time which tended materially to encourage our author's poetical leanings. His father, while transacting business one day in a distant part of his native parish, fell in with a Paisley weaver, who, in consequence of the depression of trade, had made an excursion to the Highlands with a lot of old books for sale. M'Coll bought the

entire lot, and returned home groaning under his literary burden, which Evan received with transports of delight. Among other valuable works, he was thus put in possession of the "Spectator," "Burns' Poems," and the "British Essayists." He read them with avidity, and a new world opened on his view: his thoughts now began to expand, and his natural love of song received an impetus which no external obstacles could resist.

Contemporaneous with this literary impulsion, was the artillery of a neighboring Chloe, whose eyes had done sad havoc among the mental fortifications of our bard: he composed his first song in her praise, and, although he had yet scarcely passed the term of boyhood, it is a very respectable effort, and was very well received by his co-parishioners. The circumstances in which his father was placed, rendered it necessary for him to engage in the active operations of farming and fishing, and he was thus employed for several years.

In the year 1837, he threw off the mask of anonymity, and appeared as a contributor to the Gaelic Magazine, then published in Glasgow. His contributions excited considerable interest, and a general wish was expressed to have them published in a separate form by all Highlanders, with the exception of his own immediate neighbours, who could not conceive how a young man, with whom they had been acquainted from his birth, should rise superior to themselves in intellectual stature and in public estimation. They of course discovered that our youthful bard was possessed of a fearful amount of temerity, and the public, at the same time, saw that *they* were miserably blockaded in their own mental *timberism*. If native talent is not to be encouraged by fostering it under the grateful shade of generous friendship, it ought, at least, to have the common justice of being allowed to work a way for itself, unlogged by a solitary fetter—unchilled by the damping breath of unmerited contempt or discouragement. The high-souled inhabitants of Inverary failed to extinguish the flame of M'Coll's lamp; and now, as they are not probably much better engaged, we recommend them to "see themselves as others see them," in our author's retaliative poem, "*Slochd a Chopair*," in which they are strongly mirrored, and the base metal of which they are made powerfully delineated.

It is well for dependent merit that there are gentlemen who have something ethereal in them: much to their honour, Mr. Fletcher of Dunans, and Mr. Campbell of Islay, patronised our author, and through the generously exercised influence of either, or both of these gentlemen, M'Coll was appointed to a situation, which he now holds, in the Liverpool Custom-house.

M'Coll ranks very high as a poet. His English pieces, which are out of our way, possess great merit. His Gaelic productions are chiefly amorous, and indicate a mind, of the most tender sensibilities and refined taste. The three poems, annexed to this notice, are of a very superior order: one of them comes under that denomination of poetry called *pastoral* or *descriptive*, and evinces powers of delineation, a felicity of conception, and a freshness of ideality not equalled in modern times. The second is an elegiac piece, before whose silver, mellifluous tones we melt away, and are glad to enjoy the luxury of tears with the weeping muse. The love ditty is a natural gush of youthful affection, better calculated to show us the aspirations of

the heart than the most elaborate production of art. M'Coll imitates no poet; he has found enough in nature to instruct him—he moves majestically in a hitherto untraversed path; and, if we are not continually in raptures with him we never tire—never think long in his company. But we are reminded that praises bestowed on a living author subject us to the imputation of flattery:—long may it be ere Evan M'Coll is the subject of any posthumous meed of laudation from us!

LOCH-AIC.

A LOCH-AICE na gnuis' chaoin—
Gnuis ghabh gaol air a bhi ciuin,
'S air an tric an laidh gath-grein'
Soilleir mar uchd seamh mo ruin!

'Oide-altruim mhaith nam breac,
Gar an leatsa eath nan tonn,
'S ged nach d' amais long fo bhreid
Air t-uchd reidh riamh chur f'a bonn.

'S leat an eala 's grinne com
'S i heo-throm air t-uchd a' snamh.
Eun a's gile cneas na 'ghrian,
Sneachd nan sliabh, no leannan baird!

'S leat bho Lochluinn a's bho 'n t-Suain
An lach bheag is uaine cul;
'S tric 'ga coir—'s cha n-ann 'ga feum,
Falach-fead a's caogadh shul.

'S leat an luinneag 'sheinneas oigh
'Bleodhan bho gu tric ri d' thaobh;
'S leat an duan a thogas og
'S e g' a coir a measg nan craobh.

Seinnidh e —“Tha cneas mo ghraidh
Geal mar chanach tla nan glac,
'S faileasan a ghaoil 'n a suil
Mar tha neamh an grunn Loch-aic.

C'ait' an taitneach leis an earb'
Moch a's anomach 'bhi le 'laogh?
C'ait' an trice dorus dearg,
'Fhir nan garbh-chroc, air do thaobh?

C'ait' ach ri taobh loch mo ruin—
Far, aig bun nan stuc ud thall,
'S an robh uair mo chairdean tiugh
Ged tha iad an diugh air chall!

O air son a bhi leam fein!
'Siubhal seimh taobh loch nan sgorr
'Nuair bhios gath na gealaich chaoin,
Nuais a' taomadh ort mar or.

'Nuair tha duilleach, fochunn, feur,
Fo 'n og-bhraon a' cromadh fiuch,
'S gun aon rionnag anns an speur
Nach 'eil coileadh' i 'na t-uchd.

'Nuair tha 'n ciobair ann a shuain
'Faicinn mada'-ruadh 'na threud,
'S e 'dian-stuigeadh nan con luath
Gu bhi shuas mu 'n dean e beud:

Sud an t-am 's am bi ri d' thaobh
Ceol a mhaoth 'cheas clis gach cridh
Sud an t-am 'san tug thu gradh,
'Shine bhan! do 'n fhilidh shith.

'Tional ghobhar air dh'i bhi
'N Coir'-an-t-sith aon fheasgar Maigh,
Chualas guth ro-mhilis, seamh—
Shaoil i neamh a bhi aig laimh.

Dh' eis i,—'s mar bu mhotha dh-eisd,
'S ann bu bhinne teud a chiuil;
Lean i,—'s mar a b' fhaide lean,
'S ann a b' fhaid' e as, mo dhuil!

Rainig i, mu dheireadh, enoc,
Dorus fogsailt air a suas,
'S dh' fhairich i gur ann bho sir
Bhruchd an ceol bu bhlasda fuaim.

“Thig a's taigh, a Shine bhan!
Thig, a ghraidh, gun eagal beud:
Feuch an oidhche dhubh m' an cuairt—
'S fada bhuat do dhachaigh fem.”

Chaidh i 's taigh—ma's fìor mo sgeul—
Thuit i 'n gaol air fear a chiuil!
Dh' ol i 'n deoch bu deoch do chach,
'S tuilleadh riamh cha d'fhag i 'n dun.

RANNAN AIR BAS BANACHARAIÐ

A BHA ANABARRACH GAOLACH, 'S A CHAOCHAIL
'NA LEANABHACHD.

CHAOCHAIL i—mar neultan ruitheach
'Bhios 'san Ear ma bhriste' faire;
B' fharmaid leis a' ghrein am boichead,
'S dh' eirich i 'na gloir 'chur sgail ort!

Chaochail i—mar phlatha greine,
 'S am fàileas 'na reis 'an toir air;
 Chaochail i—mar bhogh' nan speuran,
 Shìl an fhras a's threig a ghloir e.

Chaochail i—mar shneachd a' loidheas
 Anns an traigh ri cois na fairge;
 Dh'aom an lan gun locht air aghaidh,
 'Ghile O! cha b'fhada shealbhaich.

Chaochail i—mar ghuth na clarsaich,
 'Nuair a's druitiche 's a's mills' e;
 Chaochail i—mar sgeulachd aluinn
 Mu'n gann 'thoisichear i'a h-innseadh

Chaochail i—mar bhoillsge gealaich'
 'S am maraich' fo eagal 's an dorchaid;
 Chaochail i—mar bhrúdar mills,
 'S an cad'laiche daillich gu'n d' fálbh e.

Chaochail i 'an tus a h-aílle!
 Cha seachnadh *Parras* as fein i;
 Chaochail i—O! chaochail Mairi
 Mar gu'm baite 'ghrian ag eiridh!

DUANAG GHAOIL.

AIR FONE—" 'Ille dhuinn, 's toigh leam thu."

LUINNEAG.

*A nighean donn nam mala crom,
 A nighean donn nan caoin-shul,
 A nighean donn bho 'm binne fonn,
 Gur mor mo gheall air t-fhaotainn.*

A NIGHEAN donn a's grín' e cruth,
 A's binne guth 's a' caoine,
 Ge geal an cobh r air an t-uth
 'S ann bhiodh e dub' ri d' thaobh-sa.
A nighean donn, &c.

Mo run a' chailleag luinneagach,
 Deagh bhannrach na spreidhe,
 'S nach geile 'n seomar uinneagach
 'Dh' aon chruinneig 'tha 'n Dun-eideann.
A nighean donn, &c.

Te eil' air bhith, d' a sglamhaichend,
 'Na t-fhianuis-sa cha leir dhomh;
 'S ann tha thu 'measg nan nianagan
 Ceart mar tha 'ghrian measg reultan.
A nighean donn, &c.

O 's truagh 'bhi 'n so air Galldachd
 'Nuair tha 'n Samhradh 'us mo cheud run
 A' stri co 's grinne dhearsas
 Nì air airidhean Ghlinn-creran!
A nighean donn, &c.

Cha tugainn air bhi 'm dhiùc cead 'bhi
 Le m' run 'am bothan-gheugan,
 'S cha ghabhainn coron air air son
 Bhi 'n sud a pogadh m' eiteig.
A nighean donn, &c.

A ruin, nam biodh tu deonach air,
 'Sar cairdean uile reidh ruin,
 Cha chuirinn tuille dalach ann,
 Am maireach bu leam fein thu!
A nighean donn, &c.

AM BARD MAC-'ILLEAN.

JOHN M'LEAN, commonly called *Am Bard Mac-'illean*, was born in the island of Tyree, Argyleshire, in the year 1787. He belonged to the Treishnish branch of the family of Ardgour. His ancestors had, for a long time, occupied the fertile little farm of Heinish, at a very small rent. The first of them who held it obtained it from his father McLean, of Treishnish, in consideration of his having performed some act of bravery.

His father, Allan McLean, was in comfortable circumstances. He was a pious, honest, kind-hearted man. He gave his children the advantages of a fair share of education, and endeavored to bring them up in the fear of the Lord.

In his boyhood, the poet was exceedingly fond of the society of old men, and

listened with much attention to their conversations. He took no pleasure in the sports and amusements which are often so attractive to youth. He evinced a great aptitude for learning; he read all the books that came in his way, and had a very retentive memory. He took a special delight in the songs and poems of his country. He was a very good scholar, considering the state of education in the Highlands and Islands in his school-boy days. He was thoroughly acquainted with his mother-tongue; he wrote it accurately. He had also a very good knowledge of English; he spoke and read it with fluency.

At the age of fifteen he was bound an apprentice to a shoemaker. Having learned his trade, he went to Glasgow, and there worked for a year or two as a journeyman. In this city he got married in the year 1808, to Isabella Black, daughter of Duncan Black, elder, Lismore. He then returned to Tyree, and commenced shoemaking on his own responsibility—having for that purpose purchased a large stock of leather, and took apprentices. He also carried on merchandize on a small scale. Having been thus employed for four or five years, he resolved to publish a volume of poems, consisting of his own productions, and a few select songs written by others. This work, which he dedicated to his patron, Sir Alexander McLean, Laird of Coll, was published in the year 1818.

Having procured a considerable sum of money by the sale of his books, he determined to emigrate to Nova Scotia. He arrived with his family in Pictou, in the autumn of 1819. He very feelingly alludes to his departure from his friends in Scotland in the following lines:

“Nuaig thug mi cul ruibh, bha mi ga'r n'ionndrain,
‘S gun ehl mo shuilean gu dlu le deoir.”

He was an enthusiastic Highlander, and never forgot the land of his birth—“*An t Eilein isael an tìr o'n Arìall mi.*” Immediately upon his arrival he took up a woodland farm, which he denominated *Baile-Chnoic*, on the east branch of Barney's River. It was now that his trials and hardships commenced. Whilst in Scotland he led a comparatively easy life, and enjoyed the society and friendship of several persons of distinction. With the exception of one neighbouring family, the nearest settlement to him now was two miles distant. *Baile-Chnoic*, was all covered with the primeval forest, and the only road to it was a foot-path. He had to toil hard from morning to night, in clearing away the woods, and in preparing the land for the hoe. He was harrassed with cares and anxieties, with troubles and difficulties. In the “sweat of his face he ate his bread.” It was during this gloomy period of his life, that he composed his celebrated poem on America. After having worked on this farm for several years, he resolved to remove to another place. In the winter of 1830 he took up a new piece of land six miles east of *Baile-Chnoic*. This place, in which he lived during the remainder of his life, is now called Glenbard. It is situated in the western parts of Antigonish. He died in the year 1848; his grave may be seen by the traveller within a pistol shot of the road which leads through the romantic valley of the Marshy-Hope.

John McLean was a poet of considerable genius. He had a clear, penetrating intellect, a fine lofty imagination, and a sound, comprehensive judgment. He com-

posed extemporaneous rhymes with great facility. He wrote comic, descriptive, and religious pieces of much merit, yet it was in the department of elegy that he excelled. Of this species of poetry he wrote a great deal. His elegy on Mrs. Noble is perhaps unsurpassed by anything of the kind in the language. It abounds with exceedingly beautiful similes. The following verses are inimitable :

"Lean as duillich do phaisdean,
Gur a lag iad 's gun mhathair rin cul!
Sinn mar luing air a fuadaich,
Ann an anradh a chuain thar a cur;
Ann an cunnart gach bare-shugh—
Bhris na ceanglaichean—dh'fhuasgail an
stiuir!
Tha chairt-iuil air a 'cracadh,
Dh'fhalbh an compaist, na slatan, 'sna stiul.

Tha iad 'th air an ardach,
'Nuair a dh'eirich tuil bhaite fo croice;
Thuit craobh ubhal no gharaidh,
'S gun do fhroisendh eblath fendh an fheoir;
Chaidh mo choimneal a smailidh,
Bu ghlan solas a dearsa' mun bhord;
Bhris a ghloine bha 'm sgathan;
D. fhalbh an daoimein a' m' fhaineachan
oir."

The poem on America, however, is undoubtedly the best that he ever wrote. It has been greatly admired. The description which he gives in it of the country, the state of society, the long dreary winters, and the sultry summers, are graphic, beautiful and true.

It does not appear that our poet had done anything in the poetic way till he was about twenty years of age, but having once commenced, he ever after continued an ardent votary of the muse. Many of the songs which he composed he never wrote down, and they are consequently lost. He was the author of many religious as well as secular poems. A small edition of his hymns was published in Glasgow in the year 1835.

The bard had a firm and resolute will, a tender and benevolent heart, and a brave and manly spirit. He was always of a quiet, imperturbable disposition. His manners were pleasing and winning, and his conversational powers excellent. The old and the young listened to him with delight. Like the generality of the bards, he was fond of a cheerful glass, and sang the praises of *Aequa vitae*—"Fear na Toiseachd." His soul was free from malice and resentment—a satirical or sarcastic poem he never wrote. His whole life was exemplary. He was an affectionate husband, a kind parent, a true friend, a sincere christian. He was liked and esteemed by all who knew him, and he died without an enemy.

McLean was of middle height, stout and well built; he had black hair and grey eyes; his forehead was broad and massive; he had a soft musical voice, and was a good singer.

ORAN DO DH' AMERICA.

AIR FOKK—"Coire a Cheathaich."

Gu bheil mi m'onar 'sa choille ghruamaich,
Mo amaintein luaineach, cha tog mi fonn;
O'n fhuair mi'n t-àite, 'san fhaoghadh nadair,
Gun threig gach talaint bha 'nam cheann;
Cha dian mi oran a chuir air doigh ann,
Nuair ni mi toiseachadh bidh mi trom;
Chail mi ghaeil 's ach mar a b'abhuist,
'Nuair a bha mi 'san duthaich thail.

Cha n'fhaigh mi m'inntinn leam an ordugh,
Ged tha mi colach air dianamh rann;
'Se mheudaich bron domh, 'sa laghdach solas,
Gun duine co'rium ri'n dian mi cainnt,
Gach la a's oiche, 's gach car a ni mi,
Gum bi mi cuimhneachadh anns gach am,
An tir a dh'fhag mi bha 'n taic an t-saile,
Ged tha mi 'n drasd ann am breighe gheann.

Cha n' lochnaill dhomha ged tha mi bronach,
'Sann tha mo chomhnaidh air ehad nam beann,
A'meachain fasach air Anluinn Bharni,
Gun dad a 's fhearr na buntata lom;
Mun dian mi aiteach, 's mun tog mi barr ann,
'Sa choille ghabhaidh chuir as a bonn;
Le neart mo ghairdean gun bi mi sàrlichte,
A's treis a fallean mu fas a chlann.

So 'n duthaich 'sa bheil an crual,
Cun fhios don t-slugh a tha t'inn a nall;
Gur ole a fhuaras oirnn luchd a bhuairidh,
A rinn le'n tuairsgail ar teirt ann,
Ma ni iad baannachd cha bhl e buan daibh,
Cha dian e suna iad, 's cha n' lochnaill leam;
'S gach mallachd truaghair a bhios ga
ruagadh,
O'n ehadh a' fadach a chuir fon ceann.

Bidh gealladh laidir ga thoirt an tra sin,
Bidh ehn an aite ga chuir a meud;
Bidh iad a'g radhlu gu'm bi na cairdean,
Gu sona saibhir gun dad a dh'eis;
Gach naigheachd mheallta ga thoirt gan n'
ionnsuidh,
Feuch an sanntaich sibh dol nan deigh;
Ma thig sibh sabhailte 'nuair ehi sibh ioban,
Cha 'n fhearr na stachan na sibh fein.

'Nuair theid na drobhairean sin gur n'farr-
'Sann leis na briagan a ni iad feum; [aidh,
Gun fhaicil Brinn a bhl ga innse',
'San cridhe d'itachd na their am beul;
A cuir a fhadhann gu bheil san tir so,
Gach ni as prisaile a tha fon' ghrein,
'Nuair thig sibh ionte gur beng a chi sibh,
Ach coille dhreacach toirt dhaibh na speur.

'Nuair thig an geamhradh as am na dubhlachd
Bidh sneachda duinte gu dlu mun gheig,
Gu domhain dumbail dol thar nan gluinean,
Ga math an triasair cha dian i feum,
Gun siocain dhubailte, a's mognis ehludach
A ghabhas dundh gu dlu le cill;
Be fasan ur dhuinn ga coig le fionndadh,
Mar chaidh a rusgadh dhe n' bhruid an de.

Mur bi mi eolach air son mo chomhach,
Gu faigh mi reata mo shron 's mo bheil,
Le gaoth tuath bhios gu neimheil fuaraidh,
Gum bi mo chluasan 'an cunnart gear,
Tha n-eir cho fuath 'sach 's nach seas an tuagh
Gu mill i chruaidh ged a bha i gear; [rithe,
Mur d' thoir mi blas di gum briat a staillein,
Gun dol don cheardaich cha ghearr i beum.

'Nuair thig a' samhradh, 'sa mios ceitein,
Bidh tens na greine ga m' fhuagail sunn;
Gun cuir e speirid 's na h-uile crentair
A bhios fo eistein air feadh nan toll;
'Na mathain bheideil gun dian iad eiridh,
Dhol feadh na treud 'sgur a mor an call,
'Sa chuilleng ineach gu soerach puiscant,
Gum tot gu lionar le ruinn a lanns.

Gun dian i m'aoian gu h-ole a chobadh,
Cha n'fhaic mi 'n saoghal, 'san bhios mi dall;
Gun at mo shuillean le neart a cungaith,
Ga guineach druiteach le augh a teang;
Cha n'fhaigh mi areamh dhuibh annan gaello,
Gach beathach grainneil a thogas ceann, [ach,
Cho futhad plaigh ann 'sa-bh'air Righ Phar-
Aireon nan trailean 'nuair bha e'n camp.

Gur lomadh eacohladh t'inn air an t-saoghal,
'Sro-bheng a shaol mi 'nuair tha mi thail;
Bu bheachd dhomh 'nuair sin, mu'n drinn mi
Gu fessin nasal 'nuair thiginn ann; [glusad,
An car a fhuair mi cha b'ann go m' bhuann-
nachd,
Tighinn thar a chuain, air a chnairt bha meallt;
Gu tir nan eacobl anns' nach 'eil an t-saorinn,
Gun mhart gun chaora, 'sni dh'adach gann.

Gur ioma' ceum anns' am bi mi'n deigh-laimh,
Mun dian mi saibhir mo theachd-an-tir,
Bidh an chair eigin mun d' thoir mi feum as,
'S mun dian mi reiteach airson a chroinn;
Ga chuir na theinibh ar muin a chelle,
Gun bheachd fèithean a bh' an am dhrum;
'Sna h-uile ball dhomh cho dubh a sealituinn,
Bidh mi ga m' shamhlachadh ris an t-suip.

Ga mor a' seannachas a bh'aca 'an Albuinn,
Tha chuis a dearbhadh nach robh i flor;
Na dollair ghorma cha n'fhaic mi falbh iad,
Ged bha iad ainneil a bhl 'san tir;
Ma ni iad baragain cha n' fhaigh iad airgid,
Ach 's eigin ainneadhach anns' a phrie;
'Sna gheibh iad cumradh air feadh nam
buithean,
Gum paigh iad nunn e le flur na im.

Cha n'fhaic mi marghadh na la fèille,
Na iomair feudalach ann an drobh;
Na nithe ni feum dhaibh a measg a cheile,
Ach iad nan eigin 'sa h-uile doigh;
Cha ehlaidh-fharmaid iad leis an ain-fhiaich,
A reic na sheallthaichean iad 'an coir;
Bidh fear na fachaon a's cromadh einn air,
Ga chuir na phrisan mur diol e' stor.

Mun d' thig an cuisenn a tigh na airtach,
Gun d' theid an dubhlachd aig a mhod;
Tha lagh a giulan bho lumb na jury. [corr,
Gun d' theid a' spuinneach 's nach fhinn iad
Bidh earraid siubhlach air feadh na dacha,
Ga'n ruith le cuantasaibh air an toir—
Gur mor mo charam gun d' thig e m'ionnsuidh;
Cha ghabh e diultadh 's bidh diubhail oirnn.

Cha n'fhaigh mi innse' dhuibh ann an gaelic,
Cha leig mo nadar a chuir air doigh;
Gach fios a b'ail leam thoirt do na cairdean,
'San tir a dh'fhag mi rinn m'arach og;
Gach aon leughas e tuigeadh reusan,
Na d' thugabh eisdeachd do luchd a bhosd;
Na fadhean breige a bhios ga'r teumadh,
'S gun asa speis duibh ach deigh ar n'oir.

Ged b'ann dichiollach ann a sgrìobhadh,
Gun gabhainn mios ris agus corr;
Mun cuirein crìoch air na bheil air m'inntinn,
'S mun d'thugainn duibh e le cainnt mo bheoil;
Tha mulad diomhair a' deigh mo lionaidh;
O'n 's eigin strìochdadh 'an so rim bheo,
Air bheag toillintinn 'sa choille chroinn so,
Gun duine faighneachd a seinn mi ceol.

Cha be sin m' abhuist 'an tus mo laithean,
'Sann bhi'n rabhartach air gach bord;
Gu cridheil sunndach 'an comunn cuirteil,
A ruith na h-uine, 's gun churam oirnn;
Nuair thug mi eul ruibh bha mi ga'r n'ionnd-
Gun shìl mo shuillean gu dìu le deoir, [rain,
Air moch Dìrdaine a dol seach' an eaglas,
A long fo h-òdach, 'sa ghaoth o'n chors.

ORAN

MAR GUM BIODH E EADAR AM BARD AGUS AN
COIRNEAL FRISEIL.

AIR FOKK—"Mios deireannach an fhoghar
An dara la 'smath mo chuimhne."

'Smor mo mhulad, 's cha lagha m' eislein,
Cha 'n 'eil feum dhomh bhi ga chunntas,
'O na thainig mi don tìr so,
Gu bheil m' inntinn air a mhadh,
Chaill mi mo shugradh 'mo sheannachas,
'O na dh'fhalbh mi as an duthaich;
Toiseach a chind mhios don fhoghar,
Sheoil sinn air aghart na'r cursa.

Gur a diumbach mi don Choirneal,
Rinn mo threoirachadh air tus ann,
Le moran brosgail a's boilleh,
'Se cuir sgìeo dhe fadh na dacha',
A'g inase' dhaoinn gun robh na cairdean,
Ann na b' fhearr na bh' air an cunntas,
'Snach biodh uireasuibh gu brach oirnn,
Nan d'thigeadh ann sabheilte aon uair.

Gun do dh'fhairich mi o'n uair-sin,
Gun bu chruadalach a chuis domh,
Teannadh ri leagail na coille.
'S gun mi goireasach da h-ionnsuidh;
A fear nach dian obair le tuairg ann,
'S nach urrain an uaisle ghiluan,
B'fhearr dha fuireach ann an Albuinn,
Mun dianadh e'n fhaighe stiuradh.

COIRNEAL.

Ged tha uireasabh an drasda ort,
Gheibh thu ceann an aird ri tim air,
'Nuair a bhios an crodh 'sna caoirich,
Air na raointean dhut a cinn ann,
Bi' d'thu pailt 'am biadh 'san aodach,
'S theid leagadh nan craobh air dichuimhn,
Bi' d'thu sin gu saibhir soerach,
'S theid a bhoichduinn as do chuimhne.

BAED.

Chuala mi sean-fhacal roinne,
Tha sin na chomhearsda fìor dha,—
'Chaera bhios gu bas le gorta,
'S coltach dh' gun dian i erionadh,
Mu faigh i feur ur an t-samhhruidh,
Cuiridh an geamhradh gu crìche i:
'S ann mar sin a dh' eirich dhenasa,
Na bi cuir do sgìeo dhomh fiachamh.

COIRNEAL.

Cha sgìeo a tha'gam ga sheannachas,
Ach cuis a dhenrbhas mi fìor dhut,
Na fir a chi thu 'san nite,
B' aithne dhaibh do chas 'nuair shìn iad;
'Nuair a reitich iad a fearann,
Thug iad aise dha le erionnachd,
Rinn iad beartas air a thailamh,
Ged a thainig iad 'se dhi orra.

BAED.

Cha 'n 'eil ach beagan dìu' beartach,
Ged tha pailteas dìu' fo fhiachan,
Tha bhoichduinn an Geigh a' leonadh,
'S tric iad fo chomhlach a phrìosain,
Bith an Siorra air an toirendh,
'S an e 'na pocannan a sgrìobadh,
Bheir e leis an cuid mar dhrobhair,
'S cha n' fheoraich e cìod as prìs dhaibh.

COIRNEAL.

Tha cuid dìu' mar tha thu 'g radhin,
Cha n'fhoad mi aichea' nach fìor e;
Daoine bha tuilleadh a's sporsail,
'Sa nba mor chuisseach nan inntinn,
A thuit gun fhios dhaibh ann an fìach-
Cha 'n 'eil e cho soirbh dhaibh dìreachd,
'O'n a dh' atharruich an saoghal,
'Sa rinn caochladh air na prìsean.

BAED.

'Smor a dh' atharruich an saoghal,
'S mise dh' fhaodadh sin a ghra' in,
Thug e car dhomh nach do shaoil mi,
Chuir e 'n aois mi na bu trithe,
Ti'n don choille fad 'o dhaoire,
A leagailh nan craobh as an la-ach;
Ged a fhuair mi fearann saor ann,
'S goirt a shaoithreachadh gu aiteach.

COIRNEAL.

Cha chunnt mi gur obair chruaidh e,
'S nach bi uachd-ran gu brach ort;
A mhaoideas do chuir air fogradh,
Mur a dian thu 'n corr thoirt dha-san,
Cha bhi na chomas do dhaoradh,
Cha 'n fhaic thu maor leis a bharlana,
Gu de nis a bhiodh d'thu 'g ionndrain,
O'n thainig d'thu anduthaich aghor.

BARD.

'Sioma' rud a tha mi 'g ionndrain,
Nach dian 'san am so bonn sta dhomh,
Nam bi'n ann an tir mo dhuchais,
Far an robh mi 'n tus mo laithean,
Gheibhinn meas a' measg nan uaislean,
Bha mun cuairt domh 'n Barra-Ghael,
B' fhearr gun d'fhuirich mi rim' bheo ann,
Mun d'fhuairich mi chomhnuidh 'a Bhraighe.

COIRNEAL.

Ged bu mhath bhi measg nan uaislean,
Gur ann fada bh'uat a's fhearr iad,
A luchd muinntir tha na' seirbheis,
Cha n-airde an ainm no na tralllean,
Sleamhuin an leachd aig an dorsaibh,
Mur a coisicheadh d' thu failidh,
'S nan tuiteadh d' thu uair gun fhios dut,
Rachadh bristeadh air a chairdeas.

BARD.

'S ioma' fear le stòras stochdail,
Tha gle shoerach a toirt mail daibh,
'S inntinneach iad fad an t-samhruidh,
Le 'n cuid 'sna gleann-tainean fasaich,
'Nuair a theid iad dh'ionns' mhargaidh,
Gheibh iad airgid, 's cha bhi dail ann,
'S na faicheadh d' thu iad air tilleadh,
'Chunntadh iad gini ri t-fhairdein.

COIRNEAL.

Ged tha toileachadh 's na glinn sin;
Tha cusban an rìgh ri phaigheadh,
Cha n'fhaod iad iasg a thoirt a linne,
Na fiadh o'n fhìreach as airde,
Ma mharbhas iad eun ann san doire,
Theid an coireachadh mar mheirlich,
Tairnidh iad a stigh gu binn iad,
Theid an dìteadh, 's cuirear cain orra.

BARD.

'S furasda dhaibh sin a phaigheadh,
'S ach mar tha mi anns an tir so,
A liuthad la bho Fheill-Martuin,
A fhuair mi saruchadh a's mi-mhodh,
Gur tric a chuing air mo mhuineal,
A tarraim a chonnaidh le dicheall,
'S a sneachda dhomh mu na cruachain,
Cuid do dh'uairean bidh mi 'n iosal.

COIRNEAL.

Tog do mhisneach 'sna biodh bron ort,
Ged tha sin 'an conuigh sgith leat,
Bi' d'fhu fhathas mas a beo thu,
Cho doigheil 's as math le t-inntinn;
Gu de dh'iarraidh d'fhu ach fhaotinn,
Fearann saor a's coir bho 'n rìgh air,
Bhios an deigh do bhaic mar oighreachd,
Aig do chloinn ma bhios iad erionnda.

BARD.

'Nuair a chunntas mi mo shaothair,
Bidh e na's daoire na fhiach dhomh,
Mun dian mi ghlanadh 'sa reiteach,
Sa chuir ri cheile na theintean;
Gur coltaiche mi 'san uair sin,
Là fear a toll-guail a dìreadh,
Bi' mi cho dubh ris na tralllean,
A th' aig statachan nan Innsean.

COIRNEAL.

Ged a shiubhladh d' thu 'n Roinn-Eorpa,
'Sa bhi feoraich anns gach rioghachd,
Cha n'fhaic thu duine gun stòras,
A ti'nn beo ann le bhi diamhain;
Tha mi 'n duil gun robh thu gorach,
'Nuair a thoisich thu ri dìteadh,
'S ioma' aon dha'n d'rinn i fuasgladh,
Bha na thruaghan a ti'nn innte.

BARD.

Cemar dh'fhaodainns' moladh,
'S gun mi toilichte ann am inntinn,
O'n a thig toiseach na duldachd,
Bidh a chuis na h-aobhar claoidh dhomh;
A'geiridh 'sna madaimean reata,
Gum bi crith air m'fheoil 's air m'fhiacian,
'S gaoh tuath le fuchd, gam leonadh,
Mur a bi mo chomhdach cainteach.

COIRNEAL.

Air son toileachadh do nadair,
Cha 'n 'eil sta dhut a bhi atri ris,
'Sin an ceum nach d'theid thu dh' aichea',
O'n a dh'fhaicidh ar sinnsreadh,
Ged bha pailteas aig Adhamh,
Bha craobh 'sa gharadh a dhi air,
Dh'fhag a meas fo iochd a bhaic e,
'Nuair a ghabh e pairt o'n mhnaoi dhe'.

BARD.

'Se ni mi tuilleadh mar raoghainn,
Gun chuir a taghaidh n'as dìne,
Tha mac an duine a'g iarraidh ailghios,
Eadar e bhi ard a's iosal,
Cluinnidh mi gearain o'n Diuchda,
Cho math rin-sin tha toirt cis dha,
'S o'n bhaigear a tha cosg na luireach,
'S o'n fhear a tha crun an rìgh air.

Cha lean mi ni's fhaide seannachas,
Mun einn iad searbh dhe' le chluinntinn;
'S ma faigh iad coire dha m' ghaelie,
Cha bhi mi 'g radhin no 'g innse,
Ole no math mar bhios mo charadh,
'San aite so 's eigin strìochdadh,
Soraigh bh'uam gu tir nan Gael,
Nach leig mi gu brach air dicheumhne.

ORAN CUMHA

DO BHEAN UASAL OG CHLIUITEACH, A BHA FOSDA
AIG DOCTAIR IAIN NOBLE—MAR GUN DIAN-
ADH A COMPANACH E.

SEISD.—“*Gur e mise th' air mo leonadh*
'S mi ri amharc na' seol air chuan
sgith.”

A nochd gur luaineach mo chadal,
'S mi ri gluasad 'am leabaidh gun tamh;
Leis a bhruillean 's th' air m'aigne,
Cha duilach dhomh fada bhi slan,
Chuir mi ceile mo leapa,
Ann an ciste chaol ghlaiste nan clar;
'S trom a chis thug an t-eug dhiom,
Bi' mi cumha' mud' dheiginn gu brach.

Bi' so bliadhna mo chlisgidh,
An ochd-ceud-deng 'san da-fhichead 'sa tri,
An dara miosa dhe 'n t-samhradh,
Se chiad la dhe thug teann orm sgrìob;
'Nuair a chairich mi ghaoil thu,
Ann' a leine don chaol-annair ghrinn;
'S d'thu gun oblaisteachd gun leirsinn,
'S goirt an t-saighhead tha reubadh mo chridhe.

'S beag an t-ìoghnadh sin dhomhsa,
Bhi fo mhulad 'sam bron air mo chlaoidh;
Tha mi nis ann am onrachd,
'S bean mo thighe bhi 'n conaidh gam' dhi;
Chaill mi ceile glan m'òige,
C'aite a fàic mi cin' boidheach 'san tir,
Bha do nadar 's do bheusan,
A co-fhreagradh dha cheile anns gach ni.

'Si do ghnais a bha aluinn,
Gum be teisteanas chaich ort gum b'fhior;
Bha do phearsa gun fhaillein,
O'd mhuilach gu sailtean do bhuinn;
Bha do ghruaidh mar na resan,
Slios mar eala nan lon lon air an tuinn,
'Se bhi 'd chumha mo chomhradh,
'S cha d'theid thu rim' bheo as mo chuimhne.

'Se bhi bronach as gnaths domh,
'O na rinn mi do charadh 'san uir;
Bheir gach aon rud a dh'fhag thu,
Ann am shealladh gach la thu as ur,
Bheir e laigse air mo nadar,
Agus sìleadh gu lar air mo shuil—
Chaidh mo mhisneach gu fàillein
O'n a chuir mi thu'n caraidh 'sna buird.

An am luidhe agus eiridh,
'S d'thu mo leabhar ga leubbadh 's mi sgith;
Leis an teachdaire ghruamach,
A bha 'g amharc mun cuairt dut san am,
Thilg e saighdean a lot thu,
Cha robh feum ann am dhotaireachd ann,
'S on a dh'fhag mi 'sa chnoc thu,
Gur a dilleachdain bhochda do chlann.

Leam as duillich do phaisdean,
Gur a lag inl 's gun mhathair rin' eul!
Sinn mar luing air a fuadach,
Ann an anradh a chuain thar a curs,
Ann an cunnart gach barc-shugh, [stiuir
Bhrìst na ceangluichean — dh'fhuasgail an
Tha chairt iuil air a sracadh,
Dh'fhalbh an compaist, na slatan, 'sna siuil.

Thainig dith air an ardaich,
'Nuair a dh'eirich tuil bhaite fo croice,
Thuit craobh-ubhal mo gharaidh,
'S gun do fhroiseadh a blath feadh an fheoir;
Chaidh mo choinneal a snaladh,
Bu ghlan solus a dearsa mun bhord;
Bhrìst a ghloine bha m' sgathan—
Dh'fhalbh an daoimein a' m' fhaineachan oir.

Tha mo chridhe air a mhuchadh,
'S mi gun mbaran, gun sugradh, gun cheol;
'S trom an t-eallach a dhruigh air,
Ged as eigin domh ghiulan le bron;
Bha mi roimhe so sunntach,
'Nuair a fhuair mi le cumhnant ort coir;
Rinn a chuibhle orm tionndadh,
Bho na dhalladh do shuilean le sgleo.

Si do shuil bu ghlan sealladh,
Cha robh gruaim air do mhalaidh na sgraining;
Bha thu fighantach fàilidh,
'S d' thu bu shìobhalt briathran a's cainnt;
Si do lamh nach robh diamhain,
Bu ghlan t-obair o'd mhiaran gun mheang;
'Sann a' nochd tha mi cinail
'Se bhi t-ionndrain a liath mi gun taing.

Theirig samhradh mo laithean,
Tha mi uireasach craiteach gu leoir
Thainig geamhradh na aite:
Dhoirt na tuiltean gu lar bho na neoil;
Mi mar dhuine ann a' fiabhras,
Na fear seachrain air sliabh ann an ceo:
Chuir mi iuchair mo riaghailt,
Ann an tasgaidh 'sa bhliadhna bha corr.

Iuchair ghleusta agus ghliocais,
Gan robh ciall agus tuigse gu leoir;
Fhad 'sa bha thu ri fhaotinn,
'S d' thu gun cumadh an teaghlach air doigh,
Ach a nis 'o na sgaoil e,
Gun d' theid sgapadh 's gach aon do na meoir;
'S mise am throughan rin' shaoghal,
'S nach 'eil leigheas ri fhaotinn dha m' leon.

Ged a theid mi don leabaidh,
Cha d'thig buaireadh a chadail 'nam' cheann,
'S ann tha m' inntinn cho luaineach,
Nis na duilleagan uaine air a chrann;
Bhi ga t-fhaicinn 'am bruidar,
'Nuair a dhuiseas mi suas gun thu ann;
'S iad mo smaointean uaigneach,
Thu bhi t-shineadh fo'n fhuar-lic ud thall.

Be so samhradh mo chruadail,
Dh'fhug mo leaba 's mo chluasagan lom;
Tha mo chomhnuidh cho uaigneach,
'S ged a bhi'n ann uamha nan toll,
Gun bhi t-fhaicinn rim' ghualain,
Se chuir aiceid ro-bhuan ann am chom;
Tha mo chridhe fo smuaircan,
As e mar chudtrom na luaidhe 's gach am.

Och! se aobhar mo ghearain,
Bean mo ghaoil chuir a' falach 'sa chill;
Se ciseachd gairich do leanabh,
'Nuair a bha thu 'san annart gun chli;
Fuaime an uird ris an taruim,
Bh'aig na saoiribh gad' sparradh fo dhion,
Chuir sud gaoir ann am bhallaibh,
'S gun a dh'fuirich mo ghalar ri linn.

Gu de sta dhomh bhi 'g iomradh,
Air do bheas 'o na dh'fhalbh thu 's nach till;
'S ann tha sean-fhacal dearbhtha—
Dh'fhiosraich pairt e bhi dearbhte anns gach
Gum bi suil ri beul fairge, [lir.n
'S nach bi suil ri beul roilge a chaoidh,
Dh'fhag sin mise mar bhallan—
'S bi mi tarsuinn lem' sheanachas gu criche.

Bidh mi nis a co-dhunadh,
Cha'n 'eil feum dhomh bhi t-ionndrain a
Ged a leanain as ur air, * [ghraidh,
Gheibhinn cuimhneachan tursach mu d'
Tha ar beatha neo-chinnteach, [bhas;
Air a comeas 'san fhirinn ri sgail,
Sinn mar choigrich 'san tir so,
Theid sinn uile gu sior'achd gun dail.

ORAN DON CHUAIRTEAR.*

Deoch-slainge a Chuairtear a ghluais a' Al-
buinn,
Bho thin na mor-bheann 'sa sheol an fhaige,
Don duthaich choilltich thoir duinn a
sheanachais,
'Sa fear nach ol i, bidh moran fearg ris.

'Nuair thig an Cuairtear ud uair sa mhiosa,
Gum bi na h-oganaich le tolinntinn,
A tional colais na chomhradh siobhalta,
'S bidh naighlachd ur aig air 'Eli an sinns-
readh.

Gur lionar maighdean a th'ann an deigh air,
'Sa bhios le caoinneas a faighneachd sgeul
dhe,
Le solus choinnlean a bhios ga leubhadh,
'S bidh eachdraidh ghaoil aige do gach te
dhiu.

* 'Cuairtear nan Gleann,' or the 'Gaelic Tourist.'

Cha n' iognadh oigri thoir moran speis da,
'Nuair tha na seann-daoin' 'tha call a lèir-
sinn,
'San cinn air liathadh, cho dian an deigh air,
'S nach dian iad fhaicinn mur cleachd iad
speular.

'Se'n Cuairtear Gaelach an tarmunn ainmeil,
'Nuair theid an t-aileagan sin fo armaibh,
Le phearsa bhoidheach 'an comhdach ball-
bhreac, [garbhlaich.
Mar chleachd a shinnseachd gu dìreachd

Be sin an t-eideadh bha eutrom uallach,
Gu siubhal bheann, agus ghleann a's chrua-
chan,
Gu seasamh laraich an lathair cruadail.
'S tric bha namhaid 'an cas san ruaig leat.

'Nuair thig e 'n tir so, mu thim na samhna,
Cha lagaich fuachd e na gruaime a gheamh-
ruidh,
Bidh feile-cuaiche mu chruachain teann-
tuidh,
'Sa bhreacan gnaile gu h-uallach greannar.

Bidh boireid ghorm agus gearr-chot ur air,
Bidh osain dhealbhadh nu ch'alpa dumhail,
Bidh gartain stiallach far fàr, hreid cuil air,
'Sa bhrogan eile, be 'n t-eideadh duhais.

Bidh lann gheur staillein an orios braois-
dean airgid, [baich.
'Sa dhag air ghleusadh, nach leum le cear-
A bhiodag dhualach do chruaidh na Gear-
mailt, [bhruic.
Sa sporan iallach do bhian an t-seana-

'Nuair chi mi 'n Cuairtear tha uasal rioghail,
Bidh mi ga shamhlachadh ri Iain Muilleir,
Tha fheachd geamhradh o'n tha e 's tir so,
'S chad chuir e rianh air a shiasaid cuibh-
reach.

Tha corr as co-d o'n tha ciall as euimhne
aige,
'S tric a shealg e damh dearg 'sna frithean,
Air slios beinn Armuin a b'ard ri dhireadh,
An deigh an t-orsa ud be'n comhlan
fiachail.

'Sa Chuairtear aluinn tha tamh 'sna gleann-
tan,
Ga bheil a Ghaelich 'sa 'sfhearr ni labhradh,
Nach gabh tamailt co ni ris sealltainn,
'S mor do chairdean tha 'n drasd an geall ort.

Gun ghabh iad thachd dhiot, le beachd nach
treig iad,
O'n 's gael gasda thu, tha sgairteil gleusta,
'S d' thu Oighre an Teachdair a chleachd
bhi beusach,
'S nach d' fhag, masla' air a mhac na dheigh
san.

'Sa Chuairtear ghradhaich cha d'thugainn
fuath dhut,
Gun robh do chairdeas ri sar, dhaoine uaisle,
Ged rinn pairt diu' do charadh suarach,
A chaill an Gaelic, 'sna b' fhearr cha d'
fhuair iad.

Gur mor na fiachan fo bheil na Gael,
Don fhear* a dh'inntich ar leabhar nadair,
'Sa dhearbh le firinn gur i a Ghaelic,
Baine-chioch a lion gach canein.

Bu lus bha priseil i chinn 'sa gharadh,
Bu ghlan gun truailleadh a fuaim aig Ad-
hamh,
Bha stoichd gun chrionadh na bhrigh 'sna
fhaileadh,
Ged thainig siontan a mhill am blath air.

Gun robh i dileas do laoiach na *Feinne*,
Bu daoine calma nan aimsir fhein iad,
Rinn Oissein danachd dhaibh air a reir sin,
Si labhair Padruig a bheannaich Eirin.

* The late lamented Lachlan McLean, Esq., of
Glasgow, author of the "History of the Gaelic
Language."

A Chuairtear eibhinn na treig gu brach i,
'S na leig a'r diehuimhne ri linn an ails' i,
Bidh sinn ga seinn anns na coilltean fasaich,
Mar bha clann Israel aig braighde Bhabilon.

A Chuairtear shiobhalt ma ni thu m'iarraidh,
'S gun cuir thu 'n t-oran so 'an clo nan
iarunn,
'S gun dian thu ghiulan 'sa churs' an iar leat,
Do'n Eilein iosal an tir o'n thriall mi.

Bho'n tha thu siubhlach a' measg nan Gael,
Gun cuir thu curamach e sa mhaileid,
'S aig Cnoc Mhic-Dhughail a ni thu fhagail,
'S thoir fìos dha 'n ionnsuidh gu bheil mi 'm
shlainte.

'Nuair bhios mi comhla ri comunn cairdeil,
Nar suidhe comhnard mu bhord tigh thairne,
Gun gabh mi 'n t-oran, gun ol 's gum
paigh mi,
Deoch-slaime a chuairtear le bunaidh don
Ghaelic.

AIREAMH TAGHTA
DE
SHAR-OBAIR NAM BARD GAELACH;
OR
A CHOICE COLLECTION
OF
THE BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY,
ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

The following songs and poems are the productions of gentlemen, who invoked the muse only on rare occasions, and under the impulse of strong feelings excited by extraordinary events;—or, of individuals of whose history little is known to the world, and whose works were not sufficiently voluminous to entitle them to a place among the professed or recognised bards. When the tide of chivalry ran high in the Highlands, and ere the Gaelic ceased to be spoken in the chief's hall, it was deemed no disparagement to people of the highest rank to embody their feelings on any subject in Keltic poetry. Many of these pieces are of commanding merit, and it is hoped that they will form an appropriate and valuable appendage to this work. So far as practicable, the paternity of the poem is given, and such historical and illustrative notes are interspersed as the full elucidation of the subject seemed to require.

MOLADH CHABAIR-FEIDH.

LE TORMOD DAN MAC-LEOID.

DEOCH-SLAINTE' chabair feidh so
Gur h-èibhinn 's gur h-aighearach;
Ge fada bho thir fein e,
Mhic Dhe greas g'a fhearann e;
Mo chrochadh a's mo cheusadh,
A's m' eideadh nar mheana mi,
Mur ait leam thu bhi 'g eiridh
Le treun neart gach caraide!
Gur mise chunna' sibh gu gunnach,
Ealamh, ullamh, acuinneach;
Ruith nan Rothach 's math 'ur gnothach,
Thug sibh òthadh maidne dhaibh;
Cha deach' Cataich air an tapadh,
Dh'fhag an neart le eagal iad,
Ri faicinn ceann an fheidh ort
'Nuair dh'eirich do chabar ort!
Be'n t-amadan fear Foluis,
'Nuair thoisich e cogadh riut;

Rothaich agus Rosaich—
Bu ghorach na bodhaich iad;
Frisealaich a's Granndaich,
An campa cha stadadh iad;
'S thug Foirbeisich nan teann-ruith,
Gu seann taigh Chuilodair orr'.
Theich iad uile 's cha dh-fhuirich
An treas duine 'bh'aca-san;
An t-Iarla Catach ruith e dhachaigh—
Cha do las a dhagachan;
Mac-Aoidh nan creach gun thar e as,
'Sann dh'eigh e 'n t-each a b' aigcannaich,
Ri gabhal an ra-treuta,
'Nuair dh-eirich do chabar ort!
'S ann an sin bha 'm fuathas
Ga'n ruagadh thar bhealaichean,
An deas dhuinn a's an tuath dhuinn,
Gu luath ruith roi' d' cheann-eideadh;

Mar sgaoth a dh'eoin nam fuar-bheann,
 A's grunaim air a h-uile fear,
 A tearnadh bho na sleibhteann
 Gu reidhleinn 's gu cladaicheann.
 Dh'eigh iad port 's gu'n d'fhuair iad coit,
 'S bu bheag an toirt mar thachair dhaibh;
 Ciod e'n droch rud rinn am brosnach',
 Le'n cuid mosg nach freagrach srail,
 'S a liuthad toirtair dheth na Rothaich,
 Dol air fiod thar chlaigeannan?
 'S ann ghabh iad an ratreata,
 'Nuair dh'eirich do chabar ort!

Gu'm faigh mi fein mi dhurachd—
 ('Se dhuais as mo chadal mi)
 An Ti da'n geill na duileann,
 'S da 'n umhlaich na h-uile ni,
 Gun greas e thu gu d' dhuthaich,
 Gu h-uiseil 's gu h-urramach!
 Gur tu nach leigeadh cuis,
 Leis na du-Ghaill nach buineadh dhaibh;
 'S tu bheireadh clotha do' luchd gnothaich,
 Gun fhios co a throdadh riut;
 Am sine Rothach chuir thu fothadh
 Ge mor leotha 'n ladornas,
 Ga'n cuir romhad le'n ruith-choimhich,
 'S am baile-nodha na shradagan,
 'S na laisair anns na speuran,
 'Nuair dh'eirich do chabar ort!

Chunna mi m'a thuath thu,
 'S gu'm b'uachdaran allail thu;
 Bha Cataich fo do churam,
 'S dh' umhlaich na Gallaich dhut;
 'S gach ti bha riut an diumba,
 'S nach duirigeadh sealladh ort,
 A faicinn bhi ga'n sgiursadh,
 Gu duthaich nach buineadh dhaibh.
 Le gasraidh fhinealt dheth do chinneadh
 Nach gabh giorag eagalach; [b'reach,
 Luchd chlogaid 's bhiodag 's chorean
 Cha philleadh luchd-bagairt iad;
 Thig fenchd Mhic-Shimi gu do mhilleadh,
 'S ruithidh iad gu saidealta;
 'S gu'n teich iad o chlar t-eudainn,
 'Nuair dh'eireas do chabar ort!

Th'am brochan a' toirt sar dhuibh,
 'S tha 'n cal a' toirt at oirbh;
 Ach 's beag is misde 'n t-armunn,
 'Ur sath theirt an nasgaidh dhuibh:
 Ge mor a thug sibh chaise,
 Thar airidhean Assainne,
 Cha'n fhaics cuirm a'm Fokais,
 Ge mor bha do chearcann ann;
 Caisteal biorach, nead na h-ìolair',
 Coin a's gilleann gortach ann;
 Cha'n fhaicear bioran ann ri teinne,
 Mur bidh dileag bhrochain ann;
 Cha'n fhaicear mairt-eoil ann am poit ann;
 Mur bi ceare ga plotaigeadh;
 'S ga'n tional air an deire,
 'Nuair threigeas gach cosgais iad.

Cha'n eil ian 's na speuran,
 Is breine n'an ìolair,
 Cha 'n ionan idir beus d'ì,
 'S do dh-fheith anns na fìrichean:—
 Bi'dh iadsa moch ag eiridh,
 A fenchainn bhiolair;
 'S bi'dh is' air sean each enoile,
 Ri shladadh a mhìonaich as;
 Chuir i spuir a staigh na churach,
 A's thug i fhuil na spadul as,
 An t-ian gun sonas' giarraidh donais,
 Bi'dh na coin a' sabaid ris;
 'S breun an t-isean e air iteig,
 Gun fhios c'ait' an stadadh e,—
 Mas' ole a lean e abhaist,
 Cha b' fhearr far na chaidil e.

Cha'n eil ian 'san t-saoghal
 R'a fhaotainn tha coltach riut,—
 Cha'n ithear do chuid sìthne—
 Rinn firinn a' mollachadh:
 Ged tha ort iteag dhìreach,
 Mar fhior shuighdead corranach,
 'S ged' thuirt iad riut am fireun,
 Tha ionan an donuis ort!
 'S ioma buachaille th' air fuar chnoc,
 Agus cuaille bat aige';
 Ni guidhe bhuan do bhuntain bhuath,
 'S a bhuailers bho do thapadh thu;
 'Nuair bheir thu ruaig air feadh nan uan,
 'S a bhios buaireas acrais ort,
 'N uair thachras cabar feidh ort,
 Gu'm feum thu bhi snasadh dha!

Tha cabar-fearna Dhombhuill,
 Mar spors' anns an talamh' ao';
 Nach innseadh sibh dhomhs' e,
 'S gu'm b'col doimh a charachadh;
 'S chuirinn fios gu h-eolach,
 Gu Seoras an earraideach,
 Gur h-e Fear Dhuim-Dombhuill,
 Le lop chum an t-anam ris; [ghlioca
 'Bhiad gun mheas, gun mhiagh gun,
 Riamh bu tric 's an talamh-s' thu;
 Dh'ol a's dh'ith thu trian do d' phiseach,
 'S tu an t-isean amaideach;
 Chuir na Rothaich thu air ghnothach,
 'S tu a t-amhusg aineolach,
 'S ged' thug Clann-Choimnich mialh ort,
 Cha b' fhiach thu 'n treas earrainn deth.

Faire! faire! 'shaoghail,
 Gur caochlaidheach carach thu,
 Chunna mise Si-phort,
 'Nam pioban cruaidh, sgalanta,
 Nach robh an Alb' a dh'anon-shluagh,
 Ged shineadh Mac-Cailein ris,
 Na chumadh riuts an eudann,
 'Nuair dh'eireadh do chabar ort!
 Dh'eireadh leat an coir 'san ceart,
 Le trian do neart gu bagarach,
 Na bh'eadar Asainn, a's fa dheas,
 Gu ruig Sgalpa chraganach,
 Gach fear a glacadh gunna snaip,
 Claidheamh glas, no dagachan,—

Bu leat Sir Dombnuil Shleibhte,
'Nuair dh'eireadh do chabar ort!

Dh'eireadh leat fir Mhuideirt,
'Nuair ruisgte do bhrataichean,
Le 'n lannan daite du-ghorm,
Gu'n cnuirte na maraich leo;
Mac-Alaschair 's Mac-Ionmbhuinn,
Le 'n cuilbheirean acuinneach;
'Nuair rachadh iad 'san iorgbuill,
Gu'm b' ioghna mur trodadh iad :—
B'idh tu fhathast gabhail aighear,
Ann am Brathuinn bhaidealach,
B'idh cinne t-thair ort a feitheamh,
Co bhrathadh bagradh ort?
B'idh fion ga chaitheamh fendh do thaighe,
'S uisge-beatha feannach;
'S gur lionmhór plob' ga'n gleusadh,
'Nuair dh'eireas do chabar ort!

Note.—Norman McLeod, the author of the foregoing clan song was a native of Assynt, Sutherlandshire. Little is known to us of his parentage except that he moved in the higher circles of his country, and upon his marriage, rented an extensive farm in his native parish. He had two sons whose status in society shows that he was in comfortable, if not affluent circumstances—one of them was Professor Hugh McLeod of the University of Glasgow; and the other, the Rev. Angus McLeod, Minister of Rogart in the county of Sutherland. Both sons were men of considerable erudition and brilliant parts,—and Angus's name is still mentioned in the North with feelings of kindness and respect.

Norman McLeod lived long on a footing of intimate familiarity and friendship with Mr. McKenzie of Ardsheol whose farm was contiguous to that of our author; and "*Cabar-feidh*," which has single handed stamped the celebrity of McLeod, arose out of the following circumstance. The earl of Sutherland issued a commission to William Munroe of Achany, who, with a numerous body of retainers and clansmen, by virtue of said commission, made a descent on Assynt and carried off a great many cattle. This predatory excursion was made in the latter end of summer, when, according to the custom of the country, the cattle were grazing on distant pastures at the shellings, a circumstance which proved very favourable to the foragers—for they not only took away the cattle, but also plundered the shellings, and thus possessed themselves of a great quantity of butter and cheese. Indignant at the baseness and injustice of such cowardly conduct, McLeod invoked the muse and composed "*Cabar-feidh*," or the clan-song of the McKenzies—making it the vehicle of invective and bitter sarcasm against the Sutherlanders and Munroes, who had antecedently made themselves sufficiently obnoxious to him by their adherence to the Hanoverian cause in 1745.

That a production teeming with so much withering declamation and piquancy of wit should have told upon its hapless subjects, may be reasonably supposed. Munroe was particularly sore on the subject, and threatened that the bard should forfeit his life for his temerity, if ever they should meet. They were personally unacquainted with each other; but chance soon brought them face to face. Munroe was commonly known by a grey-coloured bonnet which he wore, and was called "*Uilleam a bhonnaid uidhir*." One day as he entered Ardguy Inn, there sat Norman McLeod, on his way to Tain, regaling himself with bread and butter, and cheese and ale. Munroe was ignorant of the character of the stranger; not so McLeod—he immedi-

ately knew Achany by the colour of his bonnet—drank to him with great promptitude, and then offered him the horn with the following temporary salutation:—

"Ardu a's im a's eala
Mh' n tìg an bas air Tormod;
A's cleach du' fàir an roisidh,
'S cha ghabh na Meibhach fong ris."

which may be translated thus—

Bread and butter and cheese to me,
Ere death my mouth shall close;
And, traveller, there's a drink for thee,
To please the black Munroes.

Achany was pleased with the address, quaffed the ale, and when he discovered who the courteous stranger was, he cordially forgave him, and cherished a friendship for him ever after. Years after the events recorded above, the poet's son, Angus, then a young lieutenant, waited upon Achany, relative to the filling up of the vacancy in the parish of Rogart.—"And do you really think, Sir," said Achany, "that I would use my influence to get a living for your father's son? *Cabar-feidh* is not forgotten yet." "No! and never will," replied the divine, "but if I get the parish of Rogart, I promise you it shall never be sung or recommended from the pulpit there!" "Thank you! thank you!" said Achany, "that is one important point carried—you are not so bad as your father after all—and we must try to get the kirk for you!" He gave him a letter to Dunrobin and he got the appointment.

"*Cabar-feidh*" is one of the most popular songs in the Gaelic language, and deservedly so. It has been erroneously ascribed to Matheson, the family bard of Sutherland; but now for the first time, it is legitimately paternized, and the only correct edition, which has yet appeared, is here given. The song itself bears internal evidence that our history of its paternity is strictly correct; and our proofs in corroboration are numerous and decisive. Nothing can surpass the exultation of the bard while he sings the superiority of the clan K'Kenzie, over those who have drawn upon themselves the lash of his satire. The line "*Nuair dh'eireadh do chabar ort!*" falling in at the end of some of the stanzas, has an electrifying effect; and, although figurative in its language, is so applicable as to transport us beyond ourselves to those feudal times when our mountain warriors rushed to the red field of battle to conquer or to die. The music, as well as the poem, is McLeod's, and forms one of the most spirit-stirring airs that can be played on the bagpipe; so popular, indeed, has this tune been in many parts of the Highlands, that it was not danced as a common reel, but as a sort of country dance. We have seen "*Cabar-feidh*" danced in character, and can bear testimony that, for diversified parts, for transitions, mazes and evolutions, it yields not, when well performed, to any "*Cotillon breut*" new from France."

MALI CHRUINN DONN.

LEIS AN CHEISTEAR CHRUBACH.

AIR FOWN—"Carraig Fhearghuts."

O'n thagaich mi'n rathad,
Gu'n taghail mi monadh
'S an tuitendh an sneachda,
'S a ghail-shion gu trom;
'S an talamh neo-chairsrigt',
'S na chaili mi na casan,
Mu'n d'rainig mi'n caisteal
'N robh Mali chruinn donn!

'Nuair a rainig mi doras
Gu'n dh'fhas mi cho toillecht,
'S gu'n d' rian mi gach dosgainn
A thogail gu fonn;
A's thamh mi 's an asdail,
Bha 'n sail beinn an t-sneachda
Cho blath ris a chladach
Bha m fàsghadh nan tonn.

Fhìr a shiubhlas an rathad,
A dh'ionnsuidh na Dabhaich,
Uam imirich mo bheannachd
Gu *Mali* chruinn donn;
Tha thuinnidh sa' ghleannan,
Aig alltan a chéannaich',
'S gur daoine gun tabhail
Nach taghaich am fonn:
I mar ionnhas an tsgaidh,
Gun chunnart gun gheasan,
Ach a faotainn gu taitneach,
Dha 'n fhear rachadh ann;
'S ged bhithinn am Bharon,
Air duthaich Chlainn-Eachuinn,
Gu'm foghnadh mar *mhaitche*,
Leam *Mali* chruinn donn!

Tha pearsa cho boidheach,
Tha i tlachdmhor na comhdach,
Tha taitneas na comhradh,
Mar smeornach nan gleann,
Gu'n d' eiltich mo chridhe,
'Nuair rinn i rium brithinn,
'S bu bheatha dhomh rithist
Gu tighinn a nall.
Bha h-aogag gun smalan
Bha caoin air a rasgaibh,
Bha gaol air a thasgaidh,
'S a chridhe 'bha na com:
Gu'n smaoinich mi agam
Nach rachaim am mearachd,
Ged theirinn gur piuthar
I dh' Iain geal, donn.

Na meoir sin bu ghile,
Bha corr air ghrinneas,
A's boiche nì fighe
A's fuaidheal glan reidh;
Gur cuimir, deas, dìreach,
A shiubhlas tu'n rìdhle,
'Nuair dhuigear gu oridheil
Dhùt fiodhall nan teud:
'S tu oheumadh, gu boidheach,
'S a thionndadh gu h-eolach,
'S a fhreagrachd gu h-ordail
Do cheolan nam meur;
Tha'n earbag 'sa mhonadh,
'S math tearmunn o'n ghaillinn,
'S gur sealbhach do'n fhear sin
A ghleocas a ceum.

O mheacsan an t-suairceis,
'S o leasraidh na h-uaisle,
Be t-fhasan 's bu dual dut
O'n bhusineadh do sheors;
Gur farasach, pairteach,
Am preas as an dh'fhas thu,

Mar rinneadh do charadh
O'n Au 's o'n t-Srath-mhor.
Na'm biodh sibh a lathair,
'S an staid mar a b'aill leam,
Cha reiginn 'ur cairdeas
Air innai 'na Roinn-Eorp;
Gu'm bell mi 'n diugh sabhailt,
O chumma mi Mairi
Gu'n sheas i dhomh aite,
Na mathar nach beol

Chuir i fàsghadh mu'n cuairt domh,
Mar earradh math uachdair,
Gu'n bhaillich i uaisle
Le suairecas glan beoil.
Lamh shoilleir neo-spìocach,
'S an oridhe neo chrìonta,
Aig nighean Catrìna
'S mo bhriathar bu choir!
Ge nach fàc mi t-athair,
Gu'n cuala mi leithid,
'S gu'm b'urra mi aithris,
Cuid dh' fhasain an t-seoid:—
Bha e sìal ris na mathaibh—
Ceann' chliar agus cheathairn',
'S bu dhiobhail mar thachair
Luaths' chaidh e fo'n fhod.

Bhiodh ol ann, bhiodh ceol ann,
Bhiodh furan, bhiodh poit ann,
Bhiodh orain, bhiodh dochas
Mu bhord an fhir fheil;—
Bhiodh iasg ann, bhiodh sealg ann,
Bhiodh flath, agus earb ann,
Bhiodh coileach dubh barragheal,
Ga mharbhadh air geig.
Bhiodh bradan an fhìor-uisg,
Bhiodh taghadh gach sìthn' ann,
Bhiodh liath-chearean fraoich
Anns an fhrith aig a fein;
'Nam tighinn gu bhaile,
'S gu thurlach gun ainis,
Bhiodh rusgadh air ealaidh,
Casg paghaidh, a's sgios.

B' iad sud na fir uaisle,
Gun chine gun ghrusamean
Cha 'n fhaigheadh each buaidh orr'
'N tuasaid na'n streup;
Iad gun ardan, gun uabhar,
Neo smachdail air tuatha,
Ach fearann fo 'n uachdar
'Fas suas anns gach nì.
O na dh'imich na h-armuinn,
Chaidh an saoghal gu tair,
'S bi'dh bron agus paidh
Ri chlaistinn na'n deigh:—
'S na 'm fanain ri fhaicinn,
Cho fad' ri mo sheanair,
Gu'm farr'deadh gach fear dhiom
—“Am fàc mi 'n Fheinn?”

O na dhi-mìch na h-armuinn,
'S e n-ar cuid na tha lathair,

Gu mu beannaicht' an geard
Th'air an alach a th' ann!
Ceud soraigh, ceud failte,
Ceud furan gu Mairi,
A dh'fhag sinn 'sa Mhaigh
Ann am braighe nan gleann
'S i cunchag na coille,
Na h-naise 's na h-oilean,
A dh'fhag sinn gu loinneil
An creagun nam beann;
A gheala-ghlan gun ainneis,
B'e t-ainm a bhi banail,
'S gu'n dhearbhu thu bi duineil,
'S nir chluinneam-s' do chall!

Gu'n cluinneam-s' do bhuinig,
Ge nach faic mi thu tuilleadh,
Gar an iarradh tu idir
Dhol fad' as an fhonn;
Ach an aite na 's deiseil,
Gun bhlair, no gun chreagan,
'S ma gheibh m' achanais freagairt
Cha'n eagal dut bonn;
Tha naisean, 's treun-laoidh,
Tha truaghain a's feumaich,
'Toirt tuaraisgeul gleusta
Air t-fheum anns gach ball;
Tha gach tlachd ort ri innsadh,
Lamh gheul a ni sgriobadh,
'S gur tuigseach a chiall
A chuir Dia na do cheann!

Bi'dh mo dhan agus m' oran,
Bi'dh m' alla mar 's eol domh,
Gu brath fhad 's is beo mi
Toirt sgeoil ort a chaoidh:
Na fhuair mi dhe t-fhurann,
Cha'n fhuairidh e tuille,
Ni smaointean mo chridhe
Riut brithinn nach pill;
Cha 'n eil Siorrachd dha 'n teid mi,
Ged ' ruighinn Dun-cideann,
Nach toir mi dengh sgeul ort
Fhad ' dh' eisdear mo rainn
'S bheir mi Charrnag bho Fheargus,
Gu atharrach ainme,
'S leuchd-ealaidh na h-Alba
D'a sheincheas 's d'a sheinn.

Ceud furan, ceud failte,
Ceud soraigh le bardachd
Ceud tlachd mar ri ailleachd,
Air fas air a mhnai;
Ceud beannachd na dha dhut,
'S gu'm faiceam-sa slan thu,
Mu tha idir an dan domh,
'Dhol gu brath do Loch-bhracain;
Ged nach sgalaiche baird mi,
Cha 'n urrainn mi aicheadh,
Ma thig iad ni 's daine
Gu'm paigh iad ris daor:—
'S i bean nan rasg trodhad,
Gun ardan, gun othail,
'S i Mairi 's glain' bodhaig
—Creag odhar nan craobh.

Creag ghobhar, creag chiorach,
Creag bheann, agus aonaich,
Creag fhasgach ri gaoith thu,
Creag bogh, agus mheann;
Creag chaoran, creag chnothan,
Creag fhiarach, a's chreanach,
Creag ianach a' labhairt
Am barraibh nan crann;
Gu'n cluinnte guth smeorach
An uinneg do sheomair,
'S a chuthag a combradh
Mar a b'eol d'i bhi cainnt.
'S bi'dh ealaidh a mhonaigh,
Ri cluich anns an doras
Mar onair ri *Mhali*,
Beau shona nan Gleann.

O nach urra mi sgriobhadh,
No litir a leughadh,
Fhir a dhealaich an de rium
Aig eam an fheidh dhuinneil,
'Chuir a chuid gillea,
'Sa ghearrain ga'm' shireadh,
Mu'n rachadh mo mhilleadh,
An curaisde puill;
O nach urra mi mholadh,
An onair mar choisinn,
Mo bheannachd gu meal e
Gun easlaint a chaoidh!
Fhir a shiubhlas an rathad,
A dh' ionnsuidh na Dabhoich,
Uam imirich mo bheannachd
Gu *Mali* chruinn Donn!

Note.—The above truly admirable song was composed by William McKenzie, the Gairloch and Lochbroom catechist commonly called *An Ceitric Crubach*, owing to a lameness which he had. He was a native of the parish of Gairloch, and was born about the year 1870. In his early years, McKenzie had the reputation of being a serious young man; he committed to memory the whole of the questions of the shorter Catechism in Gaelic, and was subsequently allowed a small stated salary for going about from hamlet to hamlet in the forementioned parishes, catechising the young, and imparting religious instruction to all who chose to attend his meetings. It was while employed on these missions that he composed the foregoing. It was the dead of winter; the houses were far apart—a tremendous storm came on—and our author, to save his life, was compelled to stand in the shelter of a rock. In this situation he was fortunately discovered, and conveyed on horseback to the house of Mr. McKenzie, where he experienced the greatest kindness. He forthwith invoked his nurse, and celebrated the praises of his host's sister, then a beautiful young lady, and afterwards Mrs. McKenzie of Kersnary, in Gairloch. A song of less poetic grandeur and merit might well have immortalized any mountain maid, and established the reputation of the author, and put it beyond the reach of detraction.

CALUM A GHILINNE.*

LUINNEAG.

*Mo Chailin donn og,
S mo nighean duibh thogarach,
Thogainn ort fonn,
Neo-throm gun togainn,*

* The author of this popular song was Malcolm McLean, a native of Kinlochewe, in Ross-shire. McLean had enlisted in the army when a young man, and upon obtaining his discharge

*Mo nighean dubh gun iarraidh
Mo bhrathar gun togainn,
'S gu'n innsinn an t-aobhar,
Nach eileas 'ga d' thogradh.
Mo Chailin donn oy.*

Gr'm beil thu gu boidheach,
Bainndidh, banail,
Gun chron ort fo 'n ghrein,
Gun bheum, gun sgainnir;
Gur gil' thu fo d' leine
Na cíteag na mara,
'S tha coir' agam fein
Gun cheile bhi mar-riut.
Mo Chailin donn oy, &c.

Gur muladach mi,
'S mi 'n deigh nach math leam,
Na dheanadh dhut sta
Aig each 'ga mbalairt;
Bi'dh t-athair an comhnuidh
'G ol le caithream,
'S e eolas nan corn
A dh-fhag mi cho fala-mh.
Mo Chailin donn oy, &c.

Nam bithinn a'g ol
Mu bhord na dibhe,
'S gum faicinn mo mhiann
'S mo chiall a' tighinn,
'S e 'n copan beag donn
Thogadh fonn air mo chridhe,
'S cha tugainn mo bhrathar
Nach iarrainn e rithist.
Mo Chailin donn oy, &c.

Bi'dh bodaich na ducl'
Ri burst 's ri fanaid,
A cantain rium fein
Nach geill mi dh-ainnis;

was allowed some small pension. Having returned to his native country, he married a woman, who, for patience and resignation, was well worthy of being styled the sister of Job. Malcolm now got the occupancy of a small pendicle of land and grazing for two or three cows in Glenegall, at the foot of Benfathais, in the county of Kerry. M'Lean during his military career seems to have learned how to drown dull care as well as 'fight the French—he was a bachannail of the first magnitude. He does not, however, appear to have carried home any other of the soldier's vices with him. Few men have had the good fortune to buy immortality at so cheap a rate of literary and poetical labour as "*Calum a Ghlinne*;" on this single ditty his reputation shall stand unimpaired as long as Gaelic poetry has any admirers in the Highlands of Scotland.

The occasion of the song was as follows: M'Lean had an only child, a daughter of uncommon beauty and loveliness; but owing to the father's squandering what ought, under any economical system of domestic government, to have formed her dowry, she was unwedded, unsought, and, for a long time, unmarried. The father, in his exordium, portrays the charms and excellent qualities of his daughter, dealing about some excellent side-blows at fortune-hunters, and taking a reasonable share of blame to himself for depriving her of the bait necessary to secure a good attendance of wooers.

The song is altogether an excellent one, possessing many strokes of humour and flights of poetic idealism of no common order; while its tenderness and comprehensiveness of expression are such, that one or two standing proverbs have been deduced from it. His "*Nighean dubh Thogarrack*," and her husband were living in the parish of Conna, in the year 1798. Malcolm, so far as we have been able to ascertain, never got free of his tavern propensities, for which he latterly became so notorious, that when he was seen approaching an inn, the local toppers left their work and doctored about him. He was a jolly good fellow in every sense of the word; fond of singing the songs of other poets, for which nature provided him with an excellent voice. He died about the year 1794.

Ged tha mi gun spreidh,
Tha teud ri tharruinn,
'S cha sgair mi de 'n ol
Fhad 's is beo mi air thalamh.
Mo Chailin donn oy, &c.

'S ioma bodachan gnu
Nach duirig u' aithris,
Le thionnail air spreidh
'S iad ga threigsinn a's t-earrach
Nach cosg anns a' bhliadhna
Trian a' ghallain,
'S cha toir e fo 'n uir
Na 's mu na bheir Calum.
Mo Chailin donn oy, &c.

Nam bithinn air feill,
'S na ceudan mar rium,
De chuideachda choir
A dh-oladh drama;
Gun suidhinn mu 'n bhord
'S gun traighinn mo shearrag
'S cha tuirt mo bhean riamh rium
Ach—"Dia leat a Chalum!" *
Mo Chailin donn oy, &c.

Ge! tha mi gun stor,
Le ol 's le iomairt,
Air bheagan de ni,
Le pris na minne;
Tha fortan aig Dia,
'S e falaidh uime,

* The virtue of mildness in his wife was often put to the test, and found to be equal to the glowing representation of the poet. Malcolm had occasion to go to Bingswell on a summer day for a bull of oatmeal; and having experienced the effects of a burning sun and sultry climate, he very naturally went into a public house on his way to refresh himself. Here he came in contact with a bad-nosed drover, who, like himself, did occasional homages at the shrine of the red-eyed god. Our "worthy brace of toppers" entered into familiar confab; gill was called after gill until they got gloriously happy. Malcolm forgot or did not choose to remember his meal; the drover was equally indifferent about his own proper calling—and thus they sat and drank, and roared and raved, until our poet told his last sixpence on the table. After a pause, and probably revolving the awkwardness of going home without the meal, "Well," said Malcolm, "if I had more money, I would not go home for some time yet." "That's easily got," replied his cronny, "I'll buy the grey horse from you." The animal speculatively changed owners, and another and more determined onslaught on "blue ruin" was the consequence. Our poet did nothing by halves,—he quaffed stomp after stomp until his pockets were emptied a second time. "Egad!" exclaimed M'Lean, making an effort to lift his head and open his eyes, "I must go now!" "You must," rejoined his friend, "but I cannot see, for the life of me, how you can face your wife." "My wife!" exclaimed the bard in astonishment, "pahaw! man, she's the woman that never said or will say worse to me than "*Dia leat a Chalum*," that is, God bless you, Malcolm. "I'll lay you a bet of the price of the horse and the meal that her temper is not so good, and that you will get an entirely different salutation," replied the drover, who had no great faith in the tactfulness of the female sex. "Done!" my recruit, vociferated the bard, grasping the other eagerly by the hand. Away went Malcolm and with him the landlord and other two men, to witness and report what reception our drowsy friend should meet. He entered his dwelling, and, as he approached on the floor, he staggered and would have fallen in the fire, placed grateless in the centre of the room, had not his wife flung her arms affectionately about him, exclaiming "*Dia leat a Chalum*." "Ah!" replied Malcolm, "why speak thus softly to me,—I have drunk my money and brought home no meal." "A heatherbell for that," said his helpmate, "we will soon get more money and meal too." "But," continued the intoxicated poet, "I have also drunk the grey horse!" "What signifies that, my love," rejoined the excellent woman, "you, yourself are still alive and mine, and never shall we want—never shall I have reason to murmur while my Malcolm is sound and hearty." It was enough; the drover had to count down the money, and in a few hours Mrs. M'Lean had the pleasure of hallooing her husband's return with the horse and meal.

'S mo gheibh mi mo shlaointe,
Gu'm padh mi na shir mi.
Mo Chaidin donn og, &c.

Ge mor le each
Na tha mi milleadh,
Cha tizainn mo bhoil
Nach olainn tuilleadh,
'S e gnol a bhi mor
Tha m' fheoil a' sireadh—
'Tha 'n sgèid ud ri aithris
Air Callum a Ghlinne.
Mo Chaidin donn og, &c.

CLACHAN GHILINN-DA-RUAIL.

LUINNEAG.

*Mo chaileag thian-gheal, wheall-shuilleach,
A dh-fhas gu fàilinn, fairsgeall,
Gur trem mo cheum o'n dhealrach stinn,
Air clachan Ghlinn-da-ruail.*

Di-donaich rinn mi cholachadh,
Beann og 's modhar ghiasud,
Tha 'guth mar cheol na suncoraiche,
'S mar bhl' an rois a gruaidhean.
Mo chaileag, &c.

'S caoin a seang shlios furanach,
Neo-churaidh a ceum aillach;
Tha 'gairdean ban gle chumadail:
'S deud luirich n' a beul guameis.
Mo chaileag, &c.

'S ro fhàilleach 'n a combradh i,
Gun sgilm, gun sgleo, 'no tuilleas;
Gur fathail coiseachd shraidean i,
Air bheagan stait no guameis.
Mo chaileag, &c.

Ged bheireadh Seoras aite dhomh,
Cho ard 's a tha measg uaislean;
Air m' fhacal 's mor a b' fhearr leam,
A bhi 'n Coir-ehnamh na m' bhuachail.
Mo chaileag, &c.

O 's truagh nach robh mi 's m' ailleagan
Air airidh cois nam fuar-bheann!
Bu shocair, seimh a chaidlinn, 's i
Nan m' ahlais, air an luachair.
Mo chaileag, &c.

Cha suaimhneas oidhch' air leabaidh
dhomh,
Ga t-fhaicinn ann am brudair;
'S am Bioball fein cha lainsich mi,
Gun t-iomhaigh ghraidh ga 'm bhuair-
readh.
Mo chaileag, &c.

'N uair b' fhileant' briar' a mhinisteir,
A fiosrachadh mu 'r truaillachd;
Bha mise coinnead' durachdach,
Na seir tha d' shuil neo-luaineach.
Mo chaileag, &c.

Ged shuidheas Cleir na tire leam,
'S mi sgrìobhadh dhaibh le fuath-lainn;
'S ann bhios mo smuaintean diomhaireach;
Air Sine dhuinn a chuach-fhuill.
Mo chaileag, &c.

Ach 's cagal leam le m' cheileirachd,
Gu 'n gabh an seisein gruaim rium:
Ged fhogras iad do 'n Olaint mi,
Bi m' bheo cha toir mi fuath dhut!
Mo chaileag, &c.

Note.—The above popular song has been attributed to so many reputed poets, that we feel great pleasure in putting the reader right on the subject. The Perthshire people claimed it for the late Rev. J. C. Irvine of Little Dunkeld; while the others were equally certain that it was the production of Mr. Archibald Currie, teacher of the Grammar School, Rothesay. To arrive at a satisfactory conclusion as to its paternity, we have instituted the necessary inquiries, and have now the satisfaction to announce that it is the composition of Mr. Angus Fletcher, parochial schoolmaster of Dunoon. We subjoin Mr. Fletcher's letter in reply to our communication—

"I was born at Cairn-t-sheo (Coirint), a wild, sequestered, and highly romantic spot on the west bank of Lochiel, in Cowal, early in June, 1774, and was chiefly educated at the parish school of Kilmaden, Glenelg. From Glenelg I went to Bute in 1791, where I was variously employed until May, 1804, when I was elected parochial schoolmaster of Dunoon, and that situation I have continued to fill (however unworthily) hitherto.

"The 'Lassie of the Glen' is my earliest poetical production, and came warm from the heart at the age of 16 years. 'Clachan Ghlinn-da-ruail,' I think, was composed in 1807, in compliment to a very 'bonnie fife-lan lassie,' Miss Jean Currie of Culchathrie, now Mrs. B.—n. In this song, although I believe the best of the two, the heart was not at all concerned. It appeared first in the 'Edinburgh Weekly Journal,' with my initials, and has been evidently copied from that paper into Turner's Collection of Gaelic Songs. The verse beginning 'Vae! shuidheas Cleir na tire leam,' has reference to the situation I then held of deputy-clerk to the Presbytery of Dunoon, and to the office of Session-clerk of the united parish of Dunoon and Kilmaden, which I still hold."

Here, then, the authorship of 'Clachan Ghlinn-da-ruail' is settled. It is one of the best and most popular of our amorous pieces, and, although the talented author says that 'the heart was not at all concerned' in it, we venture to remind him that Nature, that excellent schoolmistress, had taught him to study her ways. The air to which it is sung is also very popular, and is known in the Lowlands by the name of *Nell Gow's Strathspey*. But, without wishing to denude that celebrated violinist of any of his laurels, we beg to inform the reader that that air was known in the Highlands centuries before Nell was born. It is called 'Ceileirachd na Maucha Silt,' or the 'Puir's Carol,' and has the following tradition annexed to it. A certain farmer had engaged a young beautiful female as herd and dairymaid for a period of twelve months. During the first days of her servitude, as her character and history were altogether unknown, it was necessary to have a sharp eye after her. On one occasion while her employer went out to see whether she was tending the cattle with due care, he found her dancing lightly on the green, and singing a Gaelic song, one verse of which we subjoin—

"Am bun a chruidh cha chaitris mi,
Am bun a chruidheachd bid mi;
Am bun a chruidh cha chaitris mi,
'S mo leabaidh ann an t-sheann."

We beg to translate this for the sake of the English reader:—

I'll tend not long thy cattle, man,
I'll tend not long thy bullock;
I'll tend not long thy cattle, man,
My bed is in yon hillock.

But to return to Mr. Fletcher, we are sorry that want of room prevents us from giving the "Lassie of the Glen" in Gaelic. We annex, however, an English translation of it which has deservedly become very popular. It is from Mr. Fletcher's own pen.

Air.—"Cum an Fhàisge ribeach bhuan."

Beneath a bill' mang birken bushes,
By a burnie's dimple flane,
I told my love with artless blushes,
To the Lassie o' the Glen.

*O! the broken banks, our graveside,
 They're broken - despite love;
 Dearness - the broken graveside,
 Lying in you name given.*

*Lately Ruail! thy stream saw glassed,
 Shall be as my love's theme;
 For, on thy banks, my Highland lassie,
 First confessed a mutual flame,
 O! the broken, &c.*

*What bills to sit and name to fash na,
 In some sweet wee bow'ry den;
 Or fondly stay among the mazes,
 Wit' the fash of the telen!
 O! the broken, &c.*

*And though I wander now unhappy,
 Far from scenes we haunted then,
 I'll ne'er forget the bank and grassie,
 Nor the fash of the telen.
 O! the broken, &c.*

MALI BHEAG OG.

NACH truagh leat mi 's mi 'm prìosan,
 Mo Mhali bheag og,
 Do chairdean a' cuir binn' orm,
 Mo chuid de 'n t-saoghal thu.
 A bhean na mala mine,
 'S na 'm pògan mar na fìoguis,
 'S tu nach fàgadh shìos mi,
 Le mi-ruin do bheoil.

Di-domhnaich anns a' ghleann duinn,
 Mo Mhali bheag og
 'Nuair thoisich mi ri cainnt riut;
 Mo chuid de 'n t-saoghal mhor.
 'Nuair dh'fhosgail mi mo shuilean,
 'S a sheall mi air mo chul-thaobh;
 Bha marcach an eich chruthaich,
 Tigh'n' dlu air mo lorg.

'S mise bh'air mo bhuairleadh,
 Mo Mhali bheag og,
 'Nuair 'thain an 'sluagh mu'n cuairt duinn
 Mo ribhinn ghlan ur:
 'S truagh nach ann san uair'ud,
 A thuit mo lauh o m' gheallainn,
 Mu'n dh'amaid mi do bhualadh,
 Mo Mhali bheag og.

Gur boiche leam a dh'fhas thu.
 Mo Mhali bheag og,
 Na'n lili ann san fhasach,
 Mo cheud ghradh 's mo ruin:
 Mar aiteal caoin na grein'
 Ann am madainn chiuin ag eirigh,
 Be sud do dhreach a's t-eugais,
 Mo Mhali bheag og.

'S mise a thug an gaol
 Dha mo Mhali bhig oig,
 Nach dealaich rium sa'n t-saoghal,
 Mo nighean bhoideach thu.
 Tha t-fhalt air dhreach nan tendan,
 Do ghruidhean mar na coaran;
 Do shuilean, fathail, sobhach,
 'S do bheul-labhairt ciuin.

Shiubhlainn leat an saoghal,
 Mo Mhali bheag og;
 Cho fad a's eul na greine,
 A gheug a's aill gunis
 Ruithinn agus leumainn,
 Mar fhiadh air bharr na steibhtean,
 Air ghaol 's gu'm bithinn reidh 's tu,
 Mo Mhali bheag og.

'S truagh a rinn do chairdean,
 Mo Mhali bheag og!
 'Nuair thoirnig iad do ghradh dhomh,
 Mo chuid de 'n t-saoghal thu:
 Nan tugadh iad do lauh dhomh,
 Cha bithinn-'s ann san am so,
 Fo' bhinn air son mo ghradh dhut,
 Mo Mhali bheag og.

Ge d' bheirte mi bho'n bhas so,
 Mo Mhali bheag og,
 Cha 'n iarrainn tuille dalach,
 Mo cheud gradh 's mo ruin:
 B'annsa 'n saoghal-s' fhagail,
 'S gu'm faicinn t-àdann ghradhach;
 Gu'n chuinn' bhì air an la sin,
 'S na dh'fhag mi thu chuir'.

Note.—The above beautiful song was composed by a young Highland officer, who had served under King William on the continent soon after the Revolution. His history, which elucidates the song, was thus:—He was the son of a respectable tenant in the Highlands of Perthshire, and while a youth, cherished a desperate passion for a beautiful young lady, the daughter of a neighbouring landed proprietor. Their love was reciprocal—but such was the disparity of their circumstances that the obstacles to their union were regarded even by themselves, as insuperable. To mend matters, the gallant young Highlander enlisted, and being a brave soldier and a young man of excellent conduct and character, he was promoted to the rank of an officer. After several years' absence, and when at the end of a campaign, the army had taken up their winter quarters, he came home to see his friends—to try whether his newly acquired status might not remove the objections of her friends to their union. She was still unmarried, and if possible more beautiful than when he left her—every feature had assumed the highly finished character of womanhood—her beauty was the universal theme of admiration. Othello-like, the gallant young officer told her of "hair-breadth 'scapes by land and flood" and so enraptured the young lady that she readily agreed to elope with him.

Having matured their arrangements, they fled on a Saturday night—probably under the belief that the non-appearance of the young lady at her father's table on Sabbath morning would excite no surmises in the hurry of going to church. She, indeed, had complained to her father of some slight headache when she retired to rest, and instructed her maid to say next morning that she was better, but not disposed to appear at the breakfast table. Not satisfied with the servant's prevarication, who was cognizant of the elopement, the father hurried to his daughter's bedroom, and, not finding her there, he forcibly elicited the facts from the girl. He immediately assembled his men, and pursued the fugitive lovers with speed and eagerness. After many miles pursuit, they overtook them in a solitary glen where they had sat down to rest. The lover, though he had nobody to support him, yet was determined not to yield up his mistress; and

being well armed, and an excellent gladiator, he resolved to resent any attack made upon him. When the pursuers came up, and while he was defending himself and her with his sword, which was a very heavy one, and loaded with what is called a steel-apple (*ubhal a' chialdheimh*) she ran for protection behind him. In preparing to give a deadly stroke, the point of the weapon accidentally struck his mistress, then behind him, so violent a blow that she instantly fell and expired at his feet! Upon seeing this, he immediately surrendered himself, saying, "*That he did not wish to live, his earthly treasure being gone*." He was instantly carried to jail, where he composed this heart-melting song a few days before his execution.

Our neighbours, the Irish, claim this air as one of their own, but upon what authority we have been left in the dark. Sir John Sinclair establishes its nativity in Scotland, but falls into a mistake in making an inn the scene of the melancholy catastrophe of the lady's death. The song itself substantiates our version of it. The second stanza was never printed till given by us—the whole is now printed correctly for the first time. It is one of the most plaintive and mellow in the Gaelic language—full of pathos and melancholy feeling. The distracted lover addresses his deceased mistress, as if she were still living—a circumstance that puts the pathetic character of the song beyond comparison, and amply illustrates the distraction of his own mind—a state of mental confusion, and wild melancholy, verging on madness.

MAIRI LAGHACH.

(ORIGINAL SET.)

LE MURCHADH RUADH NAM BO.

LUINNEAG.

Ho, mo Mhairi Laghach,
'S tu mi Mhairi bhinn;
Ho, mo Mhairi Laghach,
'S tu mo Mhairi ghrinn;
Ho, mo Mhairi Laghach,
'S tu mo Mhairi bhinn;
Mhairi bhoidheach, lùrach,
Rugadh anns na glinn.

Nuair a thig a' Bhealltainn,
 Bithidh ' choill fo bhla,
 'S eoin bheaga 'seinn duinn—
 A dh'oidhech a's a la;
 Gobhair agus caoirich,
 A's crodh-laoigh le'n al,
 'S Mairi bhan gan saodach,
 Mach ri aodainn charn.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Nuair a thig an Samhradh,
 B'nnsa bhi 's na glinn,
 Ged robh an t-aran gann oirn,
 Bi'dh 'n t-amblan trì fill'
 Gheibh sinn gruth a's uachdar,
 Buannachd a' chruidh laogh,
 As lohaid a' chinn chuachaich,
 Chuir mu'n cuairt a' mhing,
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

"A Pheigl," arsa Seonaid,
 " 'S neonach leam do chail,—
 Nach larradh tu 'sheimar,
 Ach Gleann-sneoil gu brath."—
 "Bi'dh mis' dol do'n' bhuaile,
 A's m' thalt mi m' ehnas a 'fas,
 'S bi'dh na fir a' faighneachd,
 Maighdean a' chuil bhain.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

'M fear a thig an rathad,
 'S math leis thu bhi ann,
 Do ghruaidh mar na caorann,
 Bhios ri taobh nan alit:
 Tha thu banail beusach—
 Cha leir dhonn do mheang;
 B' annsa bli ga d'phogadh,
 Na poit fion na Fraing.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Na'm biodh Seonaid laidir,
 Chuir a lamh 's an im,
 Peigl ris an al,
 A's Mairi mu 'n chrodh-laoigh,—
 Bhithinnse gu statoil,
 Dol gu airdh leibh,
 'S cha bhithinnaid fo phracas,
 Te nach tumbadh linn.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Nuair shuidheas daoine' uaisle,
 Mu'n cuairt air a bhord,
 'G eilteachadh ri cheile,
 'S deigh ac' air bhi ceol,
 Cha'n fhaic mis an eis iad,
 Air son seis da'm beoil,
 Luinneag Mairi chuachach,
 Tha shuas an Gleann-sneoil.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Note.—The author of the foregoing popular song was Murdoch McKenzie, a Loch-broom Drover, known better in his native country, by the cognomen of "*Marchadh Ruadh nam Bo*," or red-haired Murdoch of the droves. Mr. McKenzie composed many excellent songs, and had them taken down in manuscript, preparatory to publication; but at the importunity of his brother-in-law, the Rev. Lachlan McKenzie, of Lochcarron, he consigned them to the flames. His own daughter, *Mairi Laghach*, was the subject of the above pastoral. Mr. McKenzie's maid servant, it appears, had absconded from his service at a time when her labours were most required in the shelling or mountain milk-house, and the parent naturally appreciates the services of his own daughter, who at a very early age showed great expertness in that department. The air is original, and so truly beautiful that the song has attained a degree of popularity, which its poetry would never have entitled it to, if composed to an old, or inferior air. Mr. McKenzie died in 1831.

MAIRI LAGHACH.

(SECOND SET.)

LUNNEAG.

*Ho, mo Mhairi laghach,
'S tu mo Mhairi bhinn,
Ho, mo Mhairi laghach,
'S tu mo Mhorighrinn :
Ho, mo Mhairi laghach,
'S tu mo Mhairi bhinn
Mhairi bhoidheach lurach,
Rugadh anna na glinn.*

B'og bha mis' a's Mairi
'M fàsichean Ghlinn-Smeoil,
'Nuair chuir macan-Buenais,
Sàighead gheur 'n am fheoil;
Tharruinn sinn ri cheile,
Ann an eud cho beo,
'S nach robh air an t-saoghal;
A thug gaol cho mor.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

'S tric bha mis' a's Mairi,
Falbh nam fàsach fial,
Gu'n smaointean air fàl-bheairt,
Gu'n chail gu droch ghnìomh;
Cupid ga n-ar taladh,
Ann an cairdeas dian;
S barr nan craobh mar sgail dhuinn,
'Nuair a b' aird' a ghrian,
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Ged bu leamsa Alba'
A h-àirgead a's a maoin,
Cia mar bhithinn sona
Gu'n do chomunn gaoil?
B' annsa bhi ga d' phogadh,
Le deagh choir dhomh fhein,
Na ged fhaighinn stòras,
Na Roinn-Eorp' gu leir.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Tha do bhroilleach soluis
Lan de shonas graidh;
Uchd a's gile sheallas,
Na 'n eal' air an t-samh:
Tha do mhin-shlios, fallain,
Mar chanach a chair;
Muineal mar an fhaoilinn
Fè 'n aodainn a's nill'.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Tha t-fhalt bachlach, dualach,
Ma do chluais a' fàs,
Thug nadur gach buaidh dha,
Thar gach gruaig a bha:
Cha 'n 'eil dragh, no tuairgne,
'Na chuir suas gach la;
Chas gach ciabh mun-uairt dheth,
'S e 'na dhuail gu bharr.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Tha do chailc-dheud shnaighte
Mar shneachda nan ard;
T-anail mar an cainéal;
Beul bho'm banail faillt:
Gruaidh air dhreach an t-siris;
Min raig chinnealt, thè;
Mala chaol gu'n ghruaimenn,
Gnuis gheal 's cuach-fhalt ban.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Thug ar n-uabhar barr
Air ailleas rìghrean mor;
B' iad ar leabaidh stata
Duilleach 's barr an fheoir:
Fluraichean an fhasaich
'Toir dhuinn eal a's treoir,
A's sruthain ghlan nan ard
A chuireadh slaint 's gach por.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Cha robh inneal ciuil,
A thuradh riamh fo 'n ghreinn,
A dh'-aithrisceadh air choir,
Gach ceol bhiòth againn fhein:
Uiseag air gach lonan;
Smeorath air gach geig,
Cuthag 's gug-gug aic',
'Madainn churaidh Cheit'.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Note.—The second set of "*Mairi Laghach*," is the composition of Mr. John McDonald, tacksman, of Seorraig, Lochbroom, a gentleman of great poetical talents. It is infinitely superior to the original set; and, while Mr. McKenzie has the merit of having composed the air, Mr. McDonald is entitled to the praise of having sung that most beautiful of airs, in language, which, for purity, mellowness, and poetry, was never surpassed. Mr. McDonald now lives in the island of Lewis, where he is much respected; he is the author of many excellent poems and songs, and in him yet the Highland muse finds a votary of ardent devotedness,—of nerve, tact, talent, intelligence, and wit. We subjoin a beautiful translation of five stanzas of this popular song by another gifted Highlander, Mr. D. McPherson, bookseller, London.

CHORUS.

*Sweet the rising mountains, red with heather bells,
Sweet the bubbling fountains and the daisy dells;
Sweet the snowy blossoms of the thorny tree!
Sweeter is young Mary of Glensmole to me.*

Sweet, O sweet! with Mary o'er the wilds to stray,
When Glensmole is dress'd in all the pride of May—
And, when weary roving through the greenwood glade
Softly to recline beneath the birken shade.
Sweet the rising mountains, &c.

There to fix my gaze in raptures of delight,
On her eyes of truth, of love, of life, of light—
On her bosom purer than the silver tide,
Fairer than the canvas on the mountain side.
Sweet the rising mountains, &c.

What were all the sounds contriv'd by tuneful man,
To the warbling wild notes of the sylvan glen?
Here the merry lark ascends on dewy wing,
There the mellow mavis and the blackbird sing.
Sweet the rising mountains, &c.

What were all the splendour of the proud and great,
To the simple pleasures of our green retreat?
From the crystal spring fresh vigour we inhale;
Rosy health does court us on the mountain gale.
Sweet the rising mountains, &c.

Were I offered all the wealth that Albion yields,
All her lofty mountains and her fruitful fields,
With the countless riches of her subject seas,
I would scorn the change for billocks such as these!
Sure! the rising mountains, &c.

CUIR A CHINN DILEIS.

(ORIGINAL SET.)

LUINNEAO.

*Cuir a chinn dileis,
Dileis, dileis,
Cuir a chinn dileis,
Tharum do lamh,
Do ghorm-shuil thairis,
A mhealladh na miltean,
'S duine gun chli,
Nach tugadh dhut gradh.*

CHA thinneas na feachda,
'S a mhadainn so bhual mi:
Ach acaid ro buan
Nach leigheis gu brach.
Le sealladh air faiche.
De shlaht on taigh uasail,
Moch-thra di-luain,
'S mi 'g amhare an la.

Rinn deiseid a pearsa,
Nach facas a thuarma;
'G imeachd fo'n chuach-chul,
Chamagach, thla.
Rinn dealaradh a mais,
Agus lasadh a gruaidhean,
Mis' a ghrad bhualadh,
Tharais gu lar.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Ach dh' eirich mi rithist,
Le eridhe lan uabhair;
A's dh' imich mi ruathar,
Ruighinn na dail.
G'a h-iathadh na m' ghlaicibh,
Ach smachdaich i bhuan sin
Ochan! is truagh!
A mheath i mo chail.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Do dhearc-shuillean glana,
Fo mhallas gun ghruidhean;
'S daigheann a bhual iad,
Mise le d' ghradh.
Do ros bhilean tana,
Seamh, farasda, suairce,
Cladhaichear m' uaigh
Mar glac thu mo lamh.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Tar fuasgail air m' anam
On cheanghal is cruaidhe;
Cuimhnich air t-uaisle,
'S cobhair mo chas.

Na biodham-s' am thraill dut
Gu' brach, on aon uair-s';
Ach tiomaich e chruas,
Do chridhe gu tlas.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Cha'n fhaodar leam cadal,
Air leabaith an uaigneas:
'S m' aigne ga bhuaire',
Dh' oidheche 's a la,
Ach ainneir is binne,
'S a's grinne, 's a's suairce;
Gabh-sa dhìom truas,
'S bithidh mi slan!
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

CUIR A CHINN DILEIS.

(MODERN SET.)

'S MI 'm shuidh' air an uilinn
A tuireadh sa caoine;
Bhuail saighhead a ghaoil mi,
Direach gu'm shail.
Dh' fhas mi cho lag,
'S nach b' urra' mi direadh;
Le goirteas mo chinn,
'S cha d' shin i dhomh lamh.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

'S mi 'm shuidh' air an tulaich,
An iomail na cuirte;
A' g amhare mo ruin,
'S i 'n ionad ro ard.
Thug i le fionnaireachd,
Sealladh de suil domh,
'S thiunndaidh i cul-thaobh,
Seachad air barr.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Sheall mi am dheighidh,
Gu fradharc dh'i fhaotainn;
'S chuna' mi h-aodann,
Farasda, tla.
Chuna' mi sealladh,
A mhealladh na miltean,
'S amaideach mi,
'S nach faigh mi na pait.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Tha mais' ann ad bhilean
Cha 'n aithris luchd-ciuil e,
Togaidh tu sunnt,
An tallachan ard.
Leagair leat seachad,
Sar ghaigich na duthch';
Le sealladh do shul,
'S le giulan do ghnais.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Do bhraghad ni 's gile,
Na canach na dige;
Chite dol sìos,
'M fionn bhaine blath.
'S ioma rud eile—
Cha 'n 'eil i ri faotainn,
Idir san t-saoghal,
Aogais mo ghraidh,
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Do chul mar an canach,
T-rhailt clannach 's cuirn air,
A chumas an drineidh,
Gu dlu air a bharr.
Na chuilean air easadh,
Na chleachdan air lùbaidh,
'S do-cheannaicht' an crùn,
Tha giulan a bhlath,
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Do ghruaigh mar an coreur,
Beul socair o'm binn sgeul:
Deud mar na disne,
'S fìnealt a dh' fhas.
Do shlios mar an eala,
'S do mheall-shuilean miogach,
Thaladh thu m' inntinn,
'S cha pill i gu brach.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Note—The above two beautiful songs are of great antiquity, and their authorship is not known. There is a translation of one of them, by a lady, in Johnson's "Scottish Musical Museum," Vol. 11. The English version, however, although very literal and not destitute of merit, conveys no idea of the spirit, felicity and poetical grandeur of the original.

AN NOCHD GUR FAOIN.

MO CHADAL DOMH.

An nochd gur faoin mo chadal dhomh,
Sior acain na'm beil bh'uam,
Do chomunn le deagh chaoimhnealachd,
Dh'fhag mi bho 'n raoir fo ghruain.
Gur tric mi ann an aising leat,
Gach uair da 'n dean mi suain;
'Trom-osnaich 'nuair a dhuisgeas mi,
Air bhi dha t-iundrann bh'uam.

Air bhi dhomh 'g-iundrann suaireis bh'uam,
'S tu leagh mo shnuadh 's mo bhla;
O rinn do ghaol-sa' fuarachadh,
Cha dualach dhomh bhi slan.
'S ann riut a leiginn m' uir-casbhuidh,
Air ghleus nach cluinneadh each,
Dh'fhag t-aogag mi cho muldach,
'S gur cunnart dhomh am bas.

Is mor a ta do ghibhtean ort,
A ta gun fhios do chach

Corp seang gun fheall gun fhaibhidh ann,
Gur eas thu mhealladh ghaidh.
'S a liughadh oigear furanach,
A thuilleadh orms' an sas,
D' an tugadh taodann faothachadh,
'S an t-aog gu 'n cur gu bas.

Cha chuireadh gaol gu geille mi,
Na 'm freagradh tu mo ghloir,
Gur h-e do chomradh maighdeannail,
Mo raghainn dheth gach eol.
'S gur h-iomadh oidheh' no-aoibhneach,
Chum do chaoimhneas mi fo leon;
Is b' dli mi nochd a' m' nonaran,
A snaoiteach bean do neoil.

Tha bean do neoil am brathreachas,
'S Ri eala bhan nan speur:
Gur binne leam bhi maran leat.
Na clarsaichean nan teud.
Is tha do thlachd a's t-aillidheachd,
Ag cur do ghraidh an eoil;
Gur cosmhail thu ri ailleagan,
Da'n umhlach each gu leir.

Is beairt a chlaoidh mo shochair thu,
'S a shoeraich ort mo ghaol:
'S gur e mhendaich tursa dhomh,
Gu'n tha bhi dhomh mar shaoil.
Sgeul fìor a dh' fheadar aireamh leam;
Gur leir a bhla 's a chaoin;
Gu'n d' fhag gach speis a th' agam dhut,
An nochd mo chadal faoin.

Gu 'n d' rinn mi Alb' a chuatachadh,
O Chluaidh gu misge Spe;
Is bean do neoil cha chualas,
Bu neo-luainiche na beus.
Is corrach, gorin, do shuilean;
Gur geal, s gur dlu, do dheud,
Falt buidhe 's e na chuachan ort,
'S a shnuagh air dhreach nan teud.

Thug mise gaol da riridh dhut,
'Nuair bha thu d' nionaig oig;
Is air mo laimh nach dibriinn e,
Air mhile pund de 'n or:
Ge d' fhaighinn fhin na chruintean e,
Ga chumntadh dhomh air bord;
Cha treiginn gaol na ribhinne,
A tha 'n Ìle ghlas an fheoir.

ORAN AILEIN.

LUINNEAG.

*Hug o ho-ri ho hoireannan,
Hug o ho-ri 's na hi ri hu o,
Hithill u hog oireannan,
Hu o ho ri hog oireannan!*

Ailein. Ailein, is fad an cadal,
Tha'n nì-eag a' gairn 's an la glasadh,
Grian a'g eiridh air an leachdainn,
S fada bhuam fhin fhadh nam breacan.
Hug o ho-ri, &c.

Ailein duinn gabh sgeinn 's b'g' eiridh,
Tionail do chloinn, cuimhniche t-fheum orr.
B'fha Alba mhor fo bheinn Bhelsdean,
Mar a dhion a ruinntir feip 't.
Hug o ho-ri, &c.

Bheir iad Morag* oibh air elgin,
'S eagal leam gu'n dian, i geileadh,
S gu'm bi sliochd gun an coir fein ae.
De Bhreatainn mhor no de dh-Eirinn.
Hug o ho-ri, &c.

'Mhorag na'm faicinn t-fhear-cousaidh,†
Ge b' ann air eubhsair Dhun-Eideann,
Thairginn na lainn chaola, gheura,
S dh-fhaginn fhin e marbh gun eiridh.
Hug o ho-ri, &c.

* Prince Charles. † The Duke of Cumberland.

ORAN

DO PHRIUNNSA TEARLACH.

Finn ud tha thail ma airidh nan Comh-
aichean, [leat.
B'fhearr leam fhin gu'n cinneadh gnothach
Shiubhlainn Gleann-laoideh a's Gleann'-com-
han leat,

Da thaobh Loch-Iall a's Gleann'-tadha leat,

*Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho,
'S na hillirin ho-ro ho bha ht,
Na hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho,
Mo leann-dubh mor on chaidh tu dhìom.*

Shu bhlainn moch leat, shiubhlainn ana-
loch, [lach,
Air feadh choilltean, chreagan, a's gharbh-
O! gur h-e mo ruin an sealgair,
'S tu mo raghainn do shluagh Alba.
Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c.

A Thearlaich oig a chuilein chiataich,
Thug mi gaol dut 's cha ghaol bliadhna,
Gaol nach tugainn do dhiuc na dh'iarla,
B' fhearr leam fhin nach faca mi riamh thu.
Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c.

Fhleasgaich ud am beul a Ghlinne,
Le t-fhalt dualach sìos ma d' shlinnean,
B' annsa leam na chuach bu bhinne,
'Nuair dheanadh tu rium do chomhradh
mills.
Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c.

Bha do phog mar fhion na frainge,
Bha do ghruaigh mar bhrailleig Shamhraidh,
Suil chorrach ghorm fo'd mhala gheannar,
Do chul dualach, ruadh, a mheall mi.
Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c.

A Thearlaich oig a mhie Rìgh Seumas,
Channa mi toir mhor an deigh ort,
Iadsan gu subhach a's mise gu deirach,
Uisge mo chinn tigh'n' tinn o'm leirsinn.
Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c.

Mharbh iad m'athair a's mo dha bhrathair,
Mhill iad mo chinnceadh a's chreach iad mo
chairdean,
Sgrios iad mo dhuthaich ruig iad mo mha-
thair,

'S bu laoghaid mo mhulad nan cinneadh le
Tearlach.

Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c.

Note.—The real author of this favourite ditty
is not known, and though published on the "lips
of thousand fair maidens and fond admirers,"
this is the first time it has been committed to
press. Various MS. copies of it are in our pos-
session, the oldest of which is by a Lady and
bears the following title: "Miss Flora Mac-
donald's Lament for Prince Charles."

CUMHA DO DH' UILLEAM SISEAL.

FEAR INNS'-NAN-CEANN AN SRATH-GHILAS
A THUIT LATHA CHUILODAIR
LE MUNAOI FEIN.

Och! a Thearlaich oig Stiubhairt,
'S e do chuis rinn mo leireadh,
Thug thu bhuam gach nì bh'agam,
Ann an cogadh na t-aobhar:
Cha chrodd, a's cha chaoirich,
Tha mi caoidh ach mo cheile,
Ge do dh'fhagte mi m'aonar,
Gun sian 's an t-saoghal ach leine.
Mo run geal og.

Co nis 'thogas an claidheamh,
No nì chathair a lionadh?
'S gann gur h-e tha air m' aire,
O nach maireann mo chiad ghradh;
Ach cia mar gheibhinn o m' nadur,
A bhi 'g aicheadh na 's miann leam,
A's mo thogradh cho laidir,
Thoir gu aite mo righ math?
Mo run geal og.

Bu tu'm fear mor bu mhath cumadh,
O d' mhuilach gu d' bhrogan.
Bha do shlios mar an cala,
'S blas na meal' air do phogair;
T-fhalt dualach, donn, lurach,
Mu do mhuineal an ordugh,

'S e gu cam-lubach, cuimeir,
'S gach non toirt urram d'a bhoichead.
Mo run geal og.

Bu tu 'm fear slinneanach leathunn,
Bu chaoile meadhon 's bu dealbhaich;
Cha bu tailear gun eolas,
'Dheanadh cota math gearra dhut;
Na dheanadh dhut triubhais
Gun bhi cumhann, no gann dut;
Mar gheala-bhradan do chasan.
Le d' ghearr osan mu d' chapa.
Mo run geal og.

Bu tu iasgair na h-amhunn—
'S tric a thaghaich thu fein i;
Agus sealgair a mhunaidh—
Bhiodh do ghunn' air dheagh ghleusadh;
Bu bhinn leam tabhunn do chaillein,
Bheireadh fuil air mac eilde;
As do laimh bu mhor m' carbsa—
'S tric a mharbh thu le cheil iad.
Mo run geal og.

Bu tu poitear na dibhe—
'N am suidhe 's taigh osda,
Ge be dh'oladh 's tu pheadheadh;
Ged' thuiteadh each mu na bordaibh,
Bhi air mhig cha 'n e b' fhuil leat,
Cha do dh' ionnsaich thu og e,
'S cha d' iarr thu riamh cuis,
Air te air chul do mhna posda.
Mo run geal og.

Gur mis th'air mo sgaradh,
'S ge do chanam, cha bhreug e—
Chaidh mo shugradh gu sìleadh,
O'n nach pillear bho'n eug thu,
Fear do cheile a's do thuisge,
Cha robh furast ri fheutainn,
'S cha do sheas an Cuilodair,
Fear do choltais bu treine.
Mo run geal og.

'S ioma baintighearna phriscil,
Le'n sìoda 's le'n srolabh,
Dan robh mis' am chuis-fharmaid,
Chionn gu'n tairgeadh tu pog dhomh;
Ge do bhithinn cho sealbhach,
'S gu'm bu leam airgead Hanobhar,
Bheirinn cnac anns na h-aitean,
Na'n cumadh each sinn bho phosadh!
Mo run geal og.

Och! nan och! gur mi bochdag,
'S mi lan osnaich an comhnuidh;
Chail mi duil ri thu thighinn—
Thuit mo chridhe gu doirteadh;
Cha tog fiodhail, no clarsach,
Piob, no tailleag, no ceol e;
Nis o chuir iad thu'n tasgaidh,
Cha duisg caldrich duin' oig mi.
Mo run geal og.

Bha mi grei s ann am barnail,
Gu'm bu mhaireann mo cheile,
S gu'n tigeadh tu dhathaigh,
Le aighear 's le h-cibhneas,
Ach tha 'n t-am air dol tharais,
'S cha 'n fhaic mi fear t-eugais,
Gus an teid mi fo'n talamh,
Cha dealaich do speis rium.
Mo run geal og.

'S iomadh bean a tha bronach,
Eadar Troiteirnis 's Sleibhte,
Agus te tha na bantraich,
Nach d'fhuair samhla da'm cheile;
Bha mise lan solais,
Fhad 's bu bheo sinn le-cheile,
Ach a nis bho na dh'fhalbh thu,
Cha chuis fharmaid mi fein daibh!
Mo run geal og.

Note.—Christiana Fergusson, the authoress of the above elegiac production was a native of the Parish of Contin, Ross-shire, where her father was a blacksmith—chiefly employed in making dirks and other implements of war. She was married to a brave man of the name of William Chisholm, a native of Strathglas, and a near kinsman of the Chief of that name. On the memorable day of Culloden, William was flag-bearer or banner-man of the clan; and most assuredly the task of preserving the "*Bratach Chìobhach*" from the disgrace of being struck down, could not have fallen into better hands. He fought long, and manfully; and even after the retreat became general, he rallied and led his clansmen again and again to the charge, but in vain. A body of the Chisholms ultimately sought shelter in a barn, which was soon surrounded by hundreds of the red-coats who panted for blood. At this awful conjuncture William literally cut his way through the government forces. He then stood in the barn door, and with his trusty blade, high raised, and in proud defiance guarded the place. In vain did their spears and bayonets aim their thrusts at his fearless breast, he hewed down all who came within reach of his sword, and kept a semicircle of eight feet clear for himself in the teeth of his desperate enemies. At length he was shot by some Englishmen, who climbed up to the top of the barn from behind, where he fell as a hero would wish to fall, with seven bullets lodged in his body.

His wife forthwith composed the foregoing beautiful and heart-touching lament, which is altogether worthy of an affectionate woman. She is so full of the idea of her noble-souled husband, that her own personal hardships and privations find no place in the catalogue of her miseries—they have but one great radical source, the death of her beloved. Neither does she pour invective on the depopulators of her country—no! these were too insignificant to draw her mind for a moment from her peerless William Chisholm. With great good taste too, she devotes to the Prince one solitary expression of sympathetic condolence:—

Who now shall wield the burnish'd steel,
Or fill the throne he ought to fill!

and then, with the wings and wall of a matchless dove, flutters over the mangled carcass of her husband, and depicts his matchless person and soul in language that would melt the sternest heart to sympathy. There are several passages of great beauty, pathos and sublimity in this song; and, apart from the interesting circumstance that called it forth, it possesses all the essential properties or attributes of a first rate production. The air is original.

MARBHRANN DO LEANAHM GILLE
A BHA RO-THAITHNEACH LE
ATHAIR.

AIR FÖNN—*Thug mi gaol, thug mi gaol,
Thug mi gaol don fheir bhun,
Thug mi gaol dhut a ghaol,
'S d' thu nam sma-intein a gh-aath.*

Fhìr a dh'fhalbh 'uam dirdaoine
Bu ghlan aogag na each,
Bha do ghruaidh air dhreach nan caor,
Bhios air taobh nam beann ard.
Thug mi gaol, &c.

T-aghaidh aluinn mar ghrian,
Suil ghorm liontach 'si tla,
Beul dearg maoth 's mala chaol,
Slios mar fhaoil an t-snaimh.
Thug mi gaol, &c.

'S beag a shaoil mi 'n am gluasad,
A luaidh leat th'ar saile,
Gur ann an uir Chill-mhuir
Bheirinn thu ruin gu bhi cnamh.
Thug mi gaol, &c.

Ach Dia gar toileachadh le ordan
S gach seol anns an aill:
An tigh a bhroin 'sann a dhorduich
E'n conuidd dhuinn tamh.
Thug mi gaol, &c.

'S ni gur leir dhuinn mar cheusadh
A Mhac fhein tha gu h-ard,
A thug e thairis le thoil fhein,
Ann an eiric ur slainte.
Thug mi gaol, &c.

A ni dh'orduich Rìgh nan dul
Ann an cumhnant nan gras,
Gleann na h-ioraslachd thoirt duinn
Ro ghlean dudlaidh a bhais, &c.
Thug mi gaol, &c.

'Nuair a ruigeas sinn fa-dheoidh,
Abhuinn Jordan a bhais,
Mur bi 'n t-urra aig a bruaich
Theid don chuan dhubb nach traighe.
Thug me gaol, &c.

'Cha d'rugadh a h-aon anns-an fheoil
A chuaidh gu gloir gun a snamh,
A mach bho Enos a's Elias,
Mar tha 'n fhirinn ag ra.
Thug mi gaol, &c.

MARBHRANN DO BHEAN OG CHLIU-
ITEACH A BHA POSDA AIG ALAS-
DAIR CAIMBEUL, SA CHAOCHAIL
SA BLIADHNA 1859.

AIR FÖNN.—*"Ioram na truaighe."*

'S gur e mise tha fo cislein
Bho chuala mi sgeula do bhais!
A bhean shubhailceach bheusach
Dha robh tuigse agus ceutamh a's gradh;
'S beag an t-ioghnadh do cheile
Bhi gu tursach trom dearach mar tha,
Cha n' fhaic e coimeas a cheud ghraidh
A measg mhiltean air cheutachd an gnathis.

Bha thu furanach flaluidh,
Lan tuigse agus riaghailt a's cliu;
Cha robh lochd unnad ri iarraidh;
Bha maise na diadhachd ad ghnais.
Leis an tlachd a bh'aig Dia dhut,
Thug e leis thu gu sìorruidh dha chuir:
Do chomunn nan ainglean,
Gu bhi tuilleadh a seinn air a chliu.

'S mor an comharra' grais ort,
Bha thu iochdar a's baigheil ri bochd;
'Nuair a thig iad dha 'n aite
'San robh thu ri tamh ni iad osn!
Cha n' fhaic iad ann Mari
Bidh a chuideachd a dh'fhag thu fosprochd;
Neul fuar air an ardaich
An robh mire a's manran a's tlachd.

'S beag an t-ioghnach do mhathair,
Bhi gun aighear no slainte gu feum;
Cha d'fhig i mar b'abhuist
A chuir furan a graidh dhut an geill;
I ri faicinn an aite
Anns a bheil thu an caradh leat fhein;
Bidh an oridhe ga chradh aic'
'Sa suilean ri fasgadh nan deur.

Ged bhiodh agamsa a dh'aireamh
Na bha aig Rìgh Daibhidh do mhic,
Agus bean aig gach aon diu,
Bheirinn Mari ri 'm thaobh as a measg;
Cha 'n eol dhomh 'coimeas a ghraidh sin
Thug i chairdean a's luchd eolais a fir,
Ach Rut a phos Boas
Sa lean ri Naomi gu glie.

Ach 's gearr an uine gus a fag sinn,
An saoghal 'sna cairdean gu leir;
Cha n' eil aon do shliochd Adhahh
Nach dealaich am bas iad o cheil:
A chuid a gheibh creideamh tearnuidh
Theid iad dhachaidh gu Pharas Mhic De,
'Sa cha bhi tuillidh ceann-fath dhaibh
A bhi 'g ionndrainn na dh'fhag iad nan
deigh.

Note.—Archibald Campbell, the author of the
two foregoing elegies, was born in the Isle of
Skye, Scotland, in the year 1786, of highly res-

pectable parents, whose descendants in their native country, even to this day, are among the wealthiest, the most enterprising and intelligent portion of the inhabitants of that Isle.

Our author in his younger days, was like the most of those who woo the poetic muse, wild and romantic; consequently he did not succeed well in life in his native country, and in the year 1830 emigrated to Nova Scotia. Soon after his arrival on the shores of his adopted country, he took up lands on the beautiful banks of Lake Ainslie, C. B. where he taught school with much success for a number of years, and now (in 1863) lives respected an independent farmer.

The first of his poetic efforts here inserted, was composed on the death of a beautiful child, who died when 4 years of age. The last was composed in 1860, when our author was 74 years of age, and was occasioned by the death of Mrs. Alexander Campbell of Broad Cove, his daughter-in-law, a woman of great personal worth. He has composed many songs of much merit, which in all probability, will be published after his death.

ORAN GAOIL LE DUINE UASAL ARAIID.

LUINNEAG.

*A Mhari boidheach 'sa Mhari ghaolach,
A Mhari bhoidheach gur mor mo ghaol ort,
A Mhari bhoidheach gur tu a chlaoidh mi,
'Sa dh'fhag mi bronach gun doigh air t' fhaotinn.*

Mhari bhoidheach gur mor mo ghaol ort,
Gur tric mi cuimhneach ort 's mi m' aonar,
Ged a shiubhlainn gach ceum do 'n t-saoghal,
Bidh t-iomhaigh bhoidheach tinn beo gach taobh dhiom.

A Mhari bhoidheach, &c.

'S truagh nach robh mi 's mo Mhari bhoidheach,

Ann an gleannan faoin a's ceo air,
'S ged bu Rìgh mi 'san Roinn-Eorpa,
Cha 'n iaruiinn pog ach o mhari bhoidheach.
A Mhari bhoidheach, &c.

Ach chitear Feidh air sgeith 'sna speuran,
Chitear Iasg air ard na f' sleibhtein,
Chitear sneachda dubh air gheugan,
Mu'm faicear caochladh air mo ghaol dut.
A Mhari bhoidheach, &c.

O Mhari lughdaich thu mo chiall domh,
Tha mo ghri' le do ghaol air lionadh;

Tha gach la ann am fad mar bliadhna,
Mur faic mi t-aodan a tha marghrian domh.
A Mhari bhoidheach, &c.

Co chi mo Mhari 's' as urrainn aichea',
Gu bheil a chridhe laist le gradh dhi,
Thug i barrachd ann an ailleachd,
Thar gach maise tha fas 'san al so.
A Mhari bhoidheach, &c.

Do shuilean meallach fod' mhalas bhoidhich,
Do bheulan tana air dhath nan rosan,
Do shlios mar chanach an gleannan moin-
tich,
'S do ghruaidh mar chaoran fo sgeith nam
mor-bheann.

A Mhari bhoidheach, &c.

Caite am faicear 'san t-saoghal bean t-aonais,
Cha n' 'eil i fdir ann ri fhaotinn,
Am maise, an tuisge 'san dea' bheusan,
Tha thu ro ard oscionn gach aon diu.
A Mhari bhoidheach, &c.

Fhir a shiubhlas thar thonnaibh uai 'reach,
Dh' ionnsuidh Innsean cian nan cuaintean,
Thoir gach sìod, agus nì tha luach' ar,
Dh' ionnsuidh Mari a rinn mo bhuaireadh.
A Mhari bhoidheach, &c.

Eoin as moiche a theid air sgiathan,
'Sa theid ard anns an iarmailt,
Na biodh la anns a bhliadhna,
Nach seinn sibh ceol dha mo Mhari chiataich.
A Mhari bhoidheach, &c.

Ach cha dian Eala air slios nam mor-thonn.
Cha dian Smeorach nam badan boidheach,
Cha dian gach inneal-ciuil ach cronan,
'Nuair a sheinneas mo Mhari bhoidheach.
A Mhari bhoidheach, &c.

Ge do bhithinn tursach cianail,
'S mi le curam air mo lionadh,
Nì do 'hnuis-sa a tha mar ghrian domh,
Mo chridhe sunntach 'nuair thig thu m' fhi-
anuis.

A Mhari bhoidheach.

Gu mo slan dha mo Mhari bhoidheach,
Ge be aite 's am bi a conuidh,
Se mo ghuidh-sa am fad 'sas beo mi
Gu'm bi gach solas aig Mari bhoidheach.
A Mhari bhoidheach.

GLOSSARY.

A

Ahhachd, a harmless gibing or joking
Abran, clampa, an oat guard, &c.
Achdaidh, certain, self-satisfied
Aibheis, the sea, ocean, the horizon
Aibheisreach, immense, ethereal, &c.
Aimhealach, vexing, uneasy, galling
Aimhidh, sour, sulky, sullen, surly
Aisling-chonnait, a libidinous dream
Anagladh, *teanadh*, protection
Aod-taigh, unversity, college
Arsaidh, ancient, old, over-aged
Ausadh or ahkadh, a jerk, a sea phrase, also the whole canvass of a boat or ship

B

Baile-na-buirthe, Bergen, the former capital of Norway
Balling, a spruce neat little woman
Baganra, no bogata, tight, compact
Bauncho, the progenitor of the Stuarts
Baunseach, a foolish woman, idiotic
Bastalach, catching at morsels, greedy
Bettir, neat, clean, tidy, compact
Biadh-lanain, wood-sorrel
Biogach, small, diminutive, dwarfish
Bioganta, lively, smart, apt to start
Biogach, catching at morsels, greedy
Blatium, gibberish, jargon, senseless talk
Borrachan, the banks of a burn or river
Brath, air bhrath, to be found, to the fore, extant
Breideach, a woman wearing the badge of marriage
Briomnach, flattering, coaxing, &c.
Briot, chit-chat, tattle, small talk
Brostium, excitement, vigour
Brabach, a hairy rough man, a pimpled fellow
Brollach, unintelligible disjointed talk, unpleasant sounds, jargon
Brusagach, a teasing in tatters, or breaking asunder, confusion
Buathanta, foolish, awkward, clumsy in conversation or action
Buidh, a hero, a champion, an enemy
Buindais, fee, wage, bounty
Burarus, warbling or purling noise

C

Cairhin, gunna-plaie, a carbine
Cairriche, a wrestler, a tumbler
Caisreagach, wrinkled or creased
Calhar, ionach, greedy, voracious, gluttonous
Calman-codhail, a God-send, a propitious omen
Caoidhearan, lamentation
Capull-codde, a capercaille or mountain cock; this species of fowls is now nearly extinct in the Highlands of Scotland
Cearslach, abounding in ringlets, round, globular, circular
Cidheach, ceathach, mist, fog, vapour
Clagh, surge, a burying-place, &c.
Clamhuin, cliefie, glach, sleet
Clann-fhall, luxuriant waving hair
Claisach, a kind of sword, also a rifle gun
Clharanach, a wandering bard or minstrel, a swordman, a wrestler
Cluain, attention, retirement, peace, slumber
Cnaideil, scoffing, jeering, derision
Cobhrachean, coffers, money-drawers
Colaid, a contest, a scold, a struggle
Comaracha, direction or tendency forward
Comarich, petition, request, demand
Conrach, saibhir, rich, riches
Congarach, conquerors, victors
Cota-ban, fourpence (Western Isles id.)

Crokhaidh, hard, well tempered
Cranagphail, implements, apparatus
Crokhaidh, niggardly, mean
Crap-in, a musical phrase among pipers
Creadhneach, craiteach, hurtful, painful, excruciating
Crios-co-chulainn, no bus-co-chulainn, an herb called "my lady's belt"
Craiteag, slochd-chariach, a kind of mortar, a circular stone hollowed for preparing pot barley or pounding bark
Craicinn clann, a circle of children, &c.
Cram-an-donais, blood and wounds! egad! wounds!
Cuannal, cuantail, a company of songsters, a band of musicians
Cuan-ighh, the sea between the Isle of Skye and Lewis
Cuide-chinnil, a musical vein
Cuide-shinnionhain, the winding veins of trees
Curaidhe or cur-aidhe, a quagmire

D

Daimkeach, a friend, companion, a stranger
Daisachan, low witted insipid poets
Daobhail, grainell, disgusting, unpleasant, loathsome
Deal, zealous, keen, earnest
Dealachan, zeal, great glee, hilarity, earnestness
Destam, anxiety, eagerness, solicitude
Deidery, rib-grass, a little fair one, a darling, a conceit
Deilteanachd, the humming of bees, the barking of dogs
Deoch-thunta, decanted drink
Dileant, everlasting, profound, inundating, rainy
Dilinn, endless, never, also an inundation or deluge
Dios, dithis, plural of one; two
Dikeadh, cramming, filling by force
Disched, come to me, approach me; *sine*, away! begone! disperse
Doind, extreme cold, hoar frost
Doinemey
Doindidh, loathsome, hateful, contemptible
Draige, Gen. of dring, an iguila fatuus, an atmospheric phenomenon
Duibneil, ridiculous, ludicrous, laughable
Du-chlach, a flint, also a cabalistic stone
Dudaidh, resembling in sound that of a horn, deep intonation
Duideachd, affliction, sorrow
Duinneach, the primitive surname of Campbell, *the Dhiarmad O'Duine*
Duirceall, a half-worn dirk or knife
Dustuing, dustuinn, dust, earth, soil

E

Ealabhuidhe, ealabhi, St. John's wort
Eararadh, uraradh, parching corn in a pot preparatory to grinding
Eleradach, traigh, a rough stony ebb, a sea beach

F

Fachach, a little insignificant man, a puffin
Faibhe, the aerial expanse, a ring
Faileat, a hearty cheerful salute, friendly talk, &c., &c.
Faobhachadh, act of despoiling, plundering
Farragradh, provocation, enmity; report, surmise
Farpais, emulation, strife, rivalry
Fenda-collie, the flowers of wood-sorrel

Feara-ghris, hawthorn or briar
Fearagan, vespers, evening devotions
Fidag, a stalk of corn, a rogl
Fiadhair, uncultivated ground, a ley land
Fionna, man (now obsolete), male, masculine
Fiondhidh, fubhaidh, a prince, a valiant chief, an arrow, a company
Foghtuin, an apprentice, a pupil
Foirne, a set of rowers, a crew, a brigade, a troop
Fraighe, a scabbard, a sheath, protection wall, shelter
Fulamair, fulmair, a sea-bird peculiar to St. Kilda, a species of petrel

G

Gallie-bheinn, a huge billow, a snow storm
Gall-fheadan, a flageolet, a clarinet
Guine, guinne, an arrow, a dart, shaft
Gurra-gart, no Gaura gart, trean-ri-trean, a corncock, quail
Gatereadh, gairidh, warlike troops military
Gasgan, a green, a parterre
Geambairn, confinement, prison
Gearam, entrance money, fee paid for admission, (Grassum, &c.)
Glanhag, fear panic, sudden alarm
Giobain, a St. Kildian sausage made of fat from the gullets of fowls
Gloir-mid, gualie-theide, a dram in bed before rising in the morning
Gohach, the reed; a bag pipe, drone
Greathachd, surliness, moroseness, churchiness
Gross, gress, embroidery, needlework, tambouring
Guamag, a neat tidy woman, a tight dressed girl
Guga, a St. Kilda bird, a short-necked hunchbacked man
Gugul, idle talk, chatter, filth, refuse

I

Ian-buchainn, a melodious sea-fowl
Iltagcan, taunts, nick-names, reflections on one's conduct
Innidh, entrails, bowels
Inse-Gall, primitive name of the Hebrides, now confined to the Isle of Skye
Imchruinn, conduct, behaviour, deportment
Ireann, a patriarchal woman, a dam, the mother of a race
Ionach, or ionach, a rifle gun
Iudmhail, a fugitive, a coward, a low feeble fellow
Iurghtleach, a noisy contentious fellow, a ranter, a bawler
Iutharn, ifrian, irian, hell, the abode of demons

L

Langrach, full of chains or fetters
La-luain, doom's-day, the last day
Lear, the wide ocean, the main
Leary, a small plain or hill, a battle-field, a green goose
Lobhada, slovenly, untidy, awkward, clumsy
Lob, a contemptuous name for the mouth-piece of a bag-pipe, a thick lip
Lobhar, polished, burnished
Loitean, pleasure-boats, lodgings, tents, or booths
Lon, an elk, a blackbird, an ouzel
Lorgair, one that traces or tracks, a dog that follows by scent
Lub, a roe, (now obsolete)

Luch-armann, a pignny, a dwarf
Lunn, penetrate, a heaving billow, &c.

M

Mac-fraoich, *sulair*, the gannet, a voracious fowl or person
Mac-lamhaich, *cat-mara*, *grasaich*, the fish called a sea-devil
Maidnean, matins, morning prayers or devotions
Maighdeann, a maiden, an instrument for beheading with
Maoi-ciaran, a child of grief, melancholy
Marsail, *marsadh*, a march, or marching of troops
Mathad, a blunt sword, knife, or other weapon
Meardrach, meter, crambo (Irish id.)
Meala, belly, protuberance
Meava-casach, active, nimble, vigorous
Meirge, a banner, flag, pennon
Meilheag, *meathag*, a corn-poppay
Mhan, *slon*, downward, from above
Moghunn, sounds of musical instruments
Muireardach, female fighter or champion, an undaunted female
Muirichian, children, inmates, occupants of one house
Muirceinn, (Irish id.) darling, or beloved
Munadh, a hill or hillock, (used poetically for *monadh*)

O

Olach, an eunuch, a fumbler, &c., &c.
Olachd, hospitality, kindness, bounty
Oraid, an oration, a speech, an essay
Orda, shining like gold, gilded, excellent, precious

P

Pais, a slap, a blow with the open hand, a box on the ear
Peighinn, a measure of land (not now in use)
Pigidh, *bru-dhearg*, robin red-breast
Piathach, splay-footed, bandy-legged
Prabadh, botching, bungling, spoiling
Prabar, the rabble, the refuse of any grain or seed
Prais, *praiseach*, a pot or pot-metal, a still
Priobartach, parsimony, meanness, shabbiness
Prioblogadh, a sudden burning or sense of heat, a twinkling blaze
Pathar, a wound or hurt, a scar
Puic, bribe, veil, *cha tug e puic dheit*, he made nothing of him

R

Ranntannan, title deeds, deeds of conveyance, chattels

Rannar-buth, a confused dance without system
Rait, a ludicrous appellation made to signify whisky
Riastadh, outbreaking, immorality, eruption
Riadhach, *dolain*, illegitimate
Robata, towering waves, swelling roaring billows, heavy rains
Roisail, the lowest and basest rabble, a high swelling wave
Ro-seid, the highest of a ship's sails, top-gallants, full sails
Rosg, prose writing, an eye, eyelids
Ruanach, firm, fierce, steadfast, stony

S

Samh, surge, the agitation of waves on the sea beach, the crest of whitened billows
Seadh, a seal, a mark, an impression
Seardh, a broaching, a distracting, an arrestment
Seasdar, rest, repose, comfort, pallet, pillow, a place whereon to rest
Seas-ghrian, the equinoctial line
Seis, a musical air, the humming of bees or flies
Seis, one's match, or equal, a companion
Seoighn, rare, superior, out of the common order, eccentric
Seal-ùil, an anchorage, a harbour
Sgataiche, a man ready to raise the human cry against his neighbour
Sgibidh, tight, active, handsome, neat
Sgthiurach, a clumsy person, a slattern, a female fatterer, a young sea gull
Stataig, *lòid*, rheumatism, rheumatic pains
Siogaideach, dwarfish, bony, ill-made
Sìdh, a span, a squint, determined position in standing
Sinnachan, *blanan*, phosphoric fire
Slan, a defence, a garrison, a protection
Smeoil, Gen. of *Smaol*, *Gleann-smoil*, the Glen of mist
Smeòrn, the end of an arrow next the bow-string
Snacdh, a spit of dried fish, &c., &c.
Sorn, a hearth, the flue of a kiln or oven, a concavity
Spangayn, spangles, glittering toys, decorations, embellishments
Speach, a dart, virus, a blow or thrust, a wasp
Spreidh, or *spreigh*, velocity, gallant movement, gliding
Srianach, a bidgee, a truck
Stairbhanach, an athletic well-built person
Staoag, *ronnan*, saliva, spittles
Sual, tumours, *sual* (Ir. id.), wonder
Suchte, filled, saturated, tightened
Sumair, a coarse cudgel, a lethal weapon, a beetle
Sinnath, a likeness, a comparison, a resemblance

T

Turbharnach, *fuaimneach*, noisy, garrulous
Tufaid, the string of a bow for throwing arrows
Tuisdeal, a journey, a travel, a march, a voyage
Tuachlach, a division of a pipe tune
Targanach, a prognostication, a prophesying
Teallach, or *feallach*, a philosopher, or astronomer
Teamhair, season, in season, fit time
Teiridneach, *stridneach*, medicinal, having the power to cure
Trotaichd, cowardliness, cowardliness
Thasid, *chauchail*, *dheug*, he died, *thead e*
Tobha, *ball*, *rop*, rope, cable
Toghbail, a feud, a levying of forces, a rising in arms
Tuinneid, sensible, prudent, frugal
Tòirid, an attack in battle, a warlike movement, a flock of water fowls
Tòiridhach, a thick gigantic man, a dense column of smoke
Torroichim, a deep snoring or sleep
Tòran, an onset, beginning, prelude
Tosair, messenger, harlinger, ambassador
Treabhair, *tighean*, houses, outhouses, steadings
Treaghaid, a stitch in one's side, &c., &c.
Tridhinn, *no treatainn*, nonsensical stuff, doggerel
Troghadh, *roag-troghadh*, soft rolling eyes, full-orbed
Troddh, Troy, an ancient city which baffled the united efforts of all Greece for ten years
Troeg, a cod, in Sutherlandshire a fool
Tuairacag, a round knob or small cup
Tuairach, a rattling or rumbling noise
Tuairach, nodding, a sudden jerk from the sensation of sleep
Tuilm, Gen. of *toim*, a hillock, a mound, a knoll
Tuig, a grudge, an upbraiding, puking
Tuilm, canvass, sea storm, a shipped wave
Tuinn, ducklings (obsolete), waves
Tuinnleas, a striking of heads against each other as rams, contact, collision

U

Uachdair, farm stock; *fo uachdair*, under stock
Uca, *ucas*, the gadus or coal fish, stench (Sc.)
Urghailteach, anecdotal, jocular, cheerful in conversation
Urlainn, the countenance, beauty, the fore part of a ship
Urtar, division of a pipe tune
Urraag, a thowl, a pin, a clate
Urraigeann, inundations, overflows, speats (Sc.)

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avel, a march, a
f a pipe tune
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